



POSTCARD FROM ANTIGUA

Words & Music © Josh Joffen

This postcard was left at the hotel desk,
With a brown-skinned girl in a floral print dress
On the sun-drenched island with the fine white sand,
Where my love and I walked hand-in-hand
You can stand waist-deep in the turquoise seas
While the palm trees rustle in the tropical breeze
But that breeze won't help you when the sun gets high
Then it's SPF 30 or you're going to fry

Hello from old Antigua
Here is a postcard from Antigua
Life's a Beach on old Antigua
We had us a great time, wish we were there

This postcard hung out for a couple of days,
Then was taken into town in the usual way
Past goats and chickens and one room shacks,
Over car-eating roads that could break your back
Where they drive on the left and there are no signs,
The views are splendid but the curves are blind
There's something waiting for you over every hill,
And if a cow doesn't stop you then a pothole will

Hello from old Antigua
Here is a postcard from Antigua
Life's a Beach on old Antigua
We had us a great time, wish we were there

Now when the sun goes down you can find your way
By the light of the moon and stars
The tree-toads chime, the mosquitoes dine
And the geckos patrol the bars
You can sip coladas by the waterside,
Float away on the island rum
Or make love to the thunder of the rolling tide
And the air-conditioner's hum
And God bless the air-conditioner

This postcard arrived when a month had been spanned
We were back on the case, we were losing our tans
Hadn't taken much more than a couple of days
For the salt and the sanity to wash away
But we looked at the picture and it made us smile
That was it for conversation for a little while
Postcards are great things to keep around
But it's time to start saving for our next trip down
 Hello from old Antigua
 Here is a postcard from Antigua
 Life's a Beach on old Antigua
 We had us a great time, wish we were

There in old Antigua
Here is a postcard from Antigua
Life's a Beach on old Antigua
We had us a great time, wish we were there
Yeah, I wish we were there
Just you and me there

This is the first in a cycle of songs about that little Leeward Island. We love going down there. We stay at a small oceanfront hotel with no televisions or phones in the rooms, and get away from everything else. And it seems that there's always something else to write about. Like being told that our American accents were 'cute.'