

# Postmen Flying, Two Of Us

Two of us riding nowhere  
Spending someone's  
Hard earned pay  
You and me Sunday driving  
Not arriving  
On our way back home  
We're on our way home  
We're on our way home  
We're going home

Two of us sending postcards  
Writing letters  
On my wall  
You and me burning matches  
Lifting latches  
On our way back home  
We're on our way home  
We're on our way home  
We're going home

You and I have memories  
Longer than the road that stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats  
Standing solo  
In the sun  
You and me chasing paper  
Getting nowhere  
On our way back home  
We're on our way home  
We're on our way home  
We're going home

You and I have memories  
Longer than the road that stretches out ahead