

## Postcard

Buffalo Tom

You have spoken  
The photo's fading  
And nothing is going right  
A shooter's hand  
To turn a cheek to  
A cough in an empty room at night

Leaves are eyes  
That look inside  
A secret society  
Here's victory now if  
That's what you're into  
Just take it away from me

"May God strike me dead"  
she shouted from her bed  
I said "Look at your mouth  
It's bleeding now and so all pours out  
Too easily you choose  
My version of the truth  
When all I ask of you  
Is send me a postcard when you get there"

A monkey's tooth  
A lukewarm bath  
A stray dog out in the driveway  
Here's Albany in a photo finish  
Just wipe the dust away

"May God strike me dead"  
she shouted from her bed  
I said "Look at your mouth  
It's bleeding now and so all pours out  
Too easily you choose  
My version of the truth  
When all I ask of you  
Is send me a postcard when you get there"

Yeah, when you get down there  
Send me a postcard  
Yeah, when you get down there

Wherefore art thou  
Johnny Carson?  
Retired and never coming back  
A backroom basement  
A sixty watt bulb  
There's nothing that I lack

"May God strike me dead"  
she shouted from her bed  
I said "Look at your mouth  
It's bleeding now and so all pours out  
Too easily you choose  
My version of the truth  
When all I ask of you  
Is send me a postcard when you get there"

Yeah, when you get down there  
Send me a postcard  
Yeah, when you get down there

Send to me a postcard from anywhere  
Send to me a postcard from anywhere  
Send to me a postcard from anywhere