

## Picture Postcards from L.A.

Joshua Kadison

**C** **F** **C** **F**  
I'm the piano player, down at Eddies' bar,  
**C** **F** **C** **F**  
and Rachel she's the waitress who want to be a star.  
**C** **F** **F**  
She swears she's gonna make it, make it big someday,  
**C** **Ami** **F** **G** **C**  
and she'll send me picture postcards from L.A.

When it's time for closing I play while Rachel cleans.  
She listens to my music, I listen to her dreams.  
She sewars she's gonna make it, she's going all the way,  
and I say, "Send me picture postcards from L.A."

**Ami** **F**  
R:"Send me postcards from L.A. signed with love forevermore.  
**Ami** **F**  
Picture postcards from L.A. to hang on my refrigerator door.  
**Ami** **C** **G**  
Rachel, if you find me one, I'd love a picture of the California  
**C** **F** **C** **F**  
sun."

When Rachel shares my pillow she always asks me things  
like do I really think she's pretty, do I like the way she sings?  
I don't know how to answer, so I always smile and say,  
I say, "Send me picture postcards from L.A."

R:

Sometimes Rachel stands up in the middle of the bar  
and does a scene from the late show.  
We all clap our hands as she puts her apron on  
and says "Next week, I'm gonna go."

She'll even buy a ticket and pack her things to leave.  
Though we all know the story we pretend that we believe.  
But something always comes up, something always makes her stay.  
And still no picture postcards from L.A.

R:

I'm the piano player down at Eddie's bar,  
and Rachel she's the waitress who wants to be a star.