

Sunken Treasure

[Wilco](#)

There's rows and rows of houses
With windows painted blue
With the light from the TV
Running parallel to you But there is no sunken treasure
Rumored to be
Wrapped inside my ribs
In a sea black with ink I am so out of tune with you
I am so out of tune with you If I had a mountain
I'd try to fold it over
If I had a boat
You know, I'd probably roll over And I'd leave it on the shore
I'd leave it for somebody
Surely there's somebody
Who needs it more than me I am so out of tune with you
I am so out of tune with you For all the leaves will burn
And autumn fires and then return
For all the fires we burn
All will return Music is my savior
And I was maimed by rock and roll
I was maimed by rock and roll
I was tamed by rock and roll
I got my name from rock and roll

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