

# Traces

## Built to Spill

Daylight cannot really hide what's alive  
I know it's hard sometimes  
For you to tell where you end  
And where the world begins You do your best to avoid assimilation  
Guess that's the best you can do And though the parts of it that matter change  
All traces disintegrate At night my mind gets on this train of thought  
And can't get back off and when you know  
How few things there are worth knowing  
I suppose anyone who tries could forget Responding now to trains that crash before you  
Never thought crashing could happen to you And though the parts of it that matter change  
All traces disintegrate

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