

# The District Sleeps Alone Tonight (Remastered)

## The Postal Service

Smeared black ink Your palms are sweaty.  
I'm barely listening  
To last demands. I'm staring at the asphalt wondering  
What's buried underneath. (Where I am)  
(Where I am) I wear my badge.  
A vinyl sticker with big block letters  
Adhering to my chest. It tells your new friends,  
"I am a visitor here."  
"I am not permanent." The only thing  
Keeping me dry is It seems so out of context  
In this gaudy apartment complex.  
A stranger with your door key  
Explaining that "I'm just visiting". I am finally seeing  
That I was the one worth leaving.  
I was the one worth leaving. DC sleeps alone tonight. It seems so out of context  
In the gaudy apartment complex.  
A stranger with your door key  
Explaining that "I'm just visiting". I am finally seeing  
That I was the one worth leaving.  
I was the one worth leaving. The district sleeps alone tonight  
After the bars turn out their lights  
And send the autos swerving  
Into the loneliest evening. I am finally seeing  
That I was the one worth leaving.  
I was the one worth leaving.  
I was the one worth leaving.  
I was the one worth leaving.

Songwriters

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