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