

## 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