Summer Teeth

Wilco

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

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