

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