The Postman

David Baerwald

I watch the sun come up while you're sleeping it off
When you go out for your news and curse your smoker's cough
I bring you bills to pay
And letters from the state
Then you go inside and I walk away
I'm the postman
I'm the postmanAnd I walk you street for hours like some kind of jerk
With my grey clip tie and my pressed blue shirt
And when you leave for work
I think you're turning to flirt
But you're turning away and it always hurts
I'm the Postman
I'm the PostmanI know why you stare East, it's where your man's run off
And I know why your trash bin is brimming with his art
'Cause when he was abroad
I read his last postcard
He met some brit named Cass and it broke your heart
I'm the postman
I'm the postman

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