

Postcard

Corey Kent

Well, I grew up in small town
You were s'posed to be my small town girl
Well, we were gonna bust out
Trade this gravel for travelin' the world

Well, you dropped me like a line and ya left me lonely
Honey, come tomorrow mornin', I'll be

Sippin' wine in California
Back ninin' in Arizona
Halfway 'cross the map
And all the way over this broke heart
I'll be goin' everywhere we dreamed of goin'
It's gotta sting a little, baby, don't it?
Don't forget, you're the one that said
You and I could only go so far
I'll send you a postcard
Yeah, I'll send you a postcard

When I cover that West Coast
Catch a breeze on them Florida beaches
Take a Louisiana jet boat
Then on down to them Georgia peaches

I'll be makin' memories till we're just a memory
If ya start to miss me, don't call 'cause I'll be

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One-ways and runways
I'll be livin' out all of our "one day's"
Runways and one-ways
I'm livin' out all of our "one day's" these days

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