

# River of Dirt

Marissa Nadler

I was your lover  
You were my plan  
I told you that you were  
My sun and my sand

But right away  
Get a circus job  
And I'd fly away  
And become a bird of song

El Camino, take me home  
El Camino, take me home

You are a jester  
And I am an elf  
And I'm sad to the books  
That are stocked upon my shelf

Take me back to the river of dirt  
Take me back to the river of dirt

Built of the veins  
And the flesh, and the bones  
We are all so  
Painfully alone

Burning by rivers  
Of dirt and fire  
We return to the ground  
When we retire

Back to the river of dirt and fire

Summer is coming  
I can't believe it's true  
Where all you were issued  
Are turning into you

Take me back to the place  
Of golden slumbers  
Where I was happy  
And you were my middle name

Take me back to the river of dirt  
Take me back to the river of dirt

And I grew up  
In the houses made of lead  
The walls were white, the stairs were sharp  
The scent of summer lead

Take me back to the river of dirt  
Take me back to the river of dirt