

The District Sleeps Alone Tonight

[Frank Turner](#)

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
Wear my badge, a vinyl sticker with big block letters
Adherent to my chest, tells your new friends
I am a visitor here, I am not permanent
And the only thing keeping me dry is
 (Where I am)
You seem so out of context in this gaudy apartment complex
 (Where I am)
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just visiting
 (Where I am)
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)
You seem so so out of context in this gaudy apartment complex
 (Where I am)
A stranger with your door key explaining that I am just visiting
 (Where I am)
And I am finally seeing why I was the one worth leaving
 Why I was the one worth leaving
 (Where I am)
The district sleeps alone tonight after the bars turn out their lights
 (Where I am)
 And send the autos swerving into the loneliest evening
 (Where I am)
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

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