

The Incredible String Band, The Letter

Started rubbin' my eyes
when I heard the birds talk
Hey mister sleep you're gonna
have to take 'walk
But nothing has 's much pow'r to
make me rise as the post man
Bringin' a mornin' surprise

Here he comes
Here he comes
Too much I've got a letter
I'd better get out of bed
I said

Then I pulled the covers right
up to my nose
I thought well the letter
might be for Rose
Her mother she writes very regularly
Mister Postman have you got
a letter for me

Mr. Heron, yes I have yes I have
Too much I've got a letter
I said with some joy
It came from Maria, Chicago, Illinois

And I never have met her but she sounds sweet
like a flower
Grown on a rubbish heap
She's got a lot of things 'round her
She's gotta work out
But she's gonna make it
and I have no doubt

Maria, the plane that brought your letter must have
felt a little bit lighter
The air hostess must've felt brighter bringing your letter over the sea
And the pilot was your Orpheus
singing a song for you
Maria I'm singin'
Hear me singin' I'll be your Orpheus too

By the time you hear this song your
troubles will be gone
And you'll be left with what's shinin'
through your letter you (repeat)