

# Alice Smith, Desert Song

The time has come  
For me to start packing in  
I'm folding the shores of my life  
Into valises  
I can't stand  
This desert heat no more  
I'm going away  
I'm going away

I waited too long  
To catch your signal  
I counted the numbers, the letters, the days  
Something tells me you're  
You're not coming  
I've got to go away  
I'm going away

Now I'm writing you a letter  
And I'm making it long  
Now I'm breathing and I'm bleeding  
And the pages are torn  
Now I'm writing you to tell you  
I may go missing and lost  
The sand covers my face  
The sand covers my face (covers my face)  
The sand covers my face (covers my face)  
(covers my face)

My mama said  
"Life is for living  
If you ain't happy, honey  
Go out and reinvent yourself"  
The desert is good  
The desert is dark  
I've got to go away  
Said I'm going away

Now I'm writing you a letter  
And I'm making it long  
Now I'm breathing and I'm bleeding  
And the pages are torn  
Yeah, I'm writing you to tell you  
I may go missing and lost  
The sand covers my face  
The sand covers my face (covers my face)  
The sand covers my face (covers my face)  
The sand