

# She Came Along To Me

Wilco

Ten hundred books  
Could I write you about her?  
'Cause I felt if I could know her  
I would know all women  
And they've not been any too well known  
For brains and plannin' and organized thinkin'  
But I'm sure the women are equal  
And they may be ahead of the men  
Yet I wouldn't spread such a rumor around  
'Cause one organizes the other  
And sometimes the most lost and wasted  
Attract the most balanced and sane  
And the wild and the reckless  
Take up with the clocked and the timed  
And the mixture is all of us  
And we're still mixing

But never, never, never  
Never could have it been done  
If the women hadn't entered into the deal  
Like she came along to me  
And all creeds and kinds and colors  
Of us are blending  
Till I suppose, ten million years from now  
We'll all be just alike  
Same color, same size, oh, workin' together  
And maybe, we'll have all of the fascists  
Out of the way by then  
Maybe so  
But never, never, never  
Never could have it been done  
If the women hadn't entered into the deal  
Like she came along to me

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