

Wilco, Woodgrain

I'm not a poet
And I know it
There is no deep secret
Tossing inside me

I have no timing
I can't form my feelings
Sometimes I rhyme
Sometimes I don't

So go ahead, take a look at my kitchen
Take a look at the woodgrain there
What's it for? That hardwood floor
Is where I'm walkin' and thinkin'

Walkin' and thinkin'

About you