

## Wilco "Rhythm"

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When red is black and petals blue  
And in my sleepless head our love's been dead a week  
or two  
Sometimes good times are stuck inside of you  
And then they're gone. But I don't know why  
A lot of things have changed since you said goodbye

There are reasons for you to love me  
But I gave you none  
So I tap my glass and nod my chin  
And wonder who you've been in rhythm with

Sometimes just time, cars can't escape  
When clouds are playing close, not often too far away  
Blue has no value, power, or hue  
Open skies, relationless  
Carelessness is what I miss  
And that's how I think of you

Sometimes good times WERE all we HAD to do  
So I tap my glass and nod my chin  
And wonder who you've been in rhythm with  
So I tap my glass and nod my chin  
And wonder who you've been in rhythm with

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