

# The Postal Service, A Tattered Line of String

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 hue

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

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

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

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

Everything  
Everything  
Never seems to hold  
Never seems to hold

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

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