

# 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 postman And 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 Postman I 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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