

Junkies Cowboy

"Postcard Blues"

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Especially with my head poundin
And lyin helpless on my bed
I long for you and your expert hands
To ease this white heat from my head
And you would boast that you knew
Oh all the pressure points inside
And you could just as easily kill me
Beneath the desire that I hide
But as your patient I knew
That your healing powers had grown
From a sore far far deeper
Than this heart of pain was born
With my head again clear
I think of words to send to you
To coax you back to my side
But always leave out "I love you"
Then through my front door
A picture of a faraway land
And to "With love" on the back
And once again I reach for my pen

