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