

You Are My Face

Wilco

I remember my mother's
Sister's husband's brother
Working in the goldmine full time
Filling in for sunshine Filing into tight lines, ordinary beehives
The door screams, "I hate you, hate you hanging 'round my blue jeans." Why is there no breeze?
No currency of leaves?
No current through the water while
No feelings I can see I trust no emotion
I believe in locomotion
That turn to rust as we discuss
Though I must have let you down too many times
In the dirt and the dust I have no idea how this happens
All of my maps have been overwritten
Happenstance has changed my plans
So many times my heart has been outgrown
Now everybody's feeling all alone
Can't tell you who I am
When everybody's feeling all alone
Can't tell you who I am I am looking forward
Towards the shadows, chasing bones
Our face is stitched in sewing
Our houses hemmed into homes Trying to be thankful
Our stories fit into phones
Our voices lift so easily
A gift given accidentally
When we're not sure we're not alone

Songwriters

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