

Postcard

Uncle Tupelo

Lost sight of ground, never been so down
Nothing here to stand on
It's a war-weary road another faceless tombstone
Nothing here to stand on

Turn to face the wind may never get out
Forever caught in a spin, no better place to begin

Can't find the phone, can't hear to listen
Can't take along what we're missing
Just as well to write this postcard from Helland
The bar clock says three a.m
Fallout shelter sign above the door
In other words, don't come here anymore

Too many miles between I heard a dead man scream
Nothing here to stand on
Each and every step reeling out more or less
Nothing here to stand on

I turn to face the wind may never get out
Forever caught in a spin no better place to begin
I turn to face the wind may never get out
Forever caught in a spin no better place to begin

Tried to stay, tried to run
There's never been enough reason to believe in anyone
This trickle-down theory has left all these pockets empty
And the bar clock says three a.m.
Fallout shelter sign above the door
In other words, don't come here anymore