

## 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?

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