

Pulaski at Night

Andrew Bird

Half empty, half full
Cup runneth over
Horns of plenty, coffers full
We're starting over

Half empty, half full
Cup runneth over
Horns of plenty, coffers full
We're starting over

I write you a story
But it loses its thread
And all of my witnesses
Keep turning up, turning up dead

I paint you a picture
Of Pulaski at night
Come back to Chicago
City of, city of light

Come back to Chicago

I paint you a picture
But it never looks right
Cause I fill in the shadows
And block out the, I block out the light

I send you a postcard
It says, "Pulaski at night"
Greetings from Chicago
City of, city of light

Come back to Chicago
City of, city of light

Come back to Chicago
