

Jon Brion

"Strings That Tie To You"

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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

An' 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

Oh, and every kind of memory
With strings that tie to you

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