

Pickled Ginger

[Wilco](#)

Blown in the zone in the side
No one gives a zig and a zag I never let you ride
I'll never bet you don't know
I sound like this in the night
I'll never let it show
Know when I'm towin' the drag
Where no one gives a zig to the zag
Oh I might let you ride
I'm send to let you go
I can't remember the night
I know that I'll never know
No one tells me how to behave
I'm born and I go in the grave No one tells me how to be safe
[?] 'til I go to my grave

Songwriters

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