

Presidents of the United States of America, The "Some Postman"

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It's 6 AM and the sun is getting high
He picks up the mail from the slot
He feels the rush of excitement as he holds it in his
hand
Another love note no one got

Some postman is grooving to all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Some postman is grooving to all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Gonna cry
Gonna cry

It's noon now and all the mailboxes have been emptied
And all the letters are inside
He counts them, he checks them, he looks for clues
and finds
The ones with hearts on the outside

Some postman is grooving to all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Some postman is grooving to all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Gonna cry
Gonna cry
Gonna cry yeah yeah

Nineteen ninety threeeeee
ooh ooh ooh ooh
ooh ooh ooh ooh

Holding onto a package meant for a distant lover
Thought it would be there overnight
She waits and she cries and she thinks he does not
love her
The postman holds on oh so tight

Some postman is grooving to all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Some postman is grooving to all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry

Gonna cry yeah

You (you)

Crushed (crushed)

Paper hearts

Stole (stole)

And sold (sold)

And ripped apart

Your promise was sent but you never delivered to me

Some postman you turned out to be

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