

# The Swellers, Clean Slate

No more dreams of the southwest  
I just got a taste  
And a little dust from every state  
Caught underneath my shoes  
That'll never wash away

I'm no stranger to the rust  
We made this with our hands  
From a billion other grains of sand  
I'd rather have gray skies  
Spotlights can burn through any man

Call it a clean slate  
Not just a mistake  
For all this time, all this time  
It may be different  
But I don't feel so bad now

There are no promises out there  
Maybe I can't see straight  
It eventually evaporates  
Got a slight change of plans  
I'll call some good friends of mine  
I'm never going back  
Or at least for some time  
And first a train off track  
I'll come back like an avalanche

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But I don't feel so bad now

I'll find myself  
I'll find myself

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