

# Wilco, Magazine Called Sunset

There's a magazine called sunset  
And a tape machine that won't let  
Me ever forget this impossible longing for you

Let's take a map across your pillow  
And breathe the sky in through your window  
I'll stay in the middle  
And watch your books cave in

Oh, maybe you're my inspiration  
Just lead me to some new sensation  
I'll make a little guide  
We can follow

Cause there's a magazine called sunset  
And a tape machine that won't let  
Me ever forget this impossible longing for you

Or I'm a future fall out standing  
In the present race I phantom

There's a magazine  
There's a magazine  
Oh there's a magazine  
Oh yeah

Or I'm a future fall out standing  
In the present race I phantom

There's a magazine  
And a tape machine  
That's everything

There's a magazine  
And a tape machine  
Oh that's everything  
Oh yeah