

## An Empty Corner

Wilco

Eight tiny lines of cocaine  
Left on a copy machine  
In an empty corner of a dream  
My sleep could not complete

There are sirens in the birds  
And you and I are too far apart  
And my eyes need a shave  
What else can go wrong?

Now that I'm not longed for  
Wild life seems wrong  
Won't care  
Won't stare  
You've got family out there

The silver black boot  
That cracked my front tooth  
Is a new kind of truth  
I'm getting used to

Come back lonely  
How sad if only  
I don't believe you don't care  
You've got family out there

Where the power lines are down  
Whipping sparks around  
Like angels touching down  
I see you there

How sad  
If only  
Don't believe you don't care  
You've got family out there  
You've got family out there