

Grebenshikov Boris

"The Postcard"

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This is a postcard
Saying I'm alright in this beautiful city
This is a phone call
Saying, yes, I am sleeping alone here
But the telephone lines are cut
My hands can't hold the paper
You are on my mind
Nobody knows your name here
Except when the moon is out
And then they toss in their sleep
Crying out for you to take them
But me I cannot sleep,
I cannot dream,
My heart is shattered
You are on my mind
Once seven colors used to make men blind
And now we are like birds stuck in barbed wire
Precise, like sunrise
A child just like any other
Made of the bones of the earth
Fragile and deathless

Yes, I'm alright

I am a church,

And I'm burning down

You are on my mind...

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