

A Note from You

Andrew Gold

Ev'ry day the mailman comes
And he gives me notes to read
Like notices that say, "Dear Sir,
"Your payment's not received."
I'm sick and tired of havin'
The kind of mail I do
All I need is my monthly check
And a note from you

The street is long and winding
And my door is hard to find
The dogs around are small and dumb
And their attitude's unkind
Still there ain't no reason
To be treated like a fool
All I need is my monthly check
And a note from you

But I can see no reason
For the things you do to me
When you call collect, you know I pay the charges
That pay the phone man's fee
Still I get no letters
That could bring joy to me
And there's no address
And I must confess
I'm blue

Here comes the mailman again
And he's givin' out notes for free
Ah come on now
Hey, Mister Mailman, give me a look
Is there anything for me?

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