

## Postcards

## Faithless

Oh, Darling, I miss you.  
An boy has it hard  
The thought of you leavin'  
is breakin' my heart

New York, New York, temperature's droppin'  
The band's out shoppin', not stoppin' 'til ears pop  
Cops protect shops, lots of yellow cabs and bellhops  
And it never stops  
I'm waitin' to do an interview, so much to tell you  
Today I feel close enough to smell you  
Additional dates they were plannin' just fell through  
Florida's out  
We fly September 22 to Heathrow, but there's not really long to go  
Tonight will be a brilliant show  
Lettin' you know I miss you  
More than four hits the floor at a party  
Send my love to everybody

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Honey, I'm writin' from D.C., feelin' queasy  
Stayin' healthy on the road isn't easy  
The TM. recommends an antigen  
One of them could resist taking a piss  
I miss you like a lock in the door  
What's more, I go to sleep with my Walkman 'cause half the crew snored  
Don't mean to be a bore, everybody's been great,  
But there's fifteen of us in a bus state-to-state  
So I stay up late with a tape, or meditate  
My bed is travellin' at fifty-five m.p.h.  
When we make it to LA, I'll still be miles away  
It's not my best day

Oh, Darling, I miss you  
God bless  
An boy has it hard.  
The thought of you leavin'  
is breakin' my heart.  
If these walls can hold you,  
my house will be down.  
If these walls can hold you,  
my house will be down.  
Oh, Darling, I miss you,  
my house will be down.  
Oh, Darling, we urge you  
my house will be down.  
Oh, Darling, I miss you...