

# Wilco, Not For The Season

Springtime comes and the leaves are back on the trees again  
Snipers are harder to see my friends  
Weeding out the weekends

Summer comes and gravity undoes you  
You're happy because of the lovely way the sunshine bends  
Hiding from your close friends  
Weeding out the weekends

Candy left over from Halloween  
A unified theory of everything  
Love left over from lovers leaving  
Books, they all know they're not worth reading  
It's not for the season

When autumn comes you sit in your chair and you stare  
At the TV square  
Hiding in the deep end  
Weeding out the weekends

Winter comes and the days all start late  
There's motion on the boughs where the dark shapes prowl  
Feeling out the feelings  
Feeling out the feeling

Candy left over from Halloween  
A unified theory of everything  
Love left over from lovers leaving  
Books, they all know they're not worth reading  
They're not worth reading