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so sentimental, not sentimental no

romantic, not disgusting yet

Postcard to Ellen

Listen, I've been thinking

about all the times you kept me sane

It's not enough to simply thank you

but I'll do it all the same

When all the boys said they were leaving

you were an angel without wings

You were the best kind of crazy

and you pulled me through everything

You said, "I love you and there's a fire outside my window"

like a poem from a thousand miles away

Now I'm telling you so that you'll always know:

you mean more to me than I can ever say

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