

Via Chicago

Wilco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I dreamed about killing you again last night
And it felt alright to me
Dying on the banks of embarcadero skies
I sat and watched you bleedBuried you alive in a fireworks display
Raining down on me
You cold, hot blood ran away from me
To the seaI painted my name on the back of a leaf
And I watched it float away
The hope I had in a notebook full of white, dry pages
Was all I tried to saveBut the wind blew me back via Chicago
In the middle of the night
And all without fight
At the crush of veils and starlightI know I'll make it back
One of these days and turn on your TV
To watch a man with a face like mine
Being chased down a busy street
When he gets caught, I wont get up
And I wont go to sleepI'm coming home
I'm coming home
Via ChicagoWhere the cups are cracked and hooked
Above the sink they make me think
Crumbling ladder tears don't fall
They shine down your shouldersCrawling is screw faster lash I blow it with kisses
I rest my head on a pillow star
And a cracked door moon
That says I haven't gone too farI'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Via ChicagoI'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming homeSearching for a home
Searching for a home

Searching for a home
Via Chicago I'm coming home
I'm coming home

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