Bonefields

Shawn Colvin

All and all I guess that there's so many things that we don't say and
It's what makes us sad I think sometimes
That makes us close but I don't mind, I don't mind
In the alleys and the bone fields of Arkansas past the piles of tires and the
Smell of hot tar you threw your papers
In the rain under your hat you had a world, ummmm.a world
There ain't no father
There ain't no mother
There ain't no sister
Ain't got no brother
Running to no one
Running for cover
In the valleys and the twilight of Illinois under the
New moon I write in my book and I walk the streets
Where no one lives not even you but, you don't mind
Ahhh.. You don't mind
And all and all I guess that there's so many things that
We don't say today you think that I don't even like
You but don't you know you are my world, mmmmy world
There ain't no father
There ain't no mother
I don't see my sister
Ain't got no brothers
Running to no one
Left to each otherThere ain't no father
There ain't no mother
I don't see my sister
Ain't got no brothers
Running to Jesus
Running to lovers
Running to strangers
Running for cover
Running to no one
Left to each other

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