

The Postal Service, The Dream of Evan And Chan

It was familiar to me
The smoke too thick to breathe
The tile floors glistened
I slowly stirred my drink
And when he started to sing
You spoke with broken speech
That I could not understand
And then you grabbed me tightly
I wont let go, I wont let go
Even if you say so, oh no
I've tried and tried with no results
I wont let go, I wont 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