

Girlyman, Postcards From Mexico

When you slammed through my life
Like a screen door in a hurricane wind
All I could think was how to find you again
But Route 80 was snowed under
And the roads to the canyon were closed
For our safety, I suppose

The sound of your voice is like longing feels
When you whispered my name in the dark
And the thick yellow Brooklyn
Night sky through the window
Burned itself into me
Deep as my history

Baby
You're great on the highway
You know how to make an escape
(This desperation
To pack up and move on and see)
(You're cold hearted
You're lonesome and shady)
You leave us crying over postcards from Mexico
Baby, you're never far enough away

Everyone always loves you
When you're on your way out the door
Everybody needs you and begs you to stay
Guess I learned something from you
And the way you stared right through me

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