

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 need I 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 care I 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 You came from Illinois with a
cup of your very own to sip Never on route for very long, just there and doing something wrong or 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 me I 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 Damn 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 worst It'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 clue I 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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