

To Dust

Alice Russell

I don't make no money
I tell you nothing about that ,so strange
I stand here with my tears rolling down
I turn my last note into change

Just one debt you start my day without you here
Point to me , I'll walk away , you disappear
Seems you cut deep, yes you cut cold
I've got nothing left here anymore

But I don't care,
The more I pay,
The less I feel
The money comes,
The money goes,
It's all the same
But I don't care,
The more you take,
The less I feel
The paper lines,
And worlds that are mine
What is this, we disappear

I want you to hold my hand and let go
I can't, I don't want to take control
Seems like you've forsaken up my mind
Crumbling to dust up my soul

But I don't care,
The more I pay,
The less I feel
The money comes,
The money goes,
It's all the same
But I don't care,
The more you take,
The less I feel
What is this
This stumbling
Till we disappear