# This Place Is A Prison

## The Postal Service

This place is a prison
And these people aren't your friends
Inhaling thrills through 20 dollar bills
And the tumblers are drained and then flooded again and again
There's 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 that I saw on the screen
In my living room late last night
It was almost too bright to see

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

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