

# Summer Teeth

[Wilco](#)

Like a cloud his fingers explode  
On the typewriter ribbon, the shadow grows  
His hearts in a bowl behind the bank And every evening when he gets home  
To make his supper and eat it alone  
His black shirt cries while his shoes get cold It's just a dream he keeps having  
And it doesn't seem to mean anything  
And it doesn't seem to mean anything One summer, a suicide  
Another autumn, a traveler's guide  
He hits snooze twice before he dies And every evening when he gets home  
To make his supper and eat it alone  
His black shirt cries while his shoes get cold It's just a dream he keeps having  
And it doesn't seem to mean anything  
It's just a dream he keeps having He feels lucky to have you here  
In his kitchen, in your chair  
Sometimes he forgets that you're even there It's just a dream he keeps having  
And it doesn't seem to mean anything  
It's just a dream he keeps having It's just a dream  
And it doesn't seem to mean anything

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