

# Hummingbird

Wilco

His goal in life was to be an nickel  
Riding alone, town after town, toll after toll  
A fixed bayonet through the great southwest to forget herShe appears in his dreams  
But in his car and in his arms  
A dream can mean anything  
A cheap sunset on a television set can upset her  
But he never couldRemember to remember me  
Standing still in your past  
Floating fast like a hummingbirdHis goal in life was to be an echo  
The type of sound that floats around  
And then back down like a featherBut in the deep chrome canyons of the loudest Mannhattans  
No one could hear him  
Or anythingSo he slept on a mountain  
In a sleeping bag underneath the stars  
He would lie awake and count them  
And the gray fountain spray of the great Milky Way  
Would never let him die aloneRemember to remember me  
Standing still in your past  
Floating fast like a hummingbirdRemember to remember me  
Standing still in your past  
Floating fast like a hummingbirdA hummingbird  
A hummingbird

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