

Justin Solonynka "Postal"

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Harry the Postman, he worked in the mailroom
He did his job and did his job well
Stamping and sorting and packing and shipping
Alone in his own private hell
He never got married, he'd spent all his years
Living the post office beat
'Til one fateful day when an envelope dropped
From the bin to land at his feet

Harry, O Harry, O Harry...
So helpful

He stooped down to grab it, a letter fell out
The presidential seal at it's head
Averted his eyes, but then just had to look
At the words, and here's what he read:
"Dear Soviet Masters, I know we'll prevail
That perestroika scam's worked out great
Saddam and Castro are still on our side
Will contact at some later date."

Harry, O Harry, O Harry...
So noble

Harry the Postman jumped into his car
Drove straight to the C.I.A.
When he showed them the letter the bullets came
flying
A gorgeous young blond pulled him safe
"I'm from the resistance," the woman explained
"We plan to expose the president.
We're counting on you to go back to the mailroom
And burn all the letters he's sent."

Harry, O Harry, O Harry...
So able

He did as was asked and destroyed all he found
He searched the whole mailbin until
The sound of gunfire came closer, so Harry,
His mission done, swallowed the pill
And that's where she found him, Ms. Eleanor Spelvin

The woman who worked the front scale
Harry, he'd been dead for quite a few hours
Near a pile of burned-up junk mail

Harry, O Harry, O Harry...
So postal

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