

Wilco

"Ashes of American Flags"

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The cash machine is blue and green
For a bundle of twenties and a small service fee
I could spend three dollars and sixty-three cents
On Diet Coca-Cola and unlit cigarettes
I wonder why we listen to poets when nobody gives a
fuck
How hot and sorrowful, the machine begs for luck

All my lies are always wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new

We want a good life with a nose for things
the fresh wind and bright sky to endure my suffering
I'm a hole without a key if I break my tongue

Oh, speaking of tomorrow, how will it ever come?

All my lies are always wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new

I'm down on my hands and knees
every time I hear a doorbell ring
I shake like a toothache
every time I hear myself sing

All my lies are only wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new

I would like to salute
the ashes of American flags
And all the fallen leaves
filling up shopping bags

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