

## This Place Is a Prison

The Postal Service

This place is a prison  
And these people aren't your friends  
Inhaling thrills through \$20 bills  
And the tumblers are drained and then flooded again  
And again

There're guards at the on ramps 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 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 glamour and candelabra  
When you're drinking by candlelight

What does it take to get a drink in this place?

What does it take, how long must i wait?