

Wilco, You Are My Face

I remember my Mother's
Sister's Husband's Brother
Workin' in the goldmine, full-time
Fillin' in for sunshine
Filin' into tight-lines
Ordinary Beehives
The door screams: I hate you, hate you
Hangin' 'round my bluejeans
Why's there no breeze?
No current sea of leaves?
No current through the water, why?
No feelings I can see?
I trust no emotion
I believe in locomotion
I turn to rust as we've discussed
Though I must have let you down too many times
In the dirt
And the dust

I have no idea how this happens
All of my maps have been overthrown
Happenstance has changed my glance
So many times my heart has been outgrown
Now everybody's feelin' all alone
Can't tell you who I am
When everybody's feelin' all alone
Can't tell you who I am

I am looking forward
Toward the shadow's tracing bones
Our faces stitched and sewing
Our houses hemmed into homes
Trying to be thankful
Our stories fit into phones
Our voices lift so easily
A gift given accidentally
When we're not sure
We're not alone