

The Presidents of the United States of America, S

It's 6 A-M and the
Sun is getting high
He picks up the mail from the slot
He feels the
Rush of excitement as he holds it in his hand
Another love note no one got

Some postman
Is grooving
To all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Some postman
Is grooving
To all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Gonna cry
Gonna cry

It's noon now
And all the mailboxes have been emptied
And all the letters are inside
He counts them
He checks them
He looks for clues and finds
The ones with hearts on the outside

Some postman
Is grooving
To all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Some postman
Is grooving
To all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Gonna cry
Gonna cry
Gonna cry, yeah yeah!

1993! hoo hoo-hoo hooo, hoo hoo-hoo hooo!

Holding onto a package
Meant for a distant lover
Thought it would be there overnight
She waits and
She cries and
She thinks he does not love her
The postman holds on oh-so tight

Some postman
Is grooving
To all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Some postman
Is grooving
To all our love letters
Some postman is gonna cry
Gonna cry, yeah!

You crushed paper hearts
Stole and sold and ripped to part
Promise with stamps
Deliver, deliver to me

SOME POSTMAN YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

