Wilco, Magazine Called Sunset

There's a magazine called sunset And a tape machine that won't let Me ever forget this impossible longing for you

Let's take a map across your pillow And breathe the sky in through your window I'll stay in the middle And watch your books cave in

Oh, maybe you're my inspiration Just lead me to some new sensation I'll make a little guide We can follow

Cause there's a magazine called sunset And a tape machine that won't let Me ever forget this impossible longing for you

Or I'm a future fall out standing In the present race I phantom

There's a magazine There's a magazine Oh there's a magazine Oh yeah

Or I'm a future fall out standing In the present race I phantom

There's a magazine And a tape machine That's everything

There's a magazine And a tape machine Oh that's everything Oh yeah