

Wilco "Not For The Season"

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Springtime comes and the leaves are back on the trees
again
Snipers are harder to see my friends
Weeding out the weekends

Summer comes and gravity undoes you
You're happy because of the lovely way the sunshine
bends
Hiding from your close friends
Weeding out the weekends

Candy left over from Halloween
A unified theory of everything
Love left over from lovers leaving
Books, they all know they're not worth reading
It's not for the season

When autumn comes you sit in your chair and you stare
At the TV square
Hiding in the deep end
Weeding out the weekends

Winter comes and the days all start late
There's motion on the boughs where the dark shapes
prowl
Feeling out the feelings
Feeling out the feeling

Candy left over from Halloween
A unified theory of everything
Love left over from lovers leaving
Books, they all know they're not worth reading
They're not worth reading

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