

Postal Service, The "The District Sleeps Alone Tonight"

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Smeared black ink... your palms are sweaty
And I'm barely listening to last demands
I'm staring at the asphalt wondering what's buried
underneath
Where I am
Where I am

I'll wear my badge... a vinyl sticker with big block letters
adherent to my chest
That tells your new friends I am a visitor here...
I am not permanent
And the only thing keeping me dry is
Where I am
Where I am
Where I am

You seem so out of context in this gaudy apartment
complex
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just
visiting
And I am finally seeing
Why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving

D.C. sleeps alone tonight

Where I am
Where I am
Where I am

You seem so so out of context in this gaudy apartment
complex
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just
visiting
And I am finally seeing
Why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving

Where I am
Where I am
Where I am

The district sleeps alone tonight after the bars turn out
their lights
And send the autos swerving into the loneliest evening
And I am finally seeing
Why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving

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