

# Nope

Wilco

Oh, I can't say what qualifies as pain  
So transfixed by the wavering flame  
Mortal kings of each grade and grain erased  
Oh, I'm blessedThe slant may rain, knows my door  
Tambourines my floor in four  
Laughs and shakes my folded face where Jesus mowed my lawnFame has legs, blazing chrome  
Amputate but it's never quite gone  
Rakes in clover shown like snakes shine over rate my crimeWhy kill a man when you can drive him crazy?  
Why make it end when my amusement always depends on the joke?  
Won't you lend me my punchline

Songwriters

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