

Promoe

"Post Cards"

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(In. edh, j. cardell)

Head out the door like before pick my things off the
Floor go on tour after tour with a huge ass bag that
Can't fit my love what a useless bag, man it can't fit
My love there I go again repeating myself and I'm
Deceiving myself till I believe in myself that I need
Something else jeopardizing my health looking,
looking,
Looking for something, but I really can't tell what it
Is, what it was, and again shall be maybe it shifted
Through the years and I'm stuck in the dream that I had
As a teenager rappin ass fiend now with all this stress
Around me I can't recognize me so I, pick up the phone
And a bad connedon and a low battery does little to
Hide the thought that we miles apart and it drives my
Heart insane tryin to start to explain all in vain but
I'm savin...

What should I write

Pick up the pen don't know where to begin it goes... I
Miss you I well it's true but it's lame, ain't no words
To explain

How can I tell you

How much I miss you

Cus the words have been used and abused for so long
They don't mean nothing, no more to no one and
Specifically not us we're thinkin about stuff a little
Bit too much with our critical outlook that kind of
Makes us depressed and when it aches in our chests
We're desperately lookin, lookin for ways to express
Our deepest emotions, but somebody stole 'em sold
'em

Back to us perverted, distorted that's why, when I tell
You I love you, you can't hear I wanna tell you to

Trust me forever, but I don't dare cus the words have
Been used and abused for so long I can't relate to
Their hate don't want it in your song cus if love is a
Burger from a fastfood chain if love is some bling on a
Fat goldchain then the blood must be freezing in my
ice

Cold veins and what I feel for you must be that thing

Called hate
(And it's not, so what the fuck... ,)
What should I write
What the fuck should I write yo
I miss you
Well it's true but it's lame, ain't no words to explain
How can I tell you
How much I miss you
Then when I finally come home after weeks alone,
Rhyming on the phone from the studio in gothen and
Writing little poems on postcards and pieces of paper
From japan and amsterdam I'm half a man when I
greet
You like we a four legged, two headed creature
Separated from ea-chother in an earlier life to be
Complete I must make sure this girl be my wife and it's
Easier said than done but this love accident ain't no
Hit and run I coulda stay right here till the police
Come though this ain't that kind of movie so them fools
Get none and it ain't no hollywood ending either she's
Not a girl with a gucci, prada or fendi fever it's real
Characters of real flesh and blood who fight, hurt,
Make up and shit, sweat and love (and miss eachother
Like hell...)
What should I write
With all our imperfect perfections
I miss you
How can I tell you
How much I'mÃss you

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