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 Manhattans
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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