

# Elvis Costello, Dust 2...

If dust could only talk  
What would we hear it say?  
Before it's brushed aside  
Just as it's swept away

It's just the evidence  
It's of no consequence  
It's only flesh and bone  
Why don't you leave it alone?

If dust could only speak  
Caught in a falling beam  
If dust could only cry  
If dust could only scream  
For it's the single witness that might testify  
Could I spit out the truth?  
Or would you rather just swallow a lie?

But dust is always caught behind a coat of pain  
Beneath the marble fingernails of kings and saints  
And in the theatre curtain where they hang a drape  
Or in the ticket pocket where your hands escape

Before they start to wander  
Or they start to shrink  
You rub your eye a little and appear to blink  
And then she caught you staring  
She knows what you're thinking  
What got into you is not a ghost as such  
It was just dust

Here comes the juggernaut  
Here come The Poisoners  
They choke the life and land  
And rob the joy from us  
Why do they taste of sugar?  
Oh, when they're made of money  
Here come the Lamb of God  
And the butcher's boy, Sonny

Well, I believe we just  
Become a speck of dust...