Art Of Almost

Wilco

No, I froze
I can't be so
Far away from my wasteland
I'll never know when I might ambulance
Or hoist the horns with my own hands
Almost
Almost
I heard a faint ole', true love
But I had other ways to hurt myself
Like calling
I could open up my heart and fall in

I could blame it all on dust
The art of almost
Almost
Almost
Almost
I hold it up, shake the grail
Dissipate across the waves, tomorrow
I'll have all the love
I could ever ache
And I'll leave almost with you
Art of almost
Almost

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