

# Born Alone

Wilco

I have heard the war and worry of the gospel  
Ferried fast across the void  
I have married broken spoke charging smoke wheels  
Spit and swallowed opioid  
I am the driver at the wheel of the horror  
Marching circles at the gate  
Mine eyes have seen  
The fury so flattered by fate

Tonight I'd rather count the warm fuse internally  
Subtract the silence of myself  
I would rather choose the middle mind of mystery  
Reverse a riddle for my health  
I'll unwind strange rinds overpowering  
Toss the chimneys in the sea  
I believe I've seen  
The finger divine extremity

Please come closer to the feather smooth lens fly  
Sadness is my luxury  
Will you weather, join the cold, come before I die  
More aware of it than me  
The valves are blowing stone  
The kids are unabashed  
Loneliness postponed  
Mine eyes deceiving glory  
I was born to die alone  
Alone

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written by JEFF TWEEDY, PAT SANSONE  
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