

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