

Built To Spill, Traces

Daylight can never really hide what's alive
I know it's hard sometimes
For you to tell where you end
And where the world begins

You do your best to avoid assimilation
Guess that's the best you can do

And though the parts of it that matter change
All traces disintegrate

At night
My mind's exhausted and
Drained out of thought
And can't get back up
And when you know
How few things there are worth knowing
I suppose anyone who tries could forget

Responding now
To trains that crash before you
Never thought crashing could happen to you

And though the parts of it that matter change
All traces disintegrate