

You sent a pretty postcard
From a far and lonely sea
A dancer and a mandolin
They looked like you and me
I've been awake for hours and hours
I should be fast asleep
I lost the place and out it fell
Your postcard from the beach

Sometimes when I'm talking to myself
I'll swear it's all a dream
November babies and northern winds
The scars you said I'd keep
But if you'd never come here
You'd never have had to leave
And all the bones upon the beach
They all sung out to me

Grab it into your hands, don't let go and grab it
But look the way it curls out of your fingers

I used to wish I was the cigarette inside your mouth
You'd roll me up and breathe me in
But then you'd blow me out
And I would float and curl my way
A vapour trail the end of me
All that's left a place that's kept
Your postcard from the sea