

This Place Is a Prison

The Postal Service

This place is a prison
And these people aren't your friends
Inhaling thrills through \$20 bills
And the tumblers are drained and then flooded again
And again

There're guards at the on ramps 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 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 glamour and candelabra
When you're drinking by candlelight

What does it take to get a drink in this place?

What does it take, how long must i wait?