

I've got my finger on the trigger,
And my hand around the gun,
If you all see me coming ~~then~~
Then you better start to run.

I'm going Postal,
I'm going Postal,

Oh if you got a score to settle
With that stupid boss of mine

I've had it up to here w/ this ^{shit} no chicken stuff
With a bunch of stupid ~~managers~~ ^{shit} that think they so damn tough
~~If you see me coming~~
~~If you don't see me coming~~ I'll get you sure enough
~~With your gun your gun your gun~~
I'm going Postal

I've not through my last meeting,
Won't sit through any more,
And if you know what's good
You better head on out that door,
You're off your gun your last order

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~~So cancel you~~

I'm gonna cancel your appointment w/ some authority
I've got my own retirement plan I imagine if you fly
to a place that's slightly warmer than where you want to be
And you'll finally get to use that big summer policy.
In your postal

I don't really want to rush you
But I'm really got to fly
So why don't you head on over
And say your butt good by.

I'm gain postal.

Please don't take the personal afterwards I'll never repent
When I've used my ammunition & the bullet's all spent
I'm just the product of a really bad environment.