

## An Early Cascade

### "Postcards"

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Well, old post cards are romantic when they're intact  
And old postcards are romantically filled of fact.  
And the ones you have to watch  
Are the ones that keep coming back.  
And you came back; yes you came back

Well old cards sit on old cards.  
And the streets have changed,  
But I think I'm still the same.

[And it's not what I want to hear, what I want to see  
But your skin's covered in postcards from you to me, to  
me.] x2

[When you see me sit by myself, you'll think that I'm  
waiting for someone else.  
But I'm wishing for somewhere else, I'm wishing for  
somewhere else.] x2

[Two postcards in a month or so, well I don't know, I  
just don't know.] x2

And it's not what I want to hear, what I want to see  
But your skin's covered in postcards from you to me, to  
me

To me, to me, to me, to me

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