

Ashes Of American Flags

Wilco

The cash machine is blue and green
For a hundred in twenties and a small service fee
I could spend three dollars and sixty-three cents
On diet coca-cola and unlit cigarettes
I wonder why we listen to poets when nobody gives a fuck
How hot and sorrowful, this machine begs for luck
All my lies are always wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new
I want a good life with a nose for things
The fresh wind and bright sky to enjoy my suffering
A hole without a key if I break my tongue
Speaking of tomorrow, how will it ever come?

All my lies are always wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new
I'm down on my hands and knees
Every time a doorbell rings
I shake like a toothache
When I hear myself sing
All my lies are only wishes
I know I would die if I could come back new
I would like to salute
The ashes of American flags
And all the fallen leaves
Filling up shopping bags

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