

The Postman

Lucy Spraggan

They married in June one afternoon in a church down by their home

She wore the ring his mother gave him the day that he left home

They danced before their families and they held each other close

And on that lovely night in June, oh he loved her so

The war took him to Paris one year since they had wed
He packed envelopes and cigarettes ink and his fountain pen
He said I will send you letters each week that I am gone
And I promise you'll feel better, when the postman comes

The months had past on slowly and his boots had lost their tread

But still he wrote his letters this week this one had said
You are always with me even when I feel alone
And this rifle bears a burden and its heavy on my soul

But you won't have to miss me as once this war is won
We will be together, when the postman comes

She opens the door to a man with a telegram
A sad look on his face
She wipes away a single tear and she hears him say
Something about the military apologies in the ministry
And she fell, to the floor
She questioned him said you've got this wrong
My husband's fast my husband's strong
And I promise you'll know better, when the postman comes

If you've received this letter it means the worst has done
And I'm sorry and I love you and this isn't what I want
But you will find another and I will understand
I just hope he loves you more than any other can
I sent you all these letters and for reasons there's just one
It is me you will remember.. when the postman comes