

Wilco, In A Future Age

Genuine
Day will come
When the wind
Decides to run
And shakes the stairs
That stab the wall
And turns the page
In a future age

Some trees will bend
And some will fall
But then again
So will us all
Lets turn our prayers
Into outrageous dares
And mark our page
In a future age

High above
The sea of cars
And barking dogs
In fenced-in yards