Bull Black Nova

Wilco

It's in my hair, it's on my clothes It's in the river, over the road It's shining down, my angry star Hanging off the hood of my car Not going far, not going far It's coming down, they're coming up the shoulders What have they found? I wonder if they'd know I'm in a bull black Chevy Nova, silhouetted by the setting sun This can't be undone, this can't be undone If I am the one, blood on the sofa Blood in the sink, blood in the trunk High at the wheel of a bull black Nova And I'm sorry as a setting sun This can't be undone, can't be outrun It's in my hair, there's blood in the sink I can't calm down, I can't think I keep calling, there's blood in the trunk I can't calm down, I freak out, black out

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