

The Dustlands

The Walkabouts

When I reach the river towns
Dustlands call
Telling me to turn around
Before I've lost it all
What's been promised true and grand
Is out there in the sand
Dustlands call
You don't have to search for it
And it don't give a shit
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin
And when I'm back home with you
Dustlands gone
I put on a stranger's smile
But it feels dead wrong
And if you ask me who I am
I'll tell you where I've been
Dustlands gone
A land not down on any map
Such places never last
Dustlands gone

Unto this land a law was laid
And dustlands burned
High and low the bourgeoisie came
Their greed absurd
There are so many types of thirst
Some that warn and some that curse
Dustlands burn
And though I was forced to flee
It's true I once ran free
Dustlands call