

Wilco, Poor Places

It's my father's voice trailing off
Sailors sailing off in the morning
For the air-conditioned rooms
At the top of the stairs

His jaw's been broken
his bandages 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 of his words from the books
that you don't read anyway

His jaw's been broken
his bandages wrapped too tight
his 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

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

They cried all overseas
And it makes no difference to me
When it's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside
I'm not going outside
I'm not going outside...

(Yankee Hotel Foxtrot
Yankee Hotel Foxtrot
Yankee Hotel Foxtrot
Yankee Hotel Foxtrot...)