

Bags Of Dirt

Spin Doctors

The more things change, the more they stay the same
And the more it rains, the less I know
Why do these foreign skies change the way home?
Why do these hotel walls hang their strangeness on my own?

Oh mama, I'm gonna roll with a truckload of hurt
These wheels have rolled across I don't know how many bags of dirt

Barefoot in the back of the van
Tossing an arcing empty soda can
Long ways, long days, waitresses frayed
And underpaid we were harried and waylaid
We arrived that evening and not a moment too soon
Finding a place it was, you may say, cool

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These sketches of an infinite architecture
Are ink and unconfirmed conjecture
A dream glimpse of the puppeteer's knuckle
A fragment of a fraction of a gesture
And when the ghost whispers, I'll set down all I hear
A garbled, shorthand outline by a marionette in fear

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