

Eyeliners, The

"Postal"

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Look out I'm gonna tell a story,
About What all went down that night,
I'm afraid to say he lost his mind,
Might have been something I couldn't fight.

All I know is that I tried,
And I tried to make it alright,
But he's gone postal,
You better run for your life.

If there's a way to turn the story around,
You can bet that he will try,
Right now nothing's going right,
Won't stop at nothing until he's right.

Better reach a negotiation line,
You are running out of time,
Duck down and take a look around,
Say it slowly, say it's alright.

Back down or it could take all night,
Might have been something I couldn't fight,
All I know is that I tried,
And I tried to make it alright.

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