Nope

Wilco

Oh, I can't say what qualifies as pain
So transfixed by the wavering flame
Mortal kings of each grade and grain erased
Oh, I'm blessed

The slant may rain, knows my door
Tambourines my floor in four
Laughs and shakes my folded face where Jesus mowed my lawn

Fame has legs, blazing chrome
Amputate but it's never quite gone
Rakes in clover shown like snakes shine over rate my crime

Why kill a man when you can drive him crazy?
Why make it end when my amusement always depends on the joke?
Won't you lend me my punchline

As a favor, can you be entertained so that day I can savor what ever remains
Of hurricanes too rattled to romance massive plates of circumst ances

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