

Dada, Ask The Dust

(What, what is it that you want?)
(What is it that you want?)

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 (why) all my ideas
Peel and turn to rust (why)
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

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Peel and turn to rust (why)
Why I feel I must
Guess I'll ask the dust
I guess I'll ask the dust
I guess I'll ask the dust

(solo)

(undecipherable whispering)

"I wonder what I'm doing here"
She asks the moon but he don't care
He's busy shinin' on the lucky
In the dark she swims toward nothing
Towards nothing

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