

## Wilco

# "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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