

The Postal Service, A Tattered Line of String

We drained every dime
In the lower east side
And you failed to catch the train back to Queens
So you came to my room
We did some things that we knew not to do
In the glow of the night's golden hue

You've got a tattered line of string
And you tied around everything
That you want to call your own
But it never seems to hold

When we woke, we agreed
That we would not ever speak
Of this night to anyone that we both knew
And you said: "Every time we kissed
I felt something that couldn't exist"
And I confessed that I thought I felt it too

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Everything
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