

## Brown Dirt

Alela Diane

Can I light a match  
To scorch away the snow mounts  
Creek bad veins  
Can I light a match  
To scorch away the snow mounts  
Creek bad veins

She goes away  
Flows from me  
Too freely  
She goes away  
Flows from me  
Too freely

I am brown dirt  
Left upon the shore  
Where boats they once came  
To leave what now remains

I am brown dirt  
Left upon the shore  
Where boats they once came  
To leave what now remains

And I am here  
I am here  
I came into it but real soon  
Go to find some other tree bark  
To unfold another concrete block  
To sit on for a while

She goes away  
Flows from me  
Too freely  
She goes away  
Flows from me  
Too freely

I am brown dirt  
Left upon the shore  
Where boats they once came  
To leave what now remains

I am brown dirt  
Left upon the shore  
Where boats they once came  
To leave what now remains

And I am here  
I am here  
I came into it but, will soon  
Go to find some other tree bark  
To unfold another concrete block  
To sit on for a while

Until the days are done  
The days are done

The days are done  
Until the days are done  
The days are done  
The days are done  
Until the days are done  
The days are done...  
The days are done  
The days are done