

Woodgrain

[Wilco](#)

I'm not a poet
And I know it
There is no deep secret
Tossing inside me I have no timing
I can't form my feelings
Sometimes I rhyme
Sometimes I don't So go ahead, take a look at my kitchen
Take a look at the woodgrain there
What's it for? That hardwood floor
Is where I'm walkin' and thinkin' Walkin' and thinkin'
About you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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