Hell Is Chrome

Wilco

When the Devil came
He was not red
He was chrome and he said"Come with me" You must go, so I went
Where everything was clean
So precise and towering I was welcomed with open arms
I received so much help in every way
I felt no fear, I felt no fear The air was crisp like a sunny late winter days
Springtime yawning high in the haze
And I felt like I belonged, come with me Come with me, come with me
Come with me, come with me
Come with me, come with me
Come with me

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