

Wisconsin

Gravity Feed

Just don't care; got no concerns, I like my days out sittin' in the grass
Spinnin' round to take my turn; always do forget about the pass

City lights they burn my eyes whenever I come rollin' into town
Might just be all that smoke; think I need to roll my window down

I'm thinkin' I'm never gonna find
Wisconsin, you're just a state of mind

My nose is full of dairy farm and smells that I don't seem to understand
And eyes can't seem to find a thing to look at here, but cornfield on this land

Now permacloud reminds me why the winter kills in Midwest U.S.A.
But I could stand Wisconsin for a summer afternoon bout any day

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Lyrics submitted by Gravity Feed.

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