

You Are My Face

Wilco

I remember my mother's
Sister's husband's brother
Working in the goldmine full-time
Filling in for sunshine
Filing into tight lines
Of ordinary beehives
The door screams I hate you
Hate you hanging around my blue jeans
Why is there no breeze
No currency of leaves
No current through the water wire
No feelings I can see
I trust no emotion
I believe in locomotion
But I've turned 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 plans
So many times my heart has been outgrown
Now everybody's feeling all alone
Can't tell you who I am
When everybody's feeling all alone
Can't tell you who I am

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