

Augustana, Dust

So go on and tear it up
Black and cold with the dust
'cause I believed in the Lord
But he don't show up anymore

If you can't trust the wind, who can you trust?
If you can't love sin, who can you love?
If I begin will you let me finish up?
If I fell down would you pick me up?
If I don't drink from a silver cup, like you,
Would you say so long, farewell, good luck?

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If a man can't lie, how can he speak?
If the sun don't rise, would the moon be out of reach?
If I came home, would you get down on your knees?

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He don't show up
He don't show up anymore
No, not anymore
Not anymore