

Buffalo Tom, Postcard

You have spoken
The photo's fading
And nothing is going right
A shooter's hand
To turn a cheek to
A cough in an empty room at night

Leaves are eyes
That look inside
A secret society
Here's victory now if
That's what you're into
Just take it away from me

"May God strike me dead"
she shouted from her bed
I said "Look at your mouth
It's bleeding now and so all pours out
Too easily you choose
My version of the truth
When all I ask of you
Is send me a postcard when you get there"

A monkey's tooth
A lukewarm bath
A stray dog out in the driveway
Here's Albany in a photo finish
Just wipe the dust away

"May God strike me dead"
she shouted from her bed
I said "Look at your mouth
It's bleeding now and so all pours out
Too easily you choose
My version of the truth
When all I ask of you
Is send me a postcard when you get there"

Yeah, when you get down there
Send me a postcard
Yeah, when you get down there

Wherefore art thou
Johnny Carson?
Retired and never coming back
A backroom basement
A sixty watt bulb
There's nothing that I lack

"May God strike me dead"
she shouted from her bed
I said "Look at your mouth
It's bleeding now and so all pours out
Too easily you choose
My version of the truth
When all I ask of you
Is send me a postcard when you get there"

Yeah, when you get down there
Send me a postcard
Yeah, when you get down there

Send to me a postcard from anywhere
Send to me a postcard from anywhere

Send to me a postcard from anywhere