

Postcards

James Blunt

Sundays sitting on your back porch
And I came up with a couple of cords
And I played for you

You let me keep you entertained
With stories I exaggerate
That you know aren't true

And as you sit there making daisy chains
And I throw in a hand granate
And tell you how it is I really feel for you

I'm sending postcards from my heart
With love for a postmark and then...
You know that you make me feel like we've been caught
Like kids in the school yard again
And I can't keep it to myself
Can't spell it any better
L.O.V.E forever
I hope you know that I'm sending a postcard
I don't care who sees what I sent
Or if the whole world knows what's in my head

We chased the sun til it got away
On a bicycle that your daddy made
But not made for two

Then we sat out on your rocking chair
You with a flower in your hair
That I found for you

But then monday always comes around
And it's sad 'cause I can't see you now
Wan't you to know you're always in my head

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You know sometimes it's hard to see
You say the world that torture me
But inside I know exactly how I feel
The things that I can't say out loud
I'll find a place to write it down
I hope that they will find you in the end

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Can't spell it any better
L.O.V.E forever
I hope you know that I'm sending a postcard
I don't care who sees what I sent
Or if the whole world knows what's in my head

Know, know, know
All the things I want you to
Know, know, know