

Poor Places

[Wilco](#)

It's my father's voice dreaming of
Sailors sailing off in the morning
For the air-conditioned rooms
At the top of the stairsHis jaw's been broken
His bandage is wrapped too tight
His fangs have been pulled
And I really want to see you tonightThere's bourbon on the breath
Of the singer you love so much
He takes all his words from the books
That you don't read anywayHis jaw's been broken
His bandage is wrapped too tight
His fangs have been pulled
And I really want to see you tonightSomeone ties a bow
In my backyard to show me love
My voice is climbing walls
Smoking and I want loveMy jaw's been broken
My heart is wrapped in ice
My fangs have been pulled
And I really want to see you tonightAnd it makes no difference to me
How they cried all over overseas
When it's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outsideThey cried all over overseas
It makes no difference to me
When it's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outsideIt's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside
I'm not going outside
I'm not going outside

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