

The Dust

Robyn Hitchcock

Tiny specks of dust are falling through the atmosphere
Sunlight passes through them, they don't easily appear
Some fall on the water, some fall on the land
Some of them will fall on you if you hold out your hand
"Father, oh, and mother, How is there such great alarm?
If you cannot see them, then, how can they do you harm?"
"They can make you suffer, they can make you change
They are over Norway and quite soon we'll be in range."
All our teeth are falling out like leaves upon the ground
All our hair is falling out, no other can be found
Some are dying slowly, some are dying fast
Some of us hold on to life as long as we can last
Poison and invisible, it falls all round the world
Fifteen hundred roentgens for every boy and girl
We just read the papers, we just watch TV
Passive as the cattle we await our destiny