

Poor Places

Wilco

It's my father's voice dreaming of
Sailors sailing off in the morning
for the air-conditioned rooms
at the top of the stairs

His jaw's been broken
his bandage is wrapped too tight
his fangs have been pulled
and i really want to see you tonight

There's Bourbon on the breath
of the singer you love so much
He takes all his words from the books
that you don't read anyway

His jaw's been broken
his bandage is wrapped too tight
My fangs have been pulled
and I really want to see you tonight

Someone ties a bow
in my backyard to show me love
My voice is climbing walls
smoking and i want love

My jaw's been broken
My heart is wrapped in ice
My fangs have been pulled
and i really want to see you tonight

And it makes no difference to me
how they cried all over overseas
It's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside

They cried all over overseas
It makes no difference to me
It's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside