

# Eddie Reader, Postcard

You sent a pretty postcard  
From a far and lonely sea  
A dancer and a mandolin  
They looked like you and me  
I've been awake for hours and hours  
I should be fast asleep  
I lost the place and out it fell  
Your postcard from the beach  
Sometimes when I'm talking to myself  
I'll swear it's all a dream  
November babies and northern winds  
The scars you said I'd keep  
But if you'd never come here  
You'd never have had to leave  
And all the bones upon the beach  
They all sung out to me  
Grab it into your hands, don't let go and grab it  
But look the way it curls out of your fingers  
I used to wish I was the cigarette inside your mouth  
You'd roll me up and breathe me in  
But then you'd blow me out  
And I would float and curl my way  
A vapour trail the end of me  
All that's left a place that's kept  
Your postcard from the sea