

# **GHOST POSTIE**

**Robert D. Stubbs**

When they (I)did the last restructure here they (IV)didn't mess around  
They (V)sharpened up the hatchets and really went to (I)town  
We thought we'd gain a half a walk--they (IV)cut one out instead  
And a (V)colleague transferred in here who was only slightly (I)dead

There's a ghost postie that (IV)you can't (I)see  
Sluffing off his letters onto (II)you and (V)me  
(I)You can't see him because (IV)he's not (I)there  
But his work-load is real and we've (V)all got our (I)share

The corporation chortles with plutocratic glee  
They cut the staff down ten percent from what it ought to be  
They saved two hundred thousand by not paying you and me  
For the work that ought to have been done by the ghost postie

There's a ghost postie that you can't see  
Helping pick the pockets of you and me  
You can't see him because he's not there  
But the cash he's worth is real and we don't get our share

This job will get you in the knees, the ankles, and the back  
And sometimes I catch myself a-wishing for a heart attack  
To lay me out flat on my back so I can rest my feet  
And let the old ghost postie wander up and down my streets

There's a ghost postie that you can't see  
Sucking out the joy of life from you and me  
You can't see him because he's not there  
But his injuries are real and we've all got our share

Don't tell me I should cheer up, I'm not really in the mood  
Us posties here in Nelson have all royally been screwed  
We tried to tell the man, the man was deaf as any post  
We are getting sick and tired from working with a goddam ghost

There's a ghost postie that you can't see  
The corporation likes him more than you and me  
You can't see him because he's not there  
But he's haunting you and haunting me--we all get our share