

I watched the sun come up over LAX  
I watched the hills pour east through the plains of Texas  
I cleansed myself, and wiped my memory  
I watched the coast pull close in a western bay  
I saw the desert sky in the pouring rain  
So I washed myself, and wished you'd do the same

Cuz I'm not gonna turn around and tell you "oh, now I miss you"  
And you're never gonna get that postcard home from the Golden Gate

I watched the moon stand up to the Rio Grande  
I watched myself rise up from beneath the sand  
And I knew, that I was here to stay  
Maybe my head is clouding up my brain  
But I think it's for the best for you to be on your way

Cuz I'm not gonna turn around and tell you "oh, now I miss you"  
And you're never gonna get that postcard home from the Golden Gate

Oh I'm never gonna lie and say "without you here, it's just not the same"

Cuz a love that's been build on skin and bone was meant to fade