

Faith

"Postcards"

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New York, New York temperature's droppin'
The band's out shoppin' not stoppin' till ears pop
cops protect shops, lotsa yellow cabs and bell hops
An' it never stops
I'm waiting to do an interview, so much to tell you
Today i feel close enough to smell you
Additional date they were planning just fell through
Florida's out, we fly September 22 to Heathrow
So there's not really long to go
Tonight will be a brilliant show lettin' you know
I miss you more than four hits the floor at a party
Send my love to everybody

Honey I'm writing from DC, feelin' quasy
Stayin' healthy on the road isn't easy
The T.M. Recommend Sanatogen
Not one of them could resist takin' the piss
I miss you like a lock on the door what's more
I go to sleep with my Walkman 'cos half the crew snore
Don;t mean to be a bore, everybody's been great
But there's fifteen of us on a bus state to state
So I stay up late with a tape or meditate
By bed is travellin' at 55 mph
When we make it to L.A. I'll still be miles away
It's not my best day I'm gonna get some rest
God Bless

We just stopped at a diner so I'm takin' time
To write a few lines. I'm fine, sun's hinin'
Bus driver's reclinin' on the grass aas the truck's pass
Gleamin' with a flash of sunlight from the glass
On the windscreen. As for us there's too much to relate
W've done five gigs but we're only in our third state
America's big! You'd love how they pile up your plate
Only place in the world even I could gain weight
Our next day is Wilmiginton, Delaware, open air
There's a rumour Melle Mel'll be there
Anyway, All the best, God bless I'm yawning
I really miss watchin' you get dressed in the morning

