

# Wedding Cake

Jeff Tweedy

My wrist itches  
My head aches  
I had my stitches pulled  
By the wedding cake  
My blood's in the sink  
It's not what you think  
I'll be OK

I'm a me  
More than a we  
Is that what you need?

Answer me  
Is your uncle gray?  
Does he drive into your dreams  
And then go away?

A throbbing pulse  
We're all not adults  
When we're alone