

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