

It's four o'clock in the morning
We're still putting the world to rights
The whiskey's started talking
There's a fire in your eyes
Conspiracy lies heavy
In every word you breathe
Contentious bones - widely known
Watering the seeds
Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
You know that I won't stop you when you go
It's five o'clock in the morning
And you're glad to be alive
The booze has finished working
The world is on your side
It's clear to see the tyranny
Was all some kind of plot
You secretly confide in me
Where there's brass there's muck
Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
You know that I won't stop you when you go
Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
I hope that you can make it on your own
It's six o'clock in the morning
There's nowhere left to hide
Now we've seen the dawn in
All that's left is our good-byes
It's hard to see the sanity
In what we call our lives
Sometimes it seems that you just need
To follow what's inside
Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
You know that I won't stop you when you go
Be sure to send a postcard
When you get there let me know
I hope that you can make it on your own