

## Postcard Blues

Cowboy Junkies

Especially with my head pounding  
and lying helpless in my bed  
I long for you and your expert hands  
To ease this white heat from my head

And you would boast that you knew  
All the pressure points inside  
And you could just as easily kill me  
Beneath the desire that I hide

But as your patient I knew  
That your healing powers had grown  
From a sore that's far far deeper  
Than this heart where the pain was born

With my head again clear  
I think of words to send to you  
To coax you back to my side  
But always leave out ''I love you''

And then through my front door  
A picture of a faraway land  
And to with love on the back  
And once again I reach for my pen