

## Zebda

### "Postcards From Hell"

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I didn't see the signs posted on the road  
Dead end gives way to the cliff that soars  
And I lose control your face still looks bored  
One, two, fuck you!  
I won't change for you

Wrong way  
This time it's going down  
You say I'm immature  
To hang around  
Okay  
Face-plant to the ground  
I won't change for you  
I won't change for you

Tonight I wash my hands of you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Tonight the light in breaking through  
So thank you very little and send me postcards from  
hell

This relationship is over as we scrape the ledge  
And you call me a loser falling over the edge  
Like you're cutting all your losses  
Like a bet you can hedge  
One two, fuck you!  
I won't change for you

A black eye  
And my heart is ripped out of my chest  
Crucified  
For not passing any of your stupid tests  
Good-bye  
Right now I could care less

I won't change for you  
I won't change for you

Tonight I wash my hands of you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Tonight the light in breaking through

So thank you very little and send me postcards from  
hell

We've come a long way  
Don't look down!  
Your heart is rotten  
Your heart is rotten  
Too bad it was the wrong way  
Won't be long now  
Till we hit the rock  
Bottom

Tonight I wash my hands of you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
Tonight the light in breaking through  
So thank you very little and send me postcards from  
hell

Tonight I wash my hands of you  
You set the bar I could not live up to  
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