Fatal Wound

Uncle Tupelo

Don't the lights look empty
When the streets are bare
Almost as empty
As the look you give me
When I'm the only oneAnd it's a long one
So it brings you down
So you have nowhere else to go
And nothing to do
So you hang around, hang aroundYou wait around until
You've received that fatal woundColumns of sunlight
And glorious cities
Oceans of opportunity
And all your decisions
Seem ancient

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