

# Low, Dust On The Window

Dust on the window  
The sun's darkened angle  
Write your initials with mine  
At this time tomorrow  
I'll be just one day closer  
One sunset further behind  
In the morning I'll make up my mind  
Always a whisper  
Worthless and tender  
A break in my arm that won't heal  
You lie like a shadow  
Your breath on my pillow  
You won't let me keep what I steal  
Tell me where can a girl get a meal?