

The Postal Service, This Place Is A Prison

This place is a prison
These people aren't your friends
Inhaling thrills through twenty dollar bills
and the tumblers are drained and then flooded
again and again.

There's guards at the onramps
Armed to the 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 that 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 glamor and candelabra
when you're drinking by candlelight.

And what does it take
to get a drink in this place?
What does it take?
How long must I wait?

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