

Chris Thile

"I'm Nowhere and You're Everything"

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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

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