

Ten o'clock postman

Bring her letter

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Make me feel

Been so days

Since that I've met her

Ten o'clock postman

Bring her letter

I'm walking all over the

Wonder why I don't biting my nails

.....carry this feeling of doom

A couple hours and I'll get the mail

Finding it so to eat

The toast and the they just don't taste the same

Hearing a noise in the.....

I run to the and cry out in the vain

Remembering that she said for

I'll you the minute I'll get off the plane

Nothing

Not single word

It must come this..... or I'll go insane

Now it's been almost days

Could she have sent it byor by rail

I hear someone's comin' this way

This must be it it must be the mail