

Wilco, Via Chicago

I dreamed about killing you again last night
And it felt alright to me
Dying on the banks of Embarcadero skies
I sat and watched you bleed
Buried you alive in a fireworks display
Raining down on me
Your cold, hot blood ran away from me
To the sea

I printed my name on the back of a leaf
And watched it float away
The hope I had in a notebook full of white dry pages
Was all I tried to save
But the wind blew me back via Chicago
In the middle of the night
And all without fight
At the crush of veils and starlight
I know I'll make it back
one of these days and turn on your TV
To watch a man with a face like mine
Being chased down a busy street
When he gets caught I won't get up
And I won't go to sleep
I'm coming home, I'm coming home
Via Chicago

Where the cups are cracked and hooked
Above the sink
They make me think
Crumbling ladder tears don't fall
They shine down your shoulders
Crawling is screw faster lash
I blow it with kisses
Rest my head on a pillowy star
And a cracked door moon
Says I haven't gone too far

I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Via Chicago
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home

Searching for a home
Searching for a home
Searching for a home
Via Chicago
I'm coming home
I'm coming home