

Chris Whitley, Dirt Floor

There's a dirt floor underneath here
To receive us when changes fail
May this shovel loose your trouble
Let them fall away
Well, the mist shall be your blanket
While the moss shall ease your head
As the future is soon forgotten
As the dirt shall be your bed
There's a dirt floor underneath here
To receive us when changes fail
May this shovel loose your trouble
Let them fall away