Postcard

You've got a lot of nerve coming around here acting like You're someone else Cos no two-bit player's gonna have it over me So when you're out playing games and you get caught don't Expect my help Cos when the rules get dirty they can be a bit hard to Read

You've got love for everything that I don't want But you mean a lot more to me

You'd better send me a postcard And tell me what it's like in the real world Learning your lessons You had a lot of fun but you'll be back soon

Now you never thought the day would come you were left All by yourself But turn a couple more pages and the ending's there to see So when the roof's caving in and you get caught don't Expect my help Because all the money in the world won't buy you what you need You told me all about the things that you couldn't believe

And tied them up hoping that they wouldn't breathe There's food on the table but it's going cold You lost your appetite for life as you were getting old The questions that you had you kept them to yourself And went about your life to increase your wealth The years of prediction all come down to this You can't help wondering what it is that you missed...