

## Postcards From Catalunya

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly

We talked for hours  
And nothing made much sense  
I'm sick and tired  
Of sitting on the fence

'Cos I've been sitting here for hours  
And I thought I found the answers to  
The questions I was asking  
Now I'm not sure what they were  
Amongst the postcards of Catalunya  
And the late night conversations  
I, I can't find the hows or whys

We talk in circles  
We move in narrow lines  
I miss the gray patch  
Between the black and white

And I've been sitting here for hours  
And I thought I found the answers to  
The questions I was asking  
Now I'm not sure what they were  
Amongst the postcards of Catalunya  
And the late night conversations  
I, I can't find the hows or whys

I miss the silence  
Of sitting here alone  
I think I love you  
But I'm better on my own

'Cos I've been sitting here for hours  
And I thought I found the answers to  
The questions I was asking  
Now I'm not sure what they were  
Amongst the postcards of Catalunya  
And the late night conversations  
I, I can't find the hows or whys

I can't find the hows or whys  
I can't find the hows or whys  
I can't find the hows or whys