

# 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