

# 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 one And 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 around You wait around until  
You've received that fatal wound Columns of sunlight  
And glorious cities  
Oceans of opportunity  
And all your decisions  
Seem ancient You wait around until  
You've received that fatal wound

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