Country Disappeared

Wilco

Wake up, we're here, it's so much worse than we feared
There's nothing left here, the country has disappeared
The winter trees bleeding, leave red blood
The summer sweet dreaming, April blush
But none of that is ever gonna mean as much to me again
Hold out your hand, so much you don't understand
So stick as close as you can, all of the best laid plans
You've got the white clouds hanging so high above you
You've got the helicopters dangling, angling to shoot
The shots to feed the hungry weekend news crew, anchorman
So every evening we can watch from above
Crushed cities like a bug
Fold ourselves into each others guts
Turn our faces up to the sun
I won't take no, I won't let you go
All by yourself, oh no, you need my help
When the cold night shakes you like a chandelier
The snowflakes break through the atmosphere
And melt on the blue breath of the auctioneers and disappear
Every evening we can watch from above
Crushed cities like a bug
Fold ourselves into each others blood
And turn our faces up to the sun

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