

# 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