

## Strings That Tie To You

Jon Brion

From the wrinkles on my forehead  
To the mud upon my shoe  
Everything's a memory  
With strings that tie to you

In my dream I'm often running  
To the place that's out of you  
Of every kind of memory  
With strings that tie to you

Though a change has taken place  
And I no longer do adore her  
Still every God forsaken place is always  
Right around the corner

Now I know it's either them or me  
So I'll bury every clue  
And every kind of memory  
With strings that tie to you

And every kind of memory  
With strings that tie to you