

The Hollies, Postcard

When sand's close at hand
And the sea is touching me
I feel much happier
Than I've ever felt
And a long time goes by
And I'm floating in the sky
And I wish you could be
Wish you could be here

And if you're free, follow me
Throw a pebble in my sea
The sun will wrap you up
In a pool of gold, and lights in the night
In the night reaching neon waves of sight

But
I wish you could be
Wish you could be
Wish you could be here

The sun, the sand, the sea are waiting
On the corner
Take a trip out here
Hustle, bustle, shove and fuss
Will greet you if you stay there
I'm without a care

Fresh fruit and sea fish
Are in abundance here
But they don't allow
The natives at your door
Selling booze
Smuggled from another shore

And
I wish you could be
Wish you could be
Wish you could be here

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Postcard, postcard, postcard.