

# The Postal Service, This Place Is A Prison

This place is a prison  
These people aren't your friends  
Inhaling thrills through twenty dollar bills  
and the tumblers are drained and then flooded  
again and again.

There's guards at the onramps  
Armed to the teeth  
And you may case the grounds  
from the Cascades to Puget Sound  
but you are not permitted to leave.

I know there's a big world out there  
like the one that I saw on the screen  
in my living room late last night  
It was almost too bright to see.

And I know that it's not a party  
if it happens every night  
pretending there's glamor and candelabra  
when you're drinking by candlelight.

And what does it take  
to get a drink in this place?  
What does it take?  
How long must I wait?

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