

# Shawn Colvin, Bonfields

Bonfields

Shawn Colvin/John Leventhal

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 bonfields of Arkansa 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, mmmmMY 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