

Wilco

"She Came Along To Me"

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Ten hundred books
Could I write you about her?
'Cause I felt if I could know her
I would know all women

And they've not been any too well known
For brains and plannin' and organized thinkin'
But I'm sure the women are equal
And they may be ahead of the men

Yet I wouldn't spread such a rumor around
'Cause one organizes the other
And sometimes the most lost and wasted
Attract the most balanced and sane

And the wild and the reckless
Take up with the clocked and the timed
And the mixture is all of us
And we're still mixing

But never, never, never
Never could have it been done
If the women hadn't entered into the deal
Like she came along to me

And all creeds and kinds and colors
Of us are blending
Till I suppose, ten million years from now
We'll all be just alike

Same color, same size, oh, workin' together
And maybe, we'll have all of the fascists
Out of the way by then
Maybe so

But never, never, never
Never could have it been done
If the women hadn't entered into the deal
Like she came along to me

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