

Postcard No. 17

Slut

Some ordinary swimming suit
And an extra one for you and me
Some helpless lines night by night
And a postcard no. 17

Some say whatever waiting for
It's the one that wasn't meant for me
Sometimes as well as sometimes not
But at least I'm sure this couldn't be the same

Some salty pages nicky-named
With a post-script telling not to cry
Some cheering girls tricky-blamed
And a choir spelling slowly "Say goodbye"

Dressing up to go
My jacket for the show
17 below
Oh I hope you'll never know

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