Postcards

With the Punches

I'm seeing through the wool over my eyes sickened by the view and how you're so desensitized did your best to pretend that this was all you needed right up until the end

I never asked for anything but your honesty

too many postcards
only decorate your walls
I could have left them blank
cause I doubt you read them anyway
I really wasn't that naive
I just wanted to believe
that something was different here

Is this what you call letting me down easy I think I'd rather fall on my face if it wasn't bad enough the lies and frustrated nights now you want to know if we'll still be friends

And by the time my foot cleared your doorstep to leave you were making plans to drink away the idea of me

I never asked for anything but your honesty I never asked for anything