

Twisted Wheel

"Postman"

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Beware of the postman, beware of the postman,
Tracked down a living hell, tracked down a living hell.
Don't like my guitar, don't change my sky,
Leave down that power trip, leave down that power trip.

Cloud spread out, put down my letters,
Turn it up, he's gonna get us.
Lost his map, he's in rush now,
Too much gold, seat I sold.

Rage pills and nikeon tax,
Love letters and paper bags,
Post caps beneath them all,
They won't come, 'cause they got sore.
Maybe love stop make them want
It's have and then have them sore.
Top hat may give an eye,
His house maybe his empire.

Cloud spread out, put down my letters,
Turn it up, he's gonna get us.
Lost his map, he's in rush now,
Too much gold, seat I sold.

All is mismade, soothe that stress,
I snatch out to your bedroom, heal my chills.
That you can't see, I'll head in west,
Just as there's no see-through control.

Beware of the postman, beware of the postman,
Beware of the postman,
Tracked down a living hell, tracked down a living hell.
Lie, lie, lie, lie.

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