

The Revolvers

"I Sent You A Rockstar Postcard From L.A."

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I send you a rockstar postcard from L.A.
Where I met Slash and Dave and Marilyn Manson by the
way
We drank champagne and we talked a lot
About Iggy and the scene
About music and racism and 15 minutes of fame

What the hell is going on
What the fuck is going wrong
Can you tolerate my sexuality
Or do you just like that singalongsong

I send you a rockstar postcard from L.A.
Where the rats are calling and the angels sing
And the Pistols come to play
From the Hollywood Blvd back to the stars and back to
the green
From the rich to the poor from the left to the right
There's nothing in between

And the angels sing again
For Jim Morrison soon and then
Thunder and lightning everywhere
But Joey Ramone still doesn't care

Don't try to understand these words
Don't try to feel how deep it hurts
Oh no you will never know just say goodbye don't say
hello
And then leave my life and so
We don't speak the same language do we still speak
Oh I don't know why...
But please say goodbye...

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