

Postcards and Letters (Pittston)

My American Heart

There were yellow ribbons on every tree,
and yellow orchids growing from the street.
Postcards and letters swam to the shore,
locket and treasures on the river floor, yeah.

We owe the streets of this small town,
you live so quietly and us we speak so loud.
We owe the streets of this small town,
you live so quietly and us we speak so loud.
We speak so loud.

There were yellow ribbons on every tree,
and yellow orchids growing from the street.
Postcards and letters swam to the shore,
and all the birds were singing ode's, singing ode's. Oh no, oh
no.

We owe the streets of this small town,
you live so quietly and us we speak so loud.
We owe the streets of this small town,
you live so quietly and us we speak so loud.
We speak so loud.