

# The Cure, The Empty World

As stiff as toys  
And tall as men  
And swaying like the wind torn trees  
She talked about the empty world  
With eyes like poisoned birds

She talked about the armies  
That marched inside her head  
And how they made her dreams go bad  
But oh!  
How happy she was!  
How proud she was!  
To be fighting in the war  
In the empty world!