

## Post Cards

Promoe

(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 connecdon 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'miss you