

# Wilco, Hell Is Chrome

When the devil came  
He was not red  
He was chrome, and he said

Come with me  
You must go  
So I went  
Where everything was clean  
So precise and towering

I was welcomed  
With open arms  
I received so much help in every way  
I felt no fear  
I felt no fear

The air was crisp  
Like sunny late winter days  
A springtime yawning high in the haze  
And I felt like I belonged  
Come with me

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