

Postcard Man

I'm not the man in the pictures, the one who can kill with his lips.
No serial demeanor or strong stare to swoon her,
my sense is their compensating.

Part of me wants to be simple; the other side likes the complex.
Soon contradiction becomes my affliction
and fiction won't clean up this mess.

Love takes you back again -- remembering the fire that this world desires.
Love takes you back again -- one minute you're tumbling, then love, love.

I'm sorry or happy or faded. I'm funny or wicked hungry. I'm one part per million but could affect a billion with this message coming out of me.

Love coming back to me. No snide broke direction or long cold neglectation.
Love brings us close you see, the weight of acceptance is gone, gone.

You'll find that these physical obsessions will fizzle your left to remain.
And hopefully your passion is there as a ration when nothing else helps you sustain.

Beauty in shapes and in colors, but shortened by those who are grey.
Leave egos, pretentions and all those ill mentions far away for another today.
Yeah I won't let cold beauty, promote the delusions, bubbling up inside of me.

Love, you'll find in the byways when you're looking for highways
Love brings you back again -- wound you and changed you, its love.
Cause you love....

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