

Farewell Typewriter

The Posies

Farewell, typewriter
Now you've gone away
Overdramatic and underfed
To visions unheard of in any bed
I checked my mailbox, but you weren't inside
Would calling be trouble? i bet it would be
Please greet the angel with courtesy

Full color pictures of a black and white world
A slow dissolve as a new scene's unfurled

I'm tired, so tired my jaw won't move
Never providing a method to prove
That we love typewriter
More than she'll know

Searching through cupboards to reprobate
The evil bestowed her when she was eight

No dollar signs in her asterisk face
Now just a hyphen, and i can't replace

Farewell, typewriter
I love typewriter
More than he'll know
Oooh, oooh

Who said that being in one place was dull?
I never answered when my arms were full

I'm never competing with history again
I'm never to write on typewriter, my friend