

# Thea Gilmore, The Dirt Is Your Lover Now

Gabardine roses, tortured vines  
The sun has been hiding all this time  
I thought that I'd see you again somehow  
But the dirt is your lover now

And outside the all-night in an orchestra of rain  
You fell in love with a hurricane  
You were torn like a road map and lost in the crowd  
And the dirt is your lover now

Fingernails, thorn trees, my fickle heart too  
So many things in this sad little world grow back  
Except for you

And the streets of my home town still look the same  
But behind shaking fingers they're whispering your name  
And it's funny the tears that time will allow  
Cause the dirt is your lover now

Fingernails, thorn trees, my fickle heart too  
So many things in this sad little world grow back  
Except for you

There are fists on the front page, blood in the sky  
There's no shoulder strong enough when the clouds start to cry  
Did you propose to the bedrock on your way underground?  
Cause the dirt is your lover now  
Yeah, the dirt is your lover now