

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