

Happiness

Wilco

My mother says I'm great
And it always makes me sad
I don't think she's being nice
I really think she believes that
So now I bend my days around the people
All the people obey, whoaSo sad it's nothing
Happiness depends on who you blame
I gather things can change
So maybe she's asleep in her grave
She gave her body to science
So I'm not sure what's in her place
Maybe roses or Tanqueray, whoaSo sad it's nothing
Happiness depends on who you blameI know the dead still listen
She sings a part of every refrain
Under the weight of the living
Pointing a finger
With no eyes to aim, whoa

Songwriters

JEFF TWEEDYPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT,

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>