

# Remains Of You

Corb Lund

These are the remains of you

Ancient, sacred relics of a faith that's dead and gone  
A calf that's found too late and frozen, just outside the barn  
These are them  
These are them  
The sad and sinkin' feeling on the red-eye into town  
Buckin' off some bull you could have rode when you were young  
These are them  
These are them

And although it brings me pain just to tell you  
I've got to say, I'm kind of compelled to  
For these are the remains of you

When you can't believe and see you're living under curse  
Tryin' to treat disease to see it only getting worse  
These are them  
These are them  
Callin' up an old friend to find she'd overdosed last spring  
A man's voice on the phone at your place, six or seven rings  
These are them  
These are them

And although it brings me pain just to tell you  
I've got to say, I'm kind of compelled to  
For these are the remains of you

Freezing drops of rain  
Pelts of otters slain  
Fortunes on the wane  
The vast unbroken plain

Hatreds bred in haste  
Good men losing face  
Tragedy in space  
Resource gone to waste

Peaceful culture aging  
Holocaustal rageings  
Defeats that we're still staging  
In wars that we're still waging

There's nothing more I can do  
For these are the remains of you