Wilco, Panthers

Temper is a package
Pulling at its bow

Darling disasters
Help you grow

Panthers build their blood to bury
Daughters leave their dads to marry

Hide in the weeds
The orchestra
Is proving death again

Temper is the warp speed of red flashes
And all the bells ringing god forbid, god forbid

Did I catch you in the flashes?
Did I catch you in the flashes?

Hide with me
In the weeds
I'm proving death

Alive in the weeds
The orchestra
Is proving death