

Bottle of red, bottle of white  
My dad sent to me the other night  
In the box there was a postcard just for fun  
Saying everyone is proud, we miss you, son

See my mother on Skype  
Hear my sisters through postcards they write  
Watch my niece grow through Instagram  
Yeah, around the world my body will roam  
But my soul's in New York  
My soul's in New York

Light creeps in the hotel from the sun  
All the homies left a voicemail from the pub  
Thinking of you, we'll pour out a beer  
But goddamn, Jon, we wish you were here

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