

Postcard

Bad Suns

Maybe tonight
I won't dream about you
Turn out the lights
We're both better off
Maybe you're right
I was wrong
To think you were the one
You were the one good thing

Pain in a paradise disguise
Like the postcard in my bedside drawer
That I pull out from time to time
In search of my remote
Yeah, rain on a cold and windswept night
Tears upon the city of angels
I shine the flashlight beneath my bed
Discover your coat
Yeah, I guess now it's mine

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I was wrong
To think you were the one
You were the one good thing about me
You were the one good thing about me
You were the one good thing

Stranger on an airplane ride
Telling me an endless story
All I can hear is the sound of your voice
The way you used to laugh
Yeah, the way you said goodbye

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You were the one good thing about me
You were the one good thing about me
You were the one good thing about me
You were the one good thing about me
About me, about me, yeah

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You were the one good thing about me