

# 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