

Postal Service "This Place Is A Prison"

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This place is a prison
And this people aren't your friends
Inhaling thrills through \$20 bills
And the tumblers are drained and then flooded again
And again

There're guards at the on ramps armed to be teeth
And you may case the grounds from the cascades to
puget sound,
But you are not permitted to leave

I know there's a big world out there like the one i saw
on the screen

In my living room late last night,
It was almost too bright to see
And i know that it's not a party if it happens every night
Pretending there's glamour and candelabra
When you're drinking by candlelight

What does it take to get a drink in this place?

What does it take, how long must i wait?

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