

## Hefner

### "A Hymn For The Postal Service"

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Sobriety breeds sincerity, and Lydia Pond she is my gravity.  
I don't know how she felt when she took that E,  
But in the morning she shaking, she was twitching, she was jerking.  
On June the 5th she moved to Paris, she could not stand the state of British politics,  
And I just can't convince her that I'm socialist,  
And every night I pray for mail in the morning.  
Sweet Lydia Pond is doing it for me,  
And I want to sing a hymn for the postal service.  
Sinful and proud since I stopped sleeping around,  
I am so faithful now to Lydia's handwriting,  
That makes me guess the circumstances under which she wrote it,  
Why she used the f-word when she never, ever spoke it,  
She pasted on a passport photo of herself in pigtails,  
And underneath she'd written did my touch make you less lonely.  
Oh she promised me that we'd be creasing sheets,  
And that our bodies would be bruising, wrestling underneath,  
And I wanted to ask her how she cut her teeth,  
And why she let time slip through her skinny, skinny fingers.

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