

Justin King, Postcard

Got your postcard from Istanbul
The crooked lines run on and on and on
Got your picture in my car
It's like a map that only gets me lost
You know it never had to make sense
For us to feel this
You and I were never saints or angels
I still have faith in you
Take a drive in the autumn rain
It's one a.m. and you are in my blood
Crossed emotion made of distance
The morning comes and you'll be waking up
You know it never had to make sense
For us to feel this
You and I were never saints or angels
I still have faith in you
Lay the phone down
Play a song for you
Five thousand miles away
Your listening
You know it never had to make sense
For us to feel this
You and I were never saints or angels
I still have faith in you