

## Via Chicago

Wilco

I dreamed about killing you again last night  
And it felt alright to me  
Dying on the banks of Embarcadero skies  
I sat and watched you bleed  
Buried you alive in a fireworks display  
Raining down on me  
You cold, hot blood ran away from me  
To the sea

I painted my name on the back of a leaf  
And I watched it float away  
The hope I had in a notebook full of white, dry pages  
Was all I tried to save  
But the wind blew me back via Chicago  
In the middle of the night  
And all without fight  
At the crush of veils and starlight

I know I'll make it back  
One of these days and turn on your TV  
To watch a man with a face like mine  
Being chased down a busy street  
When he gets caught, I won't get up  
And I won't go to sleep  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home  
Via Chicago

Where the cups are cracked and hooked  
Above the sink  
They make me think  
Crumbling ladder tears don't fall  
They shine down your shoulders  
And crawling is screw faster lash  
I blow it with kisses  
I rest my head on a pillow star  
And a cracked door moon  
That says I haven't gone too far

I'm coming home  
I'm coming home  
Via Chicago

Searching for a home  
Searching for a home  
Searching for a home  
Via Chicago

I'm coming home  
I'm coming home