

Art of Almost (HQ)

Wilco

No!
I froze
I can't be so
Far away from my wasteland
I never know when I might
Ambulance
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 and
I could blame it all on dust
The art of almost
Almost
Almost
Almost I'll hold it up
I'll shake the grail
Disobey across the waves
Tomorrow
I'll have all the love I could ever ache
And I'll leave almost with you
All of almost
Almost Art of almost, almost
Art of almost, almost

Songwriters

JEFF TWEEDY Published by

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