

# 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  
If 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,  
There's 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,  
And turn our faces up to the sun. I won't take no  
I won't let you go  
All by yourself  
Oh no you'll 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.

Songwriters

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