

Get Well Cards

Conor Oberst

All the peacock people left their plumes in a pile
They look good to a fault
And the Gulf water's warm like a bathtub
Full of lavender and epsom salt
See a bleach blond boy put his long board down
Help his girl get her sunscreen on
I thought about you in your little house
Think you're lonely but I could be wrong and

I wanna be a bootlegger
Wanna mix you up something strange
Braid your hair like a sister
Name you like a hurricane

Right there
That's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got a letter to deliver
But I can't stay mad, oh
Right there
That's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got a get-well-card to deliver
He's gonna do it by hand
He's gonna do it by hand

Now they drive their cars up and down the beach
It's ridiculous and everybody knows
Hear the Mustangs rev at the four-way stop
You get ghosted when the light says go
But in a town like this
In the checkered flag dawn
It's so empty it could make somebody dream
So maybe it's you in your four-post bed
Sound asleep but still grinding your teeth

I wanna be your happiness
I wanna be your common sense pain
Wrap your head in a picket fence
Rebuild after the hurricane

Right there
That's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got my letters to deliver
But I'm still not mad, oh
Right there
That's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got a get-well-card to deliver
He's gonna do it by hand
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it by hand

Oh
Right there
That's the postman sleeping in the sand
He's got a letter to deliver
But I can't stay mad, oh
Right there, that's the postman asleep in the sand

He's got a head-stack now to deliver
He wants to do it by hand
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it
He's gonna do it, he's gonna do it by hand