

# Wilco, Ashes Of American Flags

The cash machine  
Is blue and green  
For a hundred in twenties  
And a small service fee  
I could spend three dollars  
And sixty-three cents  
On diet coca-cola  
And unlit cigarettes

I wonder why  
We listen to poets  
When nobody gives a fuck  
How hot and sorrowful  
This machine begs for luck  
All my lies are always wishes

I know I would die  
If I could come back new

I want a good life  
With a nose for things  
A fresh wind and bright sky  
To enjoy my suffering  
A hole without a key  
If I break my tongue  
Speaking of tomorrow  
How will it ever come  
All my lies are always my wishes

I know I would die  
If I could come back new

I'm down on my hands and knees  
Every time the doorbell rings  
I shake like a toothache  
When I hear myself sing  
All my lies are only wishes

I know I would die  
If I could come back new

I would like to salute  
The ashes of American flags  
And all the falling leaves  
Filling up shopping bags