

## 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

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

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  
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  
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