

## Dust Through a Fan

Bride

High heel boys, dancing in the noise  
Bright lights blind, it is playtime  
Silver screen smut in the tomb of Mr. Tut  
Standing tall overhead, these are the living dead  
Stir the Persian smack, see young faces crack  
Sold their souls for sex in the bathroom, in the back  
You never know what you might see up in the apple tree  
Your time is short, how disappointed God must be

Oh, yeah

They are the lovers of their own selves  
Unthankful and proud  
Blasphemers, disobedient, boaster  
Unholy and loud  
A fine snow from Bogota has everybody lying down  
See them crawl like a snake, their noses to the ground

They'll take you for all that they can  
You're just putty in their hands  
You're slipping and sliding in quicksand  
You're like the dust blown through a fan

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I've seen the poor, seen the needy  
Pitied the rich, despised the greedy  
I've seen the dirty, the unclean  
I've seen the worst that's ever been  
I've seen the lost, I've seen the saved  
Children crying at Morrison's grave  
I've seen the bruised in the night  
Grown men cry in broad daylight

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It's the fear of the alone  
They'll take you for all that they can  
You're like the dust  
You're like the dust  
You're like the dust blown through

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You're like the dust blown through a fan  
They'll take you for all that they can  
You're like the dust blown through a fan  
You're like the dust , d-d-d-d-d-d-d-dust  
You're like the dust blown through a fan  
They'll take you for all that they can  
You're like the dust blown through a fan  
You're like the dust blown through a fan