

# Poor Places

Wilco

It's my father's voice dreaming of  
Sailors sailing off in the morning  
For the air-conditioned rooms  
At the top of the stairs  
His jaw's been broken  
His bandage is wrapped too tight  
His fangs have been pulled  
And I really want to see you tonight  
There's bourbon on the breath  
Of the singer you love so much  
He takes all his words from the books  
That you don't read anyway  
His jaw's been broken  
His bandage is wrapped too tight  
His fangs have been pulled  
And I really want to see you tonight  
Someone ties a bow  
In my backyard to show me love  
My voice is climbing walls  
Smoking and I want love  
My jaw's been broken  
My heart is wrapped in ice  
My fangs have been pulled  
And I really want to see you tonight  
And it makes no difference to me  
How they cried all over overseas  
When it's hot in the poor places tonight  
I'm not going outside  
They cried all over overseas  
It makes no difference to me  
When it's hot in the poor places tonight  
I'm not going outside  
It's hot in the poor places tonight  
I'm not going outside  
I'm not going outside  
I'm not going outside

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