

The Milkman

Nits

Oli told me
When we walked down
He was the milkman
In his hometown

I wish that life was always simple
I wish that it would never rain

Every morning
Or should I say night
He delivered the bottles
Before the first light

He was the milkman
And she was the cook
It sounds like a story
From some old-fashioned book

I wish that life was always like that
Never a cloud above our head

They fell in love
As simple as that
He brought the milk
And she baked the bread