

Postcards

Cindy Morgan

At seventeen she ran away to the city
Thought she would find herself there
Scared and afraid, she pan-handled all day
To get enough for a one-way fare
And a taxi to the nearest greyhound bus
Made a call, mom said please come home to us

I'm searching, I'm traveling
My life's been unraveling
I still don't know where this will lead
Enjoying the weather
I'll get it together so don't worry
I'll send you a postcard
From my journey to me

Crawled through the desert
And swam in the ocean
Tried meditation
And a few magic potions
Marched at the Whitehouse
Against the attacks
Sent a call out to Buddah
But he never called back
And I'm thinking there must be something
I have missed
What do you think of all this

I'm searching, I'm traveling
My life's been unraveling

I still don't know where this will lead

Enjoying the weather

I'll get it together so don't worry

I'll send you a postcard

From my journey to me

If you can't find all the answers from anyone else

You'll just have to see for yourself

Under a blanket and up on a mountain

A sleeping bag prayer

Where she drank from the fountain

Thought about Sunday school

Thought about Jesus

Love that's so simple, grace that's so genius

And just like those ruby red slippers you know

The answers were there in her soul

I'm searching, I'm traveling

But I'm not unraveling

I still don't know where this will lead

Enjoying the weather, it feels like forever

Since I've seen Tennessee

This is the last of my postcards

I'll be back home by the next star

I love you all with all my heart

Sincerely, Me