

Jon Brion, Strings That Tie To You

From the wrinkles on my forehead
To the mud upon my shoe
Everything's a memory
With strings that tie to you

In my dream I'm often running
To the place that's out of view
Of every kind of memory
With strings that tie to you

And though a change has taken place
And I no longer do adore her
Still every god forsaken place is always
Right around the corner

Now I know it's either them or me
So I'll bury every clue
And every kind of memory
With strings that tie to you

And every kind of memory
With strings that tie to you