

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