



Wilco

“Jesus, Etc.”

Yankee Hotel Foxtrot

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Self-released · Nonesuch

Turning the Orbit

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The autumn of my freshman year of college, I dropped out.

I couldn't find parking on the first day of class.

I called my advisor and told her to forget about it.

I packed up my car in my family's home in the middle of the desert and drove for 28 hours eastbound on I-40 to somewhere with a little more color.

That was several years ago now and sometimes I still feel like that lost 19-year-old girl in a 35-year-old car playing one Wilco song on repeat until my car battery couldn't handle the radio anymore somewhere near Memphis.

Sill, I was full of hope.

Jesus don't cry

You can rely on me honey

You can come by anytime you want

The autumn of my freshman year of college I learned more valuable lessons than I could have anticipated, fresh-faced out of high school:

That hurricanes are intense.

That a vintage Mercedes is very expensive to service.

That a 30 mile commute is not worth it.

That beer tastes a little better when drinking with boys who aren't wearing cowboy boots.

That there's a whole world of people out there with love and knowledge and life experience who are willing to share some of those things with a lost 19-year-old girl driving a 35-year-old car, listening to the one Wilco song on repeat after replacing the battery somewhere on the outskirts of Durham.

And Lord, I was grateful.

I'll be around

You were right about the stars

Each one is a setting sun

The autumn of my freshman year of college I discovered how lonely it can get, even in a city with over a million people.

Especially when all of the familiar faces are a thousand miles away.

I was arrested one night. I used to drive to the top of one of the parking garages downtown after midnight shifts just to watch the city. The skyline never failed to amaze me back then, after spending most of my life never leaving West Texas. I can't help but laugh at the

19-year-old girl, handcuffed on the curb while officers searched the 35-year-old car and she hummed the one Wilco song waiting for the cops to find her dime bag.

I didn't pay my court fees for two years.

Tall Buildings Shake
Voice escape singing sad, sad songs
Tuned to chords
Strum down your cheeks
Bitter melodies
Turning your orbit around

The autumn of my freshman year of college I fell madly in love with a man who was more lost than me.

He showed me how deep longing can cut and he taught me how much an aching heart hurts.

He used to tell me to come over, and I would drive the five minutes to his house and idle outside until he finally gave up on getting me to settle down for the evening, instead giving in to my evening "adventures."

On those nights, he showed a solemn love for a lost 19-year-old girl while he sat in the passenger seat of a 35-year-old car listening to the one Wilco song on repeat, littering cigarette butts all over the highways of central North Carolina.

Sometimes I still miss him.

Voices cry
Skyscrapers are scraping together
Your voice is smoking
And last cigarettes
Are all you can get
Turning your orbit around

I spent the autumn of my freshman year of college uprooting my life and testing my boundaries.

I never went back to school and I don't know if I regret it or not. I certainly never made it back to West Texas.

The lost 19-year-old girl grew up just a little bit, even if it doesn't often feel like it.

The 35-year-old car finally broke down beyond repair. I cried as it was towed into oblivion.

And each year, as the death heat of summer wears off and the leaves steal all the color from the sky, I sometimes still feel inclined to put the one Wilco song on repeat.

Suddenly, I'm 19 and the world is new again.

Last cigarettes
Are all you can get
Turning your orbit around