

# 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