

## Dirt Floor

Chris Whitley

There's a dirt floor underneath here  
To receive us when changes fail  
May this shovel loose your trouble  
Let them fall away

Well, the mist shall be your blanket  
While the moss shall ease your head  
As the future is soon forgotten  
As the dirt shall be your bed

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To receive us when changes fail  
May this shovel loose your trouble  
Let them fall away