

# Glue Man

## Fugazi

I spent it all  
On the bag  
On the drag  
The sun comes up, the tide rolls out  
The trucks roll by the park still a park  
Where children play and pick up stones  
Anything to make them feel less alone - he's alone  
His mind is his own town where all his thoughts run aground  
They fall all over and down  
I spent it all  
On the bag  
On the drag  
The sun comes down, the tide rolls back  
We crawl our way back to the house we call home  
He holds his home in the palm of his hand  
And he says, and he says  
You are my everyone, you are my anyone  
You are my anytime, you are my every time y  
You are my everywhere...anywhere...

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