

## **Brendan Hines**

### **"Parcel Post"**

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Parcel Post

My father was a priest, my mother was a nun  
they divorce God and had a hell of a son

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

My girl is a journey man, she works and moves a long  
and nobody knows how she got that strong

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

Speak whit other people that i miss the most,  
they check it in the mail, it's in the parcel post

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

Your mother went crazy on the 4th of july  
and you wouldn't known if you would look it arrive

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

She blue kisses from the billboard over look roof  
fifteen  
she made the mean men pleasant, the friendly were  
the min

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home  
Speak whit other people that i miss the most,  
they check it in the mail, it's in the parcel post

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

I buried all your letters in a can versace  
because I've never been in prison, and I don't wanna  
go back

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

There's nothing in my pocket that jingles of fauls  
just a picture of you, an all is this geting old

Turn the light out, if you ever come back home

Speak whit other people that i hate the most,  
they check it in the mail, it's in the parcel post

Turn the light out if you ever come back home  
come back home, come back home

Turn the light out if you ever come back home

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