

Chris Thile, Empire Falls

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Miscellaneous
Empire Falls

I envy the quiet lives that for all I know don't exist
Outside of a lazy book that won a Pulitzer Prize
I picked up 'cause you said it opened up your eyes.

I'm wired now and will be 'til I find a person who could eat at the Empire Grill
Who's seen a black mercedes at the textile mill
and spreads the word to all the folks expression hasn't killed.

I'll follow that car down to Boston, and ask what it wanted in Maine.
Coffee at least for my trouble, and I'll be a hero if I came back with something to say . . .

Too late, they wouldn't like me there
and though they might not mind my inquisitive stare,
every single one of them is too polite to care
why I'm enchanted by a way of life in disrepair,
but I'm not taking apple pie eating, Jack and Coke drinking, hopeful lie telling, anywhere,
America, through camera eyes, On a Hollywood body that could make you all cry.

Maybe I'll go to the movies (a comedy would be ideal.
Something that probably won't happen) 'cause this made up town is much too real.