

# 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!

