

Oh you see him every morning
Drives that truck all over town
Stopping at the doorsteps
And setting bottles down

Came to be one Friday
He stopped on by the place
Case of bottles in his hand
A smile upon his face

Showed me he had everything
For every kind of thirst
I only had to let him know
And he'd put my order first

Now there's bottles stacked up in the fridge
There's bottles on the shelf
There's bottles on the stairs and table
I just can't help myself

That milkman shows up every day
Delivering to my place
I'm thirstier than ever
But the smile is on my face