

“Neither rain, nor snow nor meteor showers
Will stop this postman delivering all hours
He’ll run though the land
Or swim across the sea

He’ll crawl through deserts
And sneak though the trees
He’ll climb up mountains
Even fly through the air
To deliver your mail
Without a care

The rival of the postman is the treacherous fel hound
Forever chasing he will be bound
With his long pointy claws
And those deadly sharp jaws
The postman must be as fast as sound
His legs may be short
But his gnashers are long
And he’ll chase the postman all day long

He’ll jump over mounds
Or even off a bridge
He’ll get drunk from now to then
And get stuck upon a ridge
Sometimes he’ll choose to mount up upon his ram
Just so he can deliver all the extra spam

Neither rain, nor snow nor meteor showers
Will stop this postman delivering all hours
He’ll run though the land
Or swim across the sea

He’ll meet up with locked doors
But always have the key
He and his mount will travel here and there
Together they make quite a pair
They carry your mail from Azzeroth to Outland
All without the slightest of care

The postman has to work all the hours of the day
Leaving no time for a real life or real pay
He’ll take a break at the pub
And eat up all the truly scrumptious grub
He always comes out so drunk he can't tell a bed from a rug

He might not be smart
But his instincts are sharp
And he won't end up waking with the carp

He'll swim in the snow
Or fall off the edge
He'll travel from town to town
Even just to hide in a hedge
The postman spends his life for you benefit
So be friendly to him, don't just throw him in a pit

Neither rain, nor snow nor meteor showers
Will stop this postman delivering all hours
He'll run though the land
Or swim across the sea.
And he'll post your letter virtually free!"