Jesus, Etc.

Wilco

Jesus, don't cry
You can rely on me honey
You can combine anything You want
I'll be around
You were right about the stars
Each one is a setting sunTall buildings shake
Voices escape singing sad sad songs
Tuned to chords strung down Your cheeks
Bitter melodies turning Your orbit aroundDon't cry
You can rely on me honey
You can come by any time You want
I'll be around
You were right about the stars
Each one is a setting sunTall buildings shake
Voices escape singing sad sad songs
Tuned to chords strung down Your cheeks
Bitter melodies turning Your orbit aroundVoices whine, skyscrapers are scraping
Your gravelly voice is smoking last cigarettes
Are all You can get, turning Your orbit aroundOur love, our love
Our love is all we have
Our love
Our love is all of God's money
Everyone is a burning sunTall buildings shake
Voices escape singing sad sad songs
Tuned to chords strung down Your cheeks
Bitter melodies turning Your orbit aroundVoices whine, skyscrapers are scraping
Your gravelly voice is smoking
Last cigarettes are all You can get
Turning Your orbit around
Last cigarettes are all You can get
Turning Your orbit around
Last cigarettes are all You can get
Turning Your orbit around

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/