

Flying Postmen, Come What May

(A. Nicula/ E. Bojescu)

That's outside, it's getting dark

That's inside, you light a spark

M-m-m an' moreover

It is rather cold now please do us a favour

To let us come in flying

And right away we're gonna hold on

If you decide home to invite us

That is right, the sun has gone

That is night, the moon has come

M-m-m an' moreover

The fierce wind blows now please do us a favour

To let us come in flying

CHORUS REPEAT

Standing by the window you will have a look below your floor

Getting what we have meant you'll unlock your crack-brained door

(whoopie!)

And right away come what may

Right away come what may

To let us come in flying

CHORUS REPEAT