

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?