

Dust on the Window

Low

Dust on the window
Sun's darkened angle
Write your initials with mine
By this time tomorrow
I'll be just one day closer
One sunset further behind
In the morning I'll make up my mind

Always a whisper
Worthless and tender
Breaking my arm that won't heal
Lie like a shadow
Breath on my pillow
Won't let me keep what I steal
Tell me where can a girl get a meal?