

Letters From Europe

Greg Brown

Letters from Europe
All our pals far away
Who pack, pack it all up
Left the USA
One with a paintbrush
One with a musical instrument
One with masks and juggling balls
We cried when they went
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here, but it weird there, too
We're gonna miss ya Postcards from the coffee shops
The station in Amsterdam
The hotel in Lyons London, riding on a tram
Adventures in transportation
Affairs of the heart
Also ah your lucky friends
All the other parts
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here, but it weird there, too
We're gonna miss ya
Ah my children sing their own songs
I still, I still do too
I'm gonna send some on a cassette
On an airplane to you I hope ya get a lot of work
I know travellin suits you
Oh and if ya miss the USA
Well sometimes I do too.
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here
We said we know that it's weird here
We said we know it's weird here, but it weird there, too
Ah we're gonna miss ya