

# David Baerwald, The Postman

It's only the postman  
There's no need to be alarmed  
He's just delivering the post, ma'am  
He don't mean me any harm

And understand that come rain and snow  
He is always on the go  
Even death can never slow  
The postman

Through hurricane winds and high tides  
He is always by my side  
I have never learned to hide  
From the postman

I sing my song, I sing my song  
I sing my brave little song  
I sing my song to the postman  
To the postman

Tuxedos and guns, sir  
Become the symbols of a time  
And rivers of blood, sir  
In a sunny foreign clime

We keep it with lies and lies  
We embrace what we despise  
Servants in the rise  
Of the postman

And we understand that love and hate  
Are old-fashioned and obsolete  
Mere voices on the street  
To the postman

I sing my song, I sing my song  
I sing my brave little song  
I sing my song to the postman  
To the postman

Society, it's like any animal  
It's gotta live  
It's gotta eat  
There's some good things about war  
There's just too many people in the world

Postman