

## Mr. Postman

Diana Vickers

My J is kinda boring me  
I can't hold inside  
And I, and that's no twerk for me  
It's not fairytale  
Your kind of man, kind of man  
Wanna click away every day  
Don't leave no paper trail  
And hold it in my head  
Hold it to my heart  
It doesn't seem so far

Mr. Postman see you no more  
I wait into the night  
Rolling high into 'sun seal me with a kiss  
Leave me something for the kiss

It's getting hotter  
Why won't you deliver  
You can make it better, writing me a letter  
And hold a text to a beatin heart  
I want our love to linger on  
And still remember when you're gone  
But who's gonna turn around  
Who's gonna slow it down?

Mr. Postman see you no more  
I wait into the night  
No reply from Mr. Postman  
Sun seal me with a kiss  
Leave me something for the kiss  
I'm still waiting  
Oh mr Postman, I'ms till waiting  
Oh Mr. Post man  
Mr. Postman, Mr. Postman,  
Mr. Postman, Mr. Postman

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