

The Dream Of Evan And Chan

The Postal Service

It was familiar to me
The smoke too thick to breathe
The tile floors glistened
I slowly stirred my drink And when you started to sing
You spoke with broken speech
That I could not understand
And then you grabbed me tightly I won't let go, I won't let go
Even if you say so, oh no
I've tried and tried with no results
I won't let go, I won't let go He then played every song from 1993
The crowd applauded as he curtsied bashfully
Your eyelashes tickled my neck
With every nervous blink And it was perfect until the telephone started
Ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, off

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