

Wilco, When You Wake Up Feeling Old

When you wake up
Feelin old
At this piano filled with souls
Some strange purse
Stuffed nervous with gold
Can you be where you want to be?

Walk down any street
You can find
Look at any clock telling time
Sing some strange verse
From some strange song of vines
And you'll be where you want to be

I know I can't sing
Until she brings the song to life
And I blend with kings
I'd never change a thing

Who knows anything
I don't know
There are so many things
I must leave alone
Some strange person is calling you their home
Can you be where you want to be?

Can you be
Where you want to be?
Can you be
Where you want to be?
Can you be
Where you want to be?