

# Wilco, Hummingbird

His goal in life was to be an echo  
Riding alone, town after town, toll after toll  
A fixed bayonet through the great southwest to forget her

She appears in his dreams  
But in his car and in his arms  
A dream can mean anything  
A cheap sunset on a television set can upset her  
But he never could

Remember to remember me  
Standing still in your past  
Floating fast like a hummingbird

His goal in life was to be an echo  
The type of sound that floats around and then back down  
Like a feather  
But in the deep chrome canyons of the loudest Manhattans  
No one could hear him  
Or anything

So he slept on a mountain  
In a sleeping bag underneath the stars  
He would lie awake and count them  
And the gray fountain spray of the great Milky Way  
Would never let him  
Die alone

Remember to remember me  
Standing still in your past  
Floating fast like a hummingbird

Remember to remember me  
Standing still in your past  
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A hummingbird  
A hummingbird