

Missy Higgins, Dancing Dirt Into The Snow

Alone you find yourself just hanging,
and to fill the hole you cling to all that seems,
to hide the little girl that crying,
underneath the rage that you let others see.

'Cause you're dancing dirt into the snow
while others look at you on show.
You're dancing dirt into the snow
while all around you people grow
And watch you bleed.
And watch you bleed.

So now you look at me, eyes wooden.
An anchor through your head; crimson for disguise.
An opal for a wound you carry, fairy lights of pleading someone look at me.

'Cause you're dancing dirt into the snow
while others look at you on show.
You're dancing dirt into the snow
while all around you people grow
And watch you bleed.
And watch you bleed.

The more you push through broken glass, the thicker it becomes.
And the more you turn on broken worlds, the sooner you will need.
The more you push through broken glass, the thicker it becomes.
And the more you turn on broken worlds, the sooner you will need
A gun.

'Cause you're dancing dirt into the snow
while others look at you on show.
You're dancing dirt into the snow
while all around you people grow.

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