

Shrug and Destroy

Wilco

Some harm for the past
Others dream of at last
Days continue
Multiply multitudes
I wonder who destroys
When no one is left, rejoice
All our statues, lullabies and rented rooms
Distances no one will go
For instances no one can know
I say good night
Leave the room unsatisfied
Like a child, I lie
Almost alone, not quite

Crowded avenues
Homeless in tennis shoes
Sometimes I wish to set free
The things that still matter to me
Days continue
Like a knife might intrude
I wonder who destroys
When nothing is left, rejoice
Nothing is left, rejoice