

# Mailman

Faith Evans

Nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah  
Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah Just coming home from work to a cold empty house  
Can't even eat so hurt anticipating on this couch  
Waiting on the phone to ring or the sound of your key  
I'm faced with this reality that you're not coming home to me [Chorus:]  
Mailman is there a letter for me  
Please make it better for me  
Say that it's only a dream  
He's really here with me Rolling out the sheets as I think about the way it was  
I'm missing you I'm not go lie you were my first and only love  
It's taking every piece of me to be strong and not to leave  
Late at night I get so weak it's that fact that you're not here  
[Chorus:]  
I tried my best to stop you when you were trying to leave  
I tried to tell you that your seed's inside of me

Songwriters

KELLY, ROBERT S. Published by

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