

# Empire Falls

Chris Thile

I envy the quiet lives that for all I know don't exist  
Outside of a lazy book that won a Pulitzer prize  
I picked up 'cause you said, it opened up your eyes I'm wired now and will be 'til I find a person who could eat  
at the empire grill  
Who's seen a black Mercedes at the textile mill  
And spreads the word to all the folks expression hasn't killed I'll follow that car down to Boston ask what it  
wanted in Maine  
Coffee at least for my trouble  
I'll be a hero if I came back with something to say Too late, they wouldn't like me there  
And though they might not mind my inquisitive stare  
Every single one of them is too polite to care  
Why I'm enchanted by a way of life in disrepair I'm not talking apple pie eating, jack and coke drinking  
Hopeful, lie telling, anywhere America, camera eyes  
On a Hollywood body that could make you all cry Maybe I'll go to the movies, a comedy would be ideal  
Something that probably won't happen  
'Cause this made up town is much too real I envy the quiet lives that for all I know don't exist  
Outside of a lazy book that won a Pulitzer prize  
I picked up 'cause you said, it opened up your eyes

Songwriters

Christopher Scott Thile Published by  
MAD GERMAN MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>