

## Quarters

Wilco

I travel where you worked  
Was cold and dark as a cavern  
You kept quarters in your shirt  
But I never could just have them  
You always made me sweep around every flying floozy  
Under booths and bums asleep  
Waking up, they'd ask you, "Who's he?"  
Behind a glass without a glance  
"My daughter's boy," you would say  
Well, I stood there in a trance  
Listening to the jukebox play