

The District Sleeps Alone Tonight

The Postal Service

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

I'll wear my badge... a vinyl sticker with big block letters ad
herent 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
Where I am
Where I am

You seem so out of context in this gaudy apartment complex
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just visitin
g
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
Where I am
Where I am

You seem so so out of context in this gaudy apartment complex
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just visitin
g
And I am finally seeing
Why I was the one worth leaving
Why I was the one worth leaving

Where I am
Where I am
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