

Postcards

Orla Gartland

This guy could could save the world with two hands behind his back
And still emerge with ten times the courage that other lack
I'm sick of wallowing here in my own self pity
Feet in the country side
Head in the city
Tall buildings, bright lights, bright cars
But more importantly, more importantly
That's where you are
I'll send you postcards from my head
Thinking about you as my cheeks go red

You're not a ghost but you feel like one right now
But you can hold me if you like
I need some help to complete this task
Want you here beside me; is that too much to ask
I'm haunted here, haunted here
Without you dear
I tell you this as I whisper in your ear and say
There's always another day

Someone once said that a story once told
"These streets, these streets are paved with gold!"
But our legs that are standing on them
Are sitting on your throne
They mean nothing to me, nothing to me
Nothing but stone
Maybe you'll never know just how I feel
Maybe you'll never know
Maybe that's the appeal
And walls are quint up
And you're sitting on top
I never meant to start, and now I can't stop

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If you always go slow
Then you'll probably never fall
But if you never go fast
Then you'll never feel tall

If you always go slow
Then you'll probably never get hurt
If you never go fast
You'll never feel on top of the world

If you always go slow
Then you'll probably never fall
But if you never go fast
Then you'll never feel tall

If you always go slow
Then you'll probably never get hurt
If you never go fast
You'll never feel on top of the, on top of the world

You're not a ghost...
But you can hold me if you like
I need some help to complete this task
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I tell you this as I whisper in your ear and say
And say
There's always another day

This sounds like a lovesong
But it's not
Cause in the end
The girl gets caught
And will they be together in the end?
Well, I wish I could tell you that my friend