

Wilco, Venus Stop The Train

Venus, stop the train
For the brakeman lost his place
Satellites were spinning and out of space
They televised her feelings while the light
The light struck terror

I kept my distance because she fell in love with everyone
Smoking grass and taking Christmas trees
She fell in love with me
I was polite to her
A soft sadness having much more than her
Loneliness

Her father warmed the benches
Vice president of southern branches
He reached out to her when her mother slept
He would never forget the light
The light, the light striking terror

I kept my distance because she fell in love with everyone
Smoking grass and taking Christmas trees
She fell in love with me
I was polite to her
A soft sadness having much more than her
Loneliness

Satellites spinning
Satellites spin
Well the light
The light, the light
The light, the light
The light strikes terror
The light strikes terror

I keep my distance because she falls in love with everyone
Smoking grass and taking Christmas trees
She falls in love with me
I'm polite to her
A soft sadness having much more than her
Ugliness

I keep my distance cause she falls in love with everyone
Smoking grass and taking Christmas trees
She falls in love with me
I'm polite to her
I reach my soft hand out to her
I've known her for a very, very long time