

## Walkmen, The

### "Postcards from Tiny Islands"

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Many nights, dwindle by  
Midnight moon's on the rise  
My heavy head's gone light  
So I'll go home and sleep tonight

I'm walking tonight about as far as I can go  
I listen to that song by the Moonglows

Here's to you and the stars above  
The half-moon in your pretty eyes  
And here's to you and the setting sun  
The barmen and their sorry songs

I'll be drunk before too long  
And I'll keep up this sappy talk  
This letter does it all  
It's too much to enclose  
These postcards from tiny islands  
do more than you know

So here's to you in the ground below  
The glass bar in the empty sky  
I'm walking tonight about as far as I can go  
The marble (were stone in me?)  
The midnight moon, it glows  
This letter does it all  
It's too much to enclose  
Life is so easy now  
Everything is working out

Oh, holidays are flying by

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