

# Widespread Panic, Postcard

Well I've been sittin' here, thinkin' about you  
'Bout what it is that you, you want from me  
You know it seems that I still don't know you well  
Know many faces I have seen

Still I try, to make you happy  
Still I try, to make you sing  
Now if you're wonderin', what I think of it all  
Just read the back of this postcard

The air here, breathing's great  
Lord, we've cooked ourselves  
Now were cookin' up an ass kickin' time (didn't we?)

This town is nuts, my kind of place  
I don't want to leave  
I don't never, never, never, never want to leave.  
I never, never, never, never want to leave  
Never, never

I see you in a  
Thousand costumes  
Strike many a silent pose  
I heard you tell a thousand stories  
Everyone in a different voice

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I'm taking my car - I never want to leave  
I'm taking my car..