

Flying Postmen, Well

(MUSIC & LYRICS BY A. Nicula)

Well, well, well, well

I've come to you my friend

To talk with you again

And spend my time.

We didn't realise

We said so many lies

And it's a crime.

Now I really, really want

To stay with you all night long

It feels so right and well, well.

You found yourself alone

You have been on your own

I sympathise

But now don't get upset

There's something to forget

Look in my eyes

I've got many things to say

You will have to do the same

It feels so right

'Cos something's gonna come

Something's gonna come

Something's gonna tell

That we shall be well.

But suddenly you then say something as you stand by the window

I cannot understand just what you've really meant but the wind's blown

And gathered all your words in one

I'm begging you now

Oh tell me please how does it sound ?

You say it's gonna be around

Love is gonna come, love is gonna come

Love is gonna come, love is gonna come

Love is gonna come

And we shall be well, well, well, well.

'Cos something's gonna come, something's gonna come

Something's gonna tell that we shall be well

Right away

Love is gonna come, love is gonna come

Love is gonna tell that we shall be well, well.

Well, well, well, well.