

I'm Nowhere And You're Everything

Chris Thile

It's not yet 6, the sun's not up and Father take away this cup is running through my throbbing head because if he had then I'd be dead

Feeling like I'm feeling now, inbetween the skies and clouds where everyone's identity is just a picture card they need

I came from California with an appetite for my own myths of music, love, and what they mean, I'm told it's borderline obscene

I tried to write this song before but had no one to write it for. My fellow travellers' vacant stares leave it up to you to care

I could write a song and have the Lord put you and me in a cup he tries to pour out

looking in at the passengers from the wing ... I'm nowhere and you're everything

You came from Illinois with a cup of your very own to sip Neveron route for very long, just there and doing something wrong

or so your friends and parents said, but if you hadn't you'd be dead what you've been given doesn't scare me,

all your sights and sounds prepare me

I could write a song and have the Lord put you and me in a cup he tries to pour out

looking in at the passengers from the wing ... I'm nowhere and you're everything

Damn this cup bring me a bowl,

If I can't saturate my soul

with you and him who drank it first

and last I'm ready for the worst

It's way past two and you want me there,

Well he needs me here

so you have to share

I'm crying 'cause I'm in love with you

You're crying 'cause you have no clue

I could write a song and have the Lord put you and me in a cup he tries to pour out

looking in at the passengers from the wing ... I'm nowhere and you're everything