

Wilco, The Lonely 1

After the show you walked right past.
Arms reached out for your autograph.
And as you flashed your backstage pass.
I caught your eye with a camera's flash.
When the band came out they stood behind you.
Cymbals crashed, the lights went blue.
You stood alone in the halo's haze.
Shiny guitar hung on gold lam.
And you, you were the lonely one.
You were the lonely one.
When you perform it's so intense.
When the critics pan I write in your defense.
I understand I'm just a fan, I'm just a fan.
When I get home I turn off the alarm.
I've checked the phone, no messages on.
I play the ones from yesterday.
I play you're song just to hear you say that....
You, you're the lonely one.
You are the lonely one.
You, you're the lonely one.
You are the lonely one.