

## Postal Service "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 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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