

Ask The Dust

Dada

She don't lift her head for nothing
She don't lift her head for no one
30 years have glazed her eyes
Her tongue is dry from asking why

Why all my ideas
Peel and turn to rust
Why I feel I must
I guess I'll ask the dust

She's an American highway flower
Walking, blossoming into nowhere
Digesting tailpipes and babies screams
To fill the hole that used to house her dreams

Why all my ideas
Peel and turn to rust
Why I feel I must
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I wonder what I'm doing here
She asks the moon but he don't care
He's busy shining on the lucky
In the dark she swims toward nothing

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Peel and turn to rust
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I guess I'll ask the dust