

# Waxwing, Corner Store

I remember a time when you wouldn't of said  
The things you just said  
Once again I get what I deserve  
And you should never speak another word  
In my direction, direction,  
Direct me to the nearest corner store  
Where I can buy me a little bottle  
Give it up don't let her know  
Give it up don't let her know  
Your eyes will grow cold  
Give it up sleep alone  
Your eyes will grow cold  
There was a world here that's been turned upside down  
The old world I can no longer sing about.