

Wilco, Poor Places (Demo)

It's my father's voice trailing off
Sailors sailing off in the morning
To fight the war
For the air-conditioned rooms
At the top of the stairs
At the head of the table

But it takes all the life out of me
When it's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside

There's bourbon on the breath
Of the singer you love so much
He doesn't care
He takes all of his words from the books
that you don't read anyway

For the air-conditioned rooms
At the top of the stairs
At the head of the table
With a face that never smiles

But it takes all the breath out of me
'Cuz it's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside

And I cried all over overseas
It takes all the breath out of me
It's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside
It's hot in the poor places tonight
I'm not going outside
I'm not going outside
I'm not going outside