

## Postcards

The 502s

I'd like to think she got  
All of the postcards that I sent her  
From the beach  
And she must've lost her phone  
'Cause she never answers when it rings

I coulda sworn the night  
We met we planned a drip down  
To the Florida Keys  
But my last call recollection  
Isn't really what it oughta be

Now I've got palm trees  
And sunscreen and little fish  
Nibbling at my feet  
And even though she didn't show  
I went ahead and ordered up two drinks

I could pack it up and leave  
But this ocean view's better than therapy  
I'm stress- and worry-free  
Life is how it oughta be day and night  
I'm alright

So long  
I'm wishing you were here  
I'll send you all a postcard  
I'm gonna stay another year  
So long  
I'm feeling so at home  
I'll send you all a postcard  
I'm right where I belong

I lost my room key and my koozie  
But I'm happy as a clam  
I stmbale barefeet down the beach  
And I'm sleeping in the sand

I'd like to think the greater good  
Has brought me exactly where I am  
But if I'm being honest  
I think dumb luck has helped me out again  
Whatever comes my way I'll be okay  
So long as I'm surrounded by my friends  
So bartender, fire the blender up  
Let's run it back again

I could pack it up and leave  
But these Mai Tais work better than therapy  
I'm stress- and worry-free  
Life is how it oughta be day and night  
I'm alright

So long  
I'm wishing you were here  
I'll send you all a postcard  
I'm gonna stay a few more years

So long  
I'm never coming home  
I'll send you all a postcard  
From right where I belong

So long  
I'm wishing you were here  
I'll send you all a postcard  
I'm gonna stay all of my years  
So long  
I'm never coming home  
I hope you got one of my postcards  
I'm right where I belong