This pale Mucha postcard Brings back orange carpet We called roaches butterflies And ate our pies at Birchwood Saloon Off the only road that leaves the state I would sing and pass the plate They all knew me by my face And my father's name Heavy letter underneath my door, stark reminder when I had befo It's hard to believe I've come this far Heavy letter in the dresser drawer, tore it open like a candy b It's hard to believe I've come this far Bright red hot rod hardtop Off to town for Moose's Tooth You comin' with to the parkin' lot If not you know, my window's never locked Drew leaned in and said it But his heart wouldn't let it That's all right I'll be my husband's wife Heavy letter makes a perfect mark on the page and in the heart It's hard to believe I've come this far Heavy letter in the dresser drawer, tore it open like a candy b It's hard to believe I've come this far Nervous, tearin' through the sky Grievin' every inch I gain Counting pools and freeways I will sing and pass the plate They will know me by my face And my father's name Heavy letter in the dresser drawer, tore it open like a candy b It's hard to believe I've come this far Heavy letter headed for your shore, a premonition of what's in

It's hard to believe we've come this far