

Graham Nash

"Whole Cloth"

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On what do you base your life, my friend?
Can you see around the bend?
Can you see?

On what star do you take your sight
On a cold and blowy night
Alone, alone?

Old man, can you make a mirror for me?
It's got to be clearer than ever for me
'Cause you see I can't see me, no

And I always thought that I meant what I said
But you know that lately I've read

We were lying, all of us lying
Just makin' it up, yeah
Cuttin' it out of whole cloth, yeah

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