

The American Analog Set, Gone To Earth

Sending me a postcard from the sands
A photograph and how you're doing
You write the words in ink and cursive and
I follow along with my fingers and pretend

They'll follow you when you leave
Only if they want you
Around the world when you leave
But only if they want you

Sending me a postcard from the Japan
A photograph and how you're doing
You write the words in ink and cursive and
I follow along with my fingers and pretend

They'll follow you when you leave
Only if they want you
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