

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