

Postcards

Black Lab

Green eyed boy on a farm town street
Got a ride to the coast, south by southeast
'Don't worry about me no more'
Met a girl in Spain, so the postcards said
There's a little white house, a king size bed

But he walked away like every time before
And the loneliness was sneaking up behind him
He's gone and run somewhere he knows'll never find him
On African plains like he always said he would
In foreign words he understood

He signed his name 'You don't know what you're missing'
But on the dusty road with hands cracked dry
In the tall grass where the dogs are crying
I sometimes wonder if he listens to the loneliness
And all he heard the preacher say
Was 'Live your life before it slips away'

So the postcards come to this old town
And there's less to read and more to imagine now
But kids he grew up with and folks he loves
We hold him, close enough I hope
And I hope there's someone with him

And that the wind out where he's walking blows behind him
He's gone and run somewhere he knows'll never find him
And the wind blows in, the door gets shut
A thousand times, if I've told them once. they don't remember
But he smiles at me, he says hello

There are people turned everywhere we go
So how can I remember when it comes and it goes
The wind blows in this empty room
It comes too late and then it goes too soon
(In the winter time, when it's snowing)
(The snow is all around us, falling all around us)
(Like ashes from the sky)