

Still Be Around

Uncle Tupelo

I don't see you through the windshield
I don't see you in faces looking back at me
alcohol doesn't have much that matters to say
can't imagine where you and time to kill will stay

When the bible is a bottle
And the hardwood floor is home
When morning comes twice a day or not at all
if I break in two will you put me back together
When this puzzle's figured out will you still be around
To say you've just been there
Walking the line upside down

Walked and breathed many a cancerous mile
Where the bat of an eye is too slow to beat the coffin
They won't tell it on the TV
They can't say it on the radio
They pay to move it off the shelf and into our minds
until you can't tell the truth
When it's right in front of your eyes

When the bible is a bottle
And the hardwood floor is home
When morning comes twice a day or not at all
If I break in two will you put me back together
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To say you've just been there
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