

Bottle of red, bottle of white
My dad sent to me the other night
In the box there was a postcard just for fun
Saying everyone is proud, we miss you, son

See my mother on Skype
Hear my sisters through postcards they write
Watch my niece grow through Instagram
Yeah, around the world my body will roam
But my soul's in New York
My soul's in New York

Light creeps in the hotel from the sun
All the homies left a voicemail from the pub
Thinking of you, we'll pour out a beer
But goddamn, Jon, we wish you were here

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