

# Pittsburgh

Wilco

Oh, I love the rain  
And how the rain can turn  
Shit into a rose  
I overheard the TSA  
Going through my clothes  
As I wait  
For her

I've always been afraid to sing  
That's a little thing  
Somehow, that's all I do  
Strange as that seems  
I've outlived my dreams

I empty my suitcase  
In the street in the rain  
Time slows like a new Van Gogh  
Setting fire to the frame  
Oh, I'm a flag where the wind won't blow

I'm a kid that never grows  
My body lays, never taken away  
Is it too true for me to know?  
Oh, no  
Am I gone  
Before I go?