

# The Postal Service, The Dream of Evan And Chan

It was familiar to me  
The smoke too thick to breathe  
The tile floors glistened  
I slowly stirred my drink  
And when he started to sing  
You spoke with broken speech  
That I could not understand  
And then you grabbed me tightly  
I wont let go, I wont let go  
Even if you say so, oh no  
I've tried and tried with no results  
I wont let go, I wont let go  
He then played every song from 1993  
The crowd applauded as  
He curtsied bashfully  
Your eyelashes tickled my neck  
With every nervous blink  
And it was perfect  
Until the telephone started  
Ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing off