

## Postcard From A Volcano

Wild Strawberries

I got a postcard from a volcano  
Something 'bout a weather change  
Looking for a new town  
Hope to see you soon  
Sincerely  
My my things have changed  
I wrote these words upon the ceiling  
Now I'm walking on the page  
That kept my broken world  
Everyone's a gold mine  
Everyone's an empty vein  
Everyone's an open handed blind magician  
Everyone's a millionaire looking for a copper  
Down on old factory road  
Carving wooden spectacles  
Is nothing more than wishful thinking  
Read it on the line below  
Some things never change  
Life is but a festival  
Coloured gold and green and purple  
Death is never what you know  
Love is never sane  
I spent a month in addictions  
I'll never hail a cab again  
Maybe I'm suspicious  
Maybe I'm afraid