

The 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

Wear my badge, a vinyl sticker with big block letters
Adherent to my chest, 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
(Where I am)
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just
visiting
(Where I am)
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)
You seem so so out of context in this gaudy apartment
complex
(Where I am)
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just
visiting
(Where I am)
And I am finally seeing why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving

(Where I am)
The district sleeps alone tonight after the bars turn out
their lights
(Where I am)
And send the autos swerving into the loneliest evening
(Where I am)
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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