Alexz Johnson "Mail Man"

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Mr. mail man, not a fan mr. mail man
Just give me something I can stand, Mr. mail man.
I give up, coming around - always pulling me down
I give up, I hope you're gone, when I be coming down
Mr. mail man, not a fan Mr. mail man
I give up.

You ain't no man mr. mail man (ha)

All looked up to me,
I don't understand
The paper in the wind,
You kill the messanger
Doesn't make a sound,
The paper in my hand
I don't understand,
You kill the messanger, You kill the messanger.

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I give up.

You ain't no man mr. mail man. I give up.

Mr. mail man, not a fan mr. mail man
Just give me something I can stand, Mr. mail man.
I give up, coming around - always pulling me down
I give up, I hope you're gone, when I be coming down
Mr. mail man, not a fan Mr. mail man

You ain't no man mr. mail man. (ha, ha, ha)

Never come around, You never come around You never come around mr. mail man.

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