

# Pulaski at Night

Andrew Bird

Half empty, half full  
Cup runneth over  
Horns of plenty, coffers full  
We're starting over

Half empty, half full  
Cup runneth over  
Horns of plenty, coffers full  
We're starting over

I write you a story  
But it loses its thread  
And all of my witnesses  
Keep turning up, turning up dead

I paint you a picture  
Of Pulaski at night  
Come back to Chicago  
City of, city of light

Come back to Chicago

I paint you a picture  
But it never looks right  
Cause I fill in the shadows  
And block out the, I block out the light

I send you a postcard  
Says "Pulaski at night"  
Greetings from Chicago  
City of, city of light

Come back to Chicago  
City of, city of light

Come back to Chicago