

Gourds, The Big Santiago Bust

Out of the gravel
From behind the smallest stone
Go home
Walk back
With your wet cotton bags back home
Tobacco for sawdust
Tobacco for sawdust
The Big Santiago Bust
The Big Santiago Bust
The Big Santiago Bust
And one day when the folly grips you
It will sink into your heart
And one day when you sculpt your tired
Your tired idol
The Big Santiago Bust
The Big Santiago Bust
The Big Santiago Bust
Will rush into your hands