

The American Analog Set, The Postman

I watch the sun come up while you're sleeping it off
When you go out for your news and curse your smoker's cough
I bring you bills to pay
And letters from the state
Then you go inside and I walk away
I'm the postman
I'm the postman

And I walk you street for hours like some kind of jerk
With my grey clip tie and my pressed blue shirt
And when you leave for work
I think you're turning to flirt
But you're turning away and it always hurts
I'm the Postman
I'm the Postman

I know why you stare East, it's where your man's run off
And I know why your trash bin is brimming with his art
'Cause when he was abroad
I read his last postcard
He met some brit named Cass and it broke your heart
I'm the postman
I'm the postman