

# Country Disappeared

Wilco

Wake up, we're here, it's so much worse than we feared  
There's nothing left here, the country has disappeared  
The winter trees bleeding, leave red blood  
The summer sweet dreaming, April blush  
But none of that is ever gonna mean as much to me again

Hold out your hand, so much you don't understand  
So stick as close as you can, all of the best laid plans  
You've got the white clouds hanging so high above you  
You've got the helicopters dangling, angling to shoot  
The shots to feed the hungry weekend news crew, anchorman

So every evening we can watch from above  
Crushed cities like a bug  
Fold ourselves into each others guts  
Turn our faces up to the sun

I won't take no, I won't let you go  
All by yourself, oh no, you need my help  
When the cold night shakes you like a chandelier  
The snowflakes break through the atmosphere  
And melt on the blue breath of the auctioneers and disappear

Every evening we can watch from above  
Crushed cities like a bug  
Fold ourselves into each others blood  
And turn our faces up to the sun