

Melissa McClelland "Picture Postcard"

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Shots rang out
Valentine's Day
Fragrant remnants of a strewn bouquet
A lovers' bloody quarrel
Sweet chocolates gone to waste
He took the petty cash
And drove through California State

In a San Fernando pool hall
He caught the eye of some young broad
Turns out the girl is only seventeen and thinks
criminals are God

She was pretty
As pretty as a runaway can be
And he was crazy for her
As crazy as a crazy person can be
The motel window framed her face
A wash of lemon line
Sallow yellow skin
Sour green eyes
Left in the drawer with the Bible
An old syringe
"God is lethal," he says with a knowing grin

Don't you forget about your past, boy
Don't you forget about the gun

Don't you forget about Mexico
That's where you're gonna run

Picture postcard
She stole the night before
With a dirty magazine
From the local convenience store
A photo of Paris at night
The Eiffel tower in lights
An unsatisfied looking debutant
Flip side read "je t'amie mon amour"
Paris, France

Don't you forget about your past, girl

Don't you forget about the streets
Don't you forget about the cold air
When you're lying on that beach

She's scared this back road has a dead end
And that he won't fly her to the moon
"Well, just sit tight, babe,
We're gonna be in Mexico real soon
So just sit there and don't say another word
Before I go and hurt someone
Before I go and take this gun
And hurt someone
I'll hurt someone

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