

# Conor Oberst, Get Well Cards

All the peacock people left the plumes in a pile  
They look good to a fault  
And the Gulf water's warm like a bathtub  
Full of lavender and epsom salt  
See a bleach blond boy put his long board down  
Help his girl get her sunscreen on  
I thought about you in your little house  
Think you're lonely but I could be wrong and...  
I wanna be your bootlegger  
Wanna mix you up something strange  
Braid your hair like a sister  
Maim you like a hurricane  
Right there, that's the postman sleeping in the sand  
He's got a letter to deliver, but I can't stay mad, oh  
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand  
He's got a get-well-card to deliver  
He's gonna do it by hand, he's gonna do it by hand  
Now they drive the cars up and down the beach  
It's ridiculous and everybody knows  
Hear the Mustangs rev at the four way stop  
You get ghosted when the light says go  
But in a town like this, in the checkered flag dawn  
It's so empty you could make somebody dream  
So maybe it's you, in your four-post bed  
Fell asleep with still the blood in your teeth and...  
I wanna be your happiness  
I wanna be your common sense pain  
Wrap your head in a picket fence  
Rebuild after the hurricane  
Right there, that's the postman sleeping in the sand  
He's got my letters to deliver, but I'm still not mad  
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand  
He's got a get-well-card to deliver  
He's gonna do it by hand  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it... by hand  
Oh  
Right there, that's the postman sleeping in the sand  
He's got a letter to deliver, but I can't stay mad, oh  
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand  
He's got a head stack now to deliver  
He's wants to do it by hand  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it  
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it... by hand