

# Wilco, Summer Teeth

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 doesn't seem to mean anything  
And it doesn't 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 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