

Sent a postcard to you today from the wind-ridden coast
It reads, "As much as I hate it right now, I'm not coming home"
I could lie and say I'll try my best, but I'm tired of holding
hope

I still remember being too damn young and playing on the road
Then we'd sit on the worn-out couch that I once cut a hole
Lord, I was so scared of dad finding out, but it wasn't long ti
ll you told

We were sold on thinking we had it all
If it got cold, we'd bundle up for the fall
Since we've grown these days, I'm twice as small
Your words were all I needed to feel like I was ten-feet tall

I know I don't say it near enough, but I'm proud, and hope you
know
And although time has taken me far away, I'm not yet a ghost
When I look at the queen you've become, well, it brightens my s
oul

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