

The Dust Storm

Those Poor Bastards

There's a dust storm forming in the sky
blowing down the road 'bout twelve feet high
it's tearing up my lungs, it burns my eyes

Take off your dress, put on your face
take off your dress, put on your face
I'm feeling wild

We'll spend the dough your savin' in that jar
ignore the screams that're coming from the car
let's forget we're miserable and poor

Take off your face, put on that dress
take off your face, put on that dress
I'm feeling wild!

How many hours do I have left with you?
Before Revelations does come true
we've gotta find ourselves something to do

Take off your dress, put on your face
take off your dress, put on your face
I'm feeling wild!

You know that shed behind old Millers pond?
I stole the key last time he sold us corn
the light within it shines so fucking warm

Take off your face, put on your dress
take off your face, put on your dress
I'm feeling wild!

There's a dust storm forming in the sky
blowing down the road about twelve feet high
it's tearing up my lungs, it burns my eyes
take off your dress, put on your face
It's tearing up my lungs, it burns my eyes

Take off that dress, put on your face
Take off that dress, put on your face
I'm feeling wild
I'm feeling wild
I'm feeling wild

Take off your face
put on that dress