

Amber Pacific, Postcards

I'll quote a clever line like "hope";
I'll take the final words you wrote
To make them feel like bliss...
As always as I'll take the praise
I have a way with making things
Scripted like a song that makes you sting

I need you here with me
So here's our heart to heart
On the back of postcards sent from California
Remember when I said
Just stay what you are
I know you hate the feeling when I walk away
When I'm without you
I'm not the man that I know I can be
Because you're not here with me

You can break my heart open
And ruin my epic ending
Your hand like a noose around my neck
But the next time you say "Promise me";
I'll make one for myself to always stay
(what I am...)

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