

# 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 bonefields of Arkansas  
Past the piles of tyres and the  
Smell of hot tar you threw your papers  
In the rain under your hat you had a world, 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, 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, my 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 other  
There 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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