

## Incrave "The Letter"

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Started rubbin' my eyes  
When I heard the birds talk  
Hey mister sleep you're gonna  
Have to take 'walk  
But nothing has 's much pow'r to  
Make me rise as the post man  
Bringin' a mornin' surprise

Here he comes  
Here he comes  
Too much I've got a letter  
I'd better get out of bed  
I said

Then I pulled the covers right  
Up to my nose  
I thought well the letter  
Might be for Rose  
Her mother she writes very regularly  
Mister Postman have you got  
A letter for me

Mr. Heron, yes I have yes I have  
Too much I've got a letter  
I said with some joy  
It came from Maria, Chicago, Illinois

And I never have met her but she sounds sweet  
Like a flower  
Grown on a rubbish heap  
She's got a lot of things 'round her  
She's gotta work out  
But she's gonna make it  
And I have no doubt

Maria, the plane that brought your letter must have  
Felt a little bit lighter  
The air hostess must've felt brighter bringing your  
letter over the sea  
And the pilot was your Orpheus  
Singing a song for you

Maria I'm singin'  
Hear me singin' I'll be your Orpheus too

By the time you hear this song your  
Troubles will be gone  
And you'll be left with what's shinin'  
Through your letter you (repeat)

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