

# Faith Evans, Mailman

Na na na na na  
Na na na na na na  
Na na na na na  
Na na na na na na  
Just coming home from work  
To a cold and empty house  
Can't even eat, so hurt  
Anticipating on this couch  
Waiting on the phone to ring  
Or the sound of your keys  
I'm faced with this reality  
That you're not coming home to me

## CHORUS:

Mailman, is there a letter for me  
Please make it better for me  
Say that it's only a dream  
He's really here with me  
Folding up the sheets as I  
Think about the way it was  
I'm missing you, I'm not gon' lie  
You were my first and only love  
It's taking every piece of me  
To be strong enough to live  
Late at night I get so weak  
It's the fact that you're not here

## CHORUS

I tried my best to stop you  
When you were trying to leave  
I tried to tell you that  
Your seed's inside of me  
(Repeat CHORUS to fade)