

# The Empty World

## The Cure

As stiff as toys and tall as men  
And swaying like the wind torn trees  
She talked about the empty world  
With eyes like poisoned birdsShe talked about the armies  
That marched inside her head  
And how they made her dreams go bad  
But oh, how happy she was  
How proud she was  
To be fighting in the war  
In the empty worldAs stiff as toys and tall as men  
And swaying like the wind torn trees  
She talked about the empty world  
With eyes like poisoned birds

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