

# Andrew Bird & Wilco, Jesus, Etc. [Live]

Jesus, don't cry, you can rely on me, honey  
You can combine anything you want  
I'll stick around, you were right about the stars  
Each one is a setting sun  
Tall buildings shake  
Voices escape, singing sad, sad songs  
Tuned to chords, strung down your cheeks  
Bitter melodies turning your orbit around  
Don't cry, you can rely on me, honey  
You can come by anytime you want  
I'll be around, you were right about the stars  
Each one is a setting sun  
Tall buildings shake  
Voices escape, singing sad, sad songs  
Tuned to chords, strung down your cheeks  
Bitter melodies turning your orbit around  
Voices whine  
Skyscrapers are scraping together  
Your voice is smoking  
And last cigarettes are all you can get  
Turning your orbit around  
Our love is all of God's money  
Everyone is a burning sun  
Tall buildings shake  
Voices escape, singing sad, sad songs  
Tuned to chords, strung down your cheeks  
Bitter melodies turning your orbit around  
Voices whine  
Skyscrapers are scraping together  
Your voice is smoking  
Last cigarettes are all you can get  
Turning your orbit around  
Last cigarettes are all you can get  
Turning your orbit around  
Last cigarettes are all you can get  
Turning your orbit around