

# Ashes of American Flags

[Wilco](#)

The cash machine is blue and green  
For a hundred in twenties and a small service fee  
I could spend three dollars and sixty-three cents  
On diet coca-cola and unlit cigarettes I wonder why we listen to poets when nobody gives a fuck  
How hot and sorrowful, this machine begs for luck All my lies are always wishes  
I know I would die if I could come back new I want a good life with a nose for things  
The fresh wind and bright sky to enjoy my suffering  
A hole without a key if I break my tongue  
Speaking of tomorrow, how will it ever come? All my lies are always wishes  
I know I would die if I could come back new I'm down on my hands and knees  
Every time a doorbell rings  
I shake like a toothache  
When I hear myself sing All my lies are only wishes  
I know I would die if I could come back new I would like to salute  
The ashes of American flags  
And all the fallen leaves  
Filling up shopping bags

Lyrics provided by

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