

# Everyone But Me

Rosanne Cash

We plow a similar field  
Of all the bones of remembered hearts  
And all the crackpot dreams  
And all the backroom art

We run a similar course  
On a track laid with broken glass  
So tie your shoes real tight  
It goes by real fast

Mother and Father  
Now that you're gone  
It's not nearly long enough  
Still it seems too long

I gave up my name for you  
Gave up my edge, it made me bleed  
And I pleased everyone  
I mean everyone but me

There behind the closing door  
I'm not enough and then too much  
Our strange and beautiful lives  
Fade and turn to dust

Mother and Father  
Now that you're gone  
It's not nearly long enough  
Still it seems too long  
It's just wasn't long enough  
Still it seems too long