

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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