

# A Tattered Line of String

## The Postal Service

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 'round everything  
That you want to call your own  
But it never seems to hold  
When we walk, we agreed  
That we would not ever speak of  
of this night to anyone that we both knew  
Then 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 'round everything  
That I want to call my own  
But it never seems to hold I've got a tattered light of string  
And I tied 'round everything  
That I want to call my own  
But it never seems to hold  
You've got a tattered light of string  
And you tied 'round 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 'round everything  
That I want to call my own  
But it never seems to hold

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>