

Postcard

Troye Sivan

I sent you a postcard from Tokyo, baby
You never picked it up
I even wrote it in Japanese, baby
You didn't give a fuck

Coz I don't sleep like your body's on me
I won't feel right until we can be
Underneath everything that's between
Yeah

I'm undone about to burst at my seems
Coz I am picturing you beside me
So let me be everything that you need
Yeah

But you're still picking me up
Don't put me back down like it's nothing to ya
You're still picking me up
Don't you put me back down
Don't you put me back down
Like it's nothing to ya
Like it's nothing to ya

I remember that night when you first called me crazy
Only you picked it up
Kissed me and said ,I love you baby'
You didn't give a fuck

Now I don't sleep unless your bodies on me
I won't feel right until we can be
Underneath everything that's between
Yeah

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Take your time
Pull me in
Push me out
Simplify all the whispers you doubt
Coz I know what you're thinking about