

Honey, now that your shackles are gone
And you're out there on your own
Won't you let me know
If things get hard
Honey, now your shackle's been lifted
You're a sweet young thing and you're oh so gifted
Will you let me know
If things turn bad

I wasn't looking for trouble but trouble came
I wasn't looking to change, I'll never be the same
But that's not what you make it, baby

Send me a postcard
When you get to where you're going
Send me a line
To everything you've left behind

Honey, now that I've found my way
And I miss you more than I can say
Won't you promise to
Say a prayer for me
Honey, now that the morning's come
We're both still out on the run
Won't you let me know
If you feel free

We were looking to mend it but we tore it apart
And I went and broke my own goddamned heart
See, that's not what you make it, baby

Send me a postcard
When you get to where you're going
Send me a line
To everything you've left behind

Pick it for me, James

I was just a kid when I fell for you
I'm not much older now but even then I knew
That the road was steep and full of stride

I never knew what to say, could never get it right
And I'm alone again at the end of night
But that's not what you make it, baby

Send me a postcard
When you get to where you're going
Send me a line
To everything you've left behind