

Ashes Of American Flags

Wilco

The cash machine is blue and green
For a hundred in twenties and a small service fee
I could spend three dollars and sixty-three cents
On Diet Coca-Cola and unlit cigarettes

I wonder why we listen to poets
When nobody gives a fuck
How hot and sorrowful
This machine begs for luck

All my lies are always wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new

I want a good life
With a nose for things
A fresh wind and bright sky
To enjoy my suffering

A hole without a key
If I break my tongue
Speaking of tomorrow
How will it ever come?

All my lies are always wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new

I'm down on my hands and knees
Every time the doorbell rings
I shake like a toothache
When I hear myself sing

All my lies are only wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new

I would like to salute
The ashes of American flags
And all the fallen leaves
Filling up shopping bags