

You Are My Face

Wilco

I remember my mother's
Sister's husband's brother
Working in the goldmine full time
Filling in for sunshine Filing into tight lines
Ordinary beehives
The door screams, 'I hate you, hate you'
Hanging around my blue jeans Why is there no breeze?
No currency of leaves
No current through the water wire
No feelings I can see I trust no emotion, I believe in locomotion
I've turned to rust as we've discussed
Though I must have let you down too many times
In the dirt and the dust I have no idea how this happens
All of my maps have been overthrown
Happenstance has changed my plans
So many times my heart has been outgrown Now everybody's feeling all alone
Can't tell you who I am
When everybody's feeling all alone
Can't tell you who I am I am looking forward
Toward the shadows tracing bones
Our faces stitched and sewing
Our houses hemmed into homes Trying to be thankful
Our stories fit into phones
And our voices lift so easily
A gift given accidentally
When we're not sure we're not alone

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