

Dust Of Daylight

Son Volt

Hand in hand there are angels that are holding warning signs
Show you the way like teachers and prophets of doom
Everyone has their idols, there will always be a story to tell
The search goes on, a balance in the final say

When you're lost in folly, out of luck in the worst way
Love is a fog and you stumble every step you make
The dust of daylight holds you down and makes you wait
Love is a fog and you stumble every step you make

There will be words and fault lines to fill the hours of the days
There are ways to buy trouble but a bail bondsman finds friends
in jail
Time to leave now, time to pack up all that you're leaving
Your contest's here but you'll be judged just the same

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