

Quarters

Wilco

I travel where you worked
Was cold and dark as a cavern
You kept quarters in your shirt
But I never could just have them
You always made me sweep around every flying floozy
Under booths and bums asleep
Waking up, they'd ask you, "Who's he?"
Behind a glass without a glance
"My daughter's boy," you would say
Well, I stood there in a trance
Listening to the jukebox play

Songwriters

JEFF TWEEDY Published by

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