

In a Future Age

[Wilco](#)

Genuine
Day will come
When the wind
Decides to runAnd shakes the stairs
That stab the wall
And turns the page
In a future ageSome trees will bend
And some will fall
But then again
So will us allLet's turn our prayers
Into outrageous dares
And mark our page
In a future ageHigh above
The sea of cars
And barking dogs
In fenced-in yards

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