

Sunken Treasure

Wilco

There's rows and rows of house, with windows painted blue.
With the light from the t.v. running parallel to you.
But there is no sunken treasure, rumored to be.
Wrapped inside my ribs in a sea black with ink.
I am so out of tune with you, I am so out of tune with you.
If I had a mountain, I'd try to fold it over.
If I had a boat (or bone), you know I'd probably roll over.
And I leave it on the shore, I'd leave it for somebody.
Surely there's somebody who needs it more than me.
I am so out of tune with you, I am so out of tune with you.
All the leaves will burn and autumn fires then return.
All the fires we burn, all will return.
Music is my savior, and I was maimed by rock and roll.
I was maimed by rock and roll.
I was tamed by rock and roll.
I got my name from rock and roll.