

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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