

Wilco, Less Than You Think

Your mind's a machine
It's deadly and dull
It's never been still and its will
Has never been free

Lightly tapping
A high-pitched drum

As your spine starts to shine
You shiver at your soul
A fist so clear and climbing
Punches a hole
In the sky
So you can see
For yourself
If you don't believe me

There's so much less
To this than you think

It's almost gone
The night is dissolving
In a cup God lifts
To toast the lightning

Lightly tapping
It's high-pitched and it hums

Your spine starts to shine
And you shiver at your soul
A fist so clear and climbing
Punches a hole
In the sky
So you can see
For yourself
If you don't believe me

There's so much less
To this than you think