

# Letters From Europe

Greg Brown

Letters from Europe  
All our pals far away  
Who pack, pack it all up  
Left the USA  
One with a paintbrush  
One with a musical instrument  
One with masks and juggling balls  
We cried when they went  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here, but it weird there, too  
We're gonna miss ya Postcards from the coffee shops  
The station in Amsterdam  
The hotel in Lyons London, riding on a tram  
Adventures in transportation  
Affairs of the heart  
Also ah your lucky friends  
All the other parts  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here, but it weird there, too  
We're gonna miss ya  
Ah my children sing their own songs  
I still, I still do too  
I'm gonna send some on a cassette  
On an airplane to you I hope ya get a lot of work  
I know travellin suits you  
Oh and if ya miss the USA  
Well sometimes I do too.  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here  
We said we know that it's weird here  
We said we know it's weird here, but it weird there, too  
Ah we're gonna miss ya