

Wilco "Summer Teeth"

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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 get 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 doesnt seem to mean anything
And it doesnt seem to mean anything

One summer, a suicide
Another autumn, a travelers guide
He hits snooze twice before he dies
And every evening when he get 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 doesnt 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 youre even there

It's just a dream he keeps having
And it doesnt seem to mean anything
It's just a dream he keeps having
It's just a dream
And it doesnt seem to mean anything

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