

Frank Turner

"The District Sleeps Alone Tonight"

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Smear'd 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

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

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

D.C. sleeps alone tonight

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 finally seeing
Why I was the one worth leaving

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

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