

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