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
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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