

Dusty

John Martyn

Nico, two headed Cuban giant
He's looking with all of his eyes
At the colours that fall through the chestnut tree night
Cos tomorrow in London they rise
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too
Don't you know that I'm dusty through and through.

The candy floss lady is looking at me
Though she never has seen me before
She knows that I'm selling, let her buy all she has
And then maybe come back for some more
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too
Don't you know that I'm dusty through and through.

Roundabouts roundabout all closing down
And the men of the goldfish are gone
The cars and the arms are all tired now
And the lights on the grass are down
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too
Don't you know that I'm dusty through and through.

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At the colours that fall through the chestnut tree night
Because tomorrow in London they rise
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too
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