

Wilco

"A magazine called sunset"

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There's a magazine called Sunset
And a tape machine that won't let
Me ever forget this impossible longing for you

Let's take a map across your pillow
And breathe the sky in through your window
I'll stay in the riddle and watch your books cave in

Oh maybe you're my inspiration
Just lead me to some new sensation
I'll make a little guide they can call our own

Cause there's a magazine called Sunset
And a tape machine that won't let
Me ever forget this impossible longing for you

Oh I'm a future fallout standing
In the present erase our phantom
There's a magazine
There's a magazine
Oh there's a magazine, oh yeah

Oh I'm a future fallout standing
In the present erase our phantom

Oh there's a magazine
And a tape machine
Oh that's everything

Oh there's a magazine
And a tape machine
Oh that's everything
Oh yeah

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