

A Tattered Line of String

The Postal Service

We drained every dime, in the lower east side
And you failed to catch the train back to Queens
So you came to my room
We did some things that we knew not to do
In the glow of the night's golden cue

Chorus:

You've got the tattered line of string,
And you tied round everything
That you want to call your own
But it never seems to hold

When we walk, we agreed
That we will not ever speak of this night to anyone that we both knew
Then you said:
"Every time we kissed, I felt something that couldn't exist"
And I confessed that I thought I felt it too

Chorus:

I've got a tattered line of string,
And I tied round everything
That I want to call your own
But it never seems to hold

Chorus:

I got a tattered line of string,
And I tied round everything
That I want to call your own
But it never seems to hold

E-verything
Every-thing
Never seems to hold
Never seems to hold

Chorus:

You've got the tattered line of string,
And you tied round everything
That you want to call your own

But it never seems to hold

Chorus:

I got a tattered line of string,
And I tied round everything
That I want to call your own
But it never seems to hold
Never seems to hold

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