

Wilco, More Like The Moon

I see you in the morning
Wearing only one shoe

I say, I see you've lost something
What're you gonna do?

You say but no, I found one
There's another out there for you

I see us all as customers
Holding no purchase so far

Collapsing galaxies
Feathered with falling stars

I see us all as something
But nothing like we truly are

Why don't you come to me now
More like you are

I know we should be grateful
Everything is falling apart

Everything is breaking
And it lifts my heart

To see you as an angel
As some ghostly work of art

Why don't you come to me now
Know who you are