Strings That Tie To You

Jon Brion

From the wrinkles on my forehead
To the mud upon my shoe
Everything's a memory
With strings that tie to youIn my dream I'm often running
To the place that's out of you
Of every kind of memory
With strings that tie to youThough a change has taken place
And I no longer do adore her
Still every God forsaken place is always
Right around the cornerNow I know it's either them or me
So I'll bury every clue
And every kind of memory
With strings that tie to youAnd every kind of memory
With strings that tie to you

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