

# José González, Open Book

I feel just like an open book,  
Exposing myself in this neighborhood  
Talking to people as if I'd knew them well  
Thinking that everyone has come through different kinds of well  
Lately I found myself in doubt,  
Ask myself what it's all about  
What am I doing here? What's this leading to?  
What's the point of all? I found you!  
I've got promises to keep like a cannon would land upon my feet,  
Each time I fall

Every now and then in dreams by the river with no trees  
Leaves are yellow, red and brown, and I hear  
You whisper in my ear  
Your love belongs to everyone  
I feel just like an open book,  
A couple of words, it's all it took  
In front of the bright white covers, still vacantly  
Against my will, a drifting vessel in the storm  
Pushed around, from shore to shore  
I know there's so much left to see  
I know I have so much left to give  
But the memories remain, yet the scars don't feel the same  
Filling page just one by one, in the warmth of other suns