

Ten Dead

Wilco

I woke up this morning
And I went back to bed
Ten dead, ten dead
Now there are ten dead

Turn on the radio
This is what they said
"No more, no more
No more than ten dead"

Stacking stones and strands of light
I feel a little bit home
Most of me is out of sight
Hollow honeycomb
I'm tired when the day breaks
I'm tired when the day ends
Righteous, righteous
The way my life will bend
The way my attention bends
The way that my knee bends

A scratch on the cheek, a father to fight
I was too weak, too cold
Mostly night, I was mostly night
Not enough light to hold
Up over the mountains
Down beside the sea
Ten more, eleven more
What's one more to me?

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And I went back to bed
Ten dead, ten dead
Now there are ten dead