

Jeff Finlin, Postcard From Topeka

You ain't this trainwreck
Or this ugly town
You ain't your daddy the midget
Or mama whoring around
You ain't your uncle eddy
Robbing convenience stores
With his leg blowed off
In someone else's war

You ain't your money
It ain't my truth
Or my southern auntie
Making love to fruit
He ain't your your savior
Or my funny valentine
Locked up tight
In the double wide
It's just a picture under skies so blue
A postcard from topeka
While we were passing through
Postcard from topeka

It ain't my mojo working
This ain't your land
Or my old moo cow
Or your nail in his hand
It ain't your will, baby
It ain't your shame
Stuck in your heart
So please just give it away
It's just a picture
Tried but true
A postcard from topeka
As we were passing through

You ain't good or bad
It ain't right or wrong of you
Or these days on the river
Or my loving the blues
No it wasn't your teardrops
It wasn't your son
Laying in the blue lights
Dead and gone
No it ain't your fault
In the end it's true
All we got's this postcard from topeka
As we were passing through
Were just passing through