

King of Dust

The Handsome Family

I dreamed that I was flying above the glittering world,
but I woke up in the bar ditch, car ready to explode.

Hanging upside down in the front seat of my truck.
The scream of grinding metal, 40 cars piling up.

Nothing rusts in the desert, the air is full of ghosts.
Cliffs painted with the old gods, rabbit brush full of bones.

Oh, Coronado, king of dust,
the desert never cared what you saw
when you stared into the sun.

Ancient oceans have been lost beneath this shifting clay
where conquistadors in silver hunted Cibola across the plains.

But there are no golden cities
only trailer parks and dust
and angels only fly here
when you drive into the sun.

Nothing rusts in the desert, the air is full of ghosts.
Cliffs painted with the old gods, rabbit brush full of bones.

Oh, Coronado, king of dust,
the desert never cared what you saw
when you stared into the sun.