

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