

## Ask The Dust

Dada

She don't lift her head for nothing  
She don't lift her head for no one  
30 years have glazed her eyes  
Her tongue is dry from asking why

Why all my ideas  
Peel and turn to rust  
Why I feel I must  
I guess I'll ask the dust

She's an American highway flower  
Walking, blossoming into nowhere  
Digesting tailpipes and babies screams  
To fill the hole that used to house her dreams

Why all my ideas  
Peel and turn to rust  
Why I feel I must  
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I wonder what I'm doing here  
She asks the moon but he don't care  
He's busy shining on the lucky  
In the dark she swims toward nothing

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Peel and turn to rust  
Why I feel I must  
I guess I'll ask the dust