

Gord Bamford

"Postcard From Pasadena"

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She sent a postcard from Pasadena
Saying, "Don't call, I'll call you"
Now the only thing that's left between us
Is 80 miles of Highway 2

She used to be my morning sunshine
She used to be my desert rose
Along came a tall, dark stranger
Then the next thing that I know

She sent a postcard from Pasadena
Saying, "Don't call, I'll call you"
Now the only thing that's left between us
Is 80 miles of Highway 2

People here in Victorville
Stop and ask me where she's gone
Even down at the local diner
Our favorite table is set for one

She sent a postcard from Pasadena
Saying, "Don't call, I'll call you"
Now the only thing that's left between us
Is 80 miles of Highway 2

It's right there staring at me
On my refrigerator door
I keep it there to remind me
I don't need her love no more

Yeah right, that's what I keep it for

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