

**Tattered Line Of String**  
**The Postal Service**

Verse:

**G Em G F**  
**Am Em G**

(repeated twice every verse)

Chorus:

**F Am Em**

Bridge:

**G Em** (repeats until bridge end)

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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 cue

Chorus:

You've got the 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 will not ever speak 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

Chorus:

I've got a tattered line of string,  
And I tied round everything  
That I want to call your own  
But it never seems to hold

Chorus:

I got a tattered line of string,  
And I tied round everything  
That I want to call your own  
But it never seems to hold

E-everything  
Every-thing  
Never seems to hold  
Never seems to hold

Chorus:

Youâ€™ve got the tattered line of string,  
And you tied round everything  
That you want to call your own  
But it never seems to hold

Chorus:

I got a tattered line of string,  
And I tied round everything  
That I want to call my own  
But it never seems to hold  
Never seems to hold