

Cursive, The Dirt Of The Vineyard

Less talk, more dancing
If we could push off the sick conversation one more night
I surely would
My shoes have gathered the dust of the vineyard
Have I soiled your gown?
There's soil on your gown, like sangria
Cleanses the heart
Our clogged hearts are choking on the grime
As the big band waltzes on
Your stranded eyes whisper...

"The dirt is out.
I can smell her on your velvet hands."
The dirt is out --
are we stuck in the motions again?

Oh, but was it sweet
In the vineyard
Sangria, won't you bless
The starving lips
Such virgin lips
Would choke on all this grime
I've found some dirt under my nails
I'll scratch and bite until...

The dirt is out
but sangria burns under my skin
The dirt is out --
I thought I'd never wash these hands again

Under my skin....