

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