

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...