

# I'm Nowhere and You're Everything

Chris Thile

It's not yet 6, the sun's not up and Father take away this cup is running through my throbbing head because if he  
had then I'd be dead

Feeling like I'm feeling now, inbetween the skies and clouds where everyone's identity is just a picture card  
they needI came from California with an appetite for my own myths of music, love, and what they mean, I'm  
told it's borderline obscene

I tried to write this song before but had no one to write it for. My fellow travellers' vacant stares leave it up to  
you to careI could write a song and have the Lord put you and me in a cup he tries to pour out  
looking in at the passengers from the wing ... I'm nowhere and you're everythingYou came from Illinois with a  
cup of your very own to sip Neveron route for very long, just there and doing something wrongor so your  
friends and parents said, but if you hadn't you'd be dead what you've been given doesn't scare me,all your  
sights and sounds prepare meI could write a song and have the Lord put you and me in a cup he tries to pour out  
looking in at the passengers from the wing ... I'm nowhere and you're everythingDamn this cup bring me a  
bowl,

If I can't saturate my soul  
with you and him who drank it first  
and last I'm ready for the worstIt's way past two and you want me there,  
Well he needs me here  
so you have to share

I'm crying 'cause I'm in love with you  
You're crying 'cause you have no clueI could write a song and have the Lord put you and me in a cup he tries to  
pour out  
looking in at the passengers from the wing ... I'm nowhere and you're everything

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