

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

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