

"Postcards"-James Blunt

Choose the correct answer from each pair:

Saturdays/Sundays sitting on your *black/back* porch
And I came armed with a couple of *cards/chords*
And I played for you
You let me keep you entertained
With *stories/histories* I exaggerate
That you know aren't true
And as you sit there making daisy *chains/change*
And I throw in a *hand/ham* grenade
And tell you how it is I really *fill/feel* for you

I'm sending postcards from my *heart/hard*
With love for a *postmark/postman* and then
You'll know that you make me
Feel like we've been *caught/taught*
Like kids in the school-yard again
And I can't keep it to myself
Can't spell it any better
L-O-V-E forever
I hope you know that I'm
Sending a postcard
I don't care who sees what I've *said/sent*
Or if the whole *war/world* knows what's in my head

We chased the *son/sun* till it got away
On a bicycle that your Daddy *made/said*
But not made for two
Then we sat out on your rocking chair
You with a flower in your *hair/head* that I found for you
But then Monday always comes around
And it's sad 'coz I can't see you *now/know*
I want you to know you're always in my head

Chorus

You know sometimes it's hard to *see/meet*
Or say the words that torture me
But inside I know exactly how I *feel/see*
The things that I can't say out loud
I'll find a place to write it down
I hope that they will *find/mind* you in the end

Chorus

Know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
All the things I want you to know oh oh know oh oh know oh oh
All the things I want you to know

