

Art of Almost

Wilco

No, I froze
I can't be so
Far away from my wasteland
I'll never know when I might ambulance
Or hoist the horns with my own hands

Almost
Almost

I heard a faint olé, true love
But I had other ways to hurt myself
Like calling
I could open up my heart and fall in
I could blame it all on dust

The art of almost
Almost
Almost
Almost

I hold it up, I shake the great
Disobey across the waves, tomorrow
I'll have all the love
I could ever ache
And I'll leave almost with you

Art of almost
Almost
Almost
Almost