

Leo Kottke, Everybody Lies

I don't remember what it was like to go back home
I only know it was cold and white and I was alone

Won't you tell me how I could see you now
Tell me why everybody tries
Everybody lies

Underneath the trees tonight where little men sleep
All that snow will turn to ice while their lovers creep

Won't you tell me how I could see you now
Tell me why everybody tries
Everybody lies

We could live in Dave's hands at Sunnyland park
And watch their little days turning into dark

Won't you tell me how I could see you now
Tell me why everybody tries
Everybody lies
Everybody lies