Sunken Treasure

Jeff Tweedy

There's rows and rows of houses
With windows painted blue
With the light from the TV
Running parallel to youBut there is no sunken treasure
Rumored to be
Wrapped inside my ribs
In a sea black with inkI am so out of tune with you
I am so out of tune with youIf I had a mountain
I'd try to fold it over
If I had a boat
You know, I'd probably roll overAnd I'd leave it on the shore
I'd leave it for somebody
Surely there's somebody
Who needs it more than meI am so out of tune with you
I am so out of tune with youFor all the leaves will burn
And autumn fires and then return
For all the fires we burn
All will returnMusic is my savior
And I was maimed by rock and roll
I was maimed by rock and roll
I was tamed by rock and roll
I got my name from rock and roll

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