

Alexz Johnson, Mr. Mailman

Mr mailman, not a fan, Mr mailman
Just give me something I can stand Mr Mailman
I give up, coming around, always pulling me down
i give up, I hope you're gone when I'll be coming down
Mr mailman, not a fan, Mr mailman, i give up
You ain't no man Mr mailman

Ha!

All hooked up to me
I don't understand
The paper in the way
Give me some drugs
Doesn't make a sound
Paper in the hand
I don't understand
Give me some drugs

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