Still Be Around

Uncle Tupelo

I don't see you through the windshield
I don't see you in faces looking back at me
Alcohol doesn't have much that matters to say
Can't imagine where you and time to kill will stayWhen the Bible is a bottle and the hardwood floor is home
When morning comes twice a day or not at all
If I break in two, will you put me back together?
When this puzzle's figured out, will you still be around?
To say, you've just been there walking the line upside downWalked and breathed many a cancerous mile
Where the bat of an eye is too slow to beat the coffin
And they won't tell it on the TV, they can't say it on the radio
They pay to move it off the shelf and into our minds
Till you can't tell the truth when it's right in front of your eyesWhen the Bible is a bottle, the hardwood floor is home
When morning comes twice a day or not at all
If I break in two, will you put me back together?
When this puzzle's figured out, will you still be around?
To say, just been there walking the line upside down

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