

# Ten O'clock Postman

Secret Service

R: Ten o'clock postman  
Bring me her letter  
Ten o'clock postman  
Make me feel better

Been so many days  
Since that I've met her  
Ten o'clock postman  
Bring me her letter  
Bring me her letter

1. I'm walking all over the room  
Wonder why I don't stop biting my nails

Why carry this feeling of doom  
A couple more hours and I'll get the mail  
I'll get the mail

Finding it so hard to eat  
The toast and the eggs they just don't taste the same

Hearing a noise in the street  
I run to the window and cry out in vain

R:

2. Remembering that she said for sure  
I'll write you the minute I'll get off the plane  
Nothing, not one single word  
It must come this morning or I'll go insane  
I'll go insane

Now it's been almost five days  
Could she have sent it by air or by rail  
I hear someone's comin' this way  
This must be it, yes it must be the mail

R: