

# Mr. Mister, Dust

The door slams, dust falls down between the cracks  
Some ran, some promised they'd be back  
Saigon all gone, ashes to dust, a solo dance, a solo dance

Chorus:

And when we leave, we leave our dust, we slap our clothes, we shake it off  
Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam  
Out of the dust reach tiny hands to touch their fathers in other lands

Love is locked in these lost eyes, love is lost in these cold eyes  
And in these wounds too raw to touch, lie ashes ashes, dust to dust

(chorus)

We are free, we are not alone, listen to our sound  
Take these hands of flesh and bone, reaching out for love

Discards settle where they must, never knowing who to trust  
And in these dreams that lie in rust, ashes ashes, dust to dust

(chorus)

We are free, we are free