

The Postal Service, The District Sleeps Alone Tonight

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

I wear my badge
A vinyl sticker with big block letters
Adhering 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'm 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)
You seem so out of context
In this gaudy apartment complex
A stranger with your door key
Explaining that I'm just visiting
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
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