

Common Sense

Wilco

When you're in some bad light
In the climbing flood
And you kneel before them
It's common sense
It's practical
Lay low
One moment I beg
I bolt
On a thousand legs
What you can't say swallow
At the moment I'm bored
Buried more and more and more and more

I slam my finger in the door of love
God damn the judging
Strangers judge
All I want, all that I want
A burning bush
Or
A button to push
A chance encounter
With common sense
Common sense