

Wilco, I Thought I Held You

You're like a moon that's full,
Across a sea of foam
I'm the sky you've been burning

I don't think you even understand
I thought I held you by the hand
I thought I held you

I'm like a songwriter;
You're the reason I've run out,
Run out of metaphors

I don't think you even understand
I thought I held you by the hand
I thought I held you
I thought I held you