

To Dust

[Alice Russell](#)

I don't make no money
I tell you nothing about that, so strange
I stand here with my tears rolling down
I turn my last note into change Just one debt you start my day without you here
Point to me, I'll walk away, you disappear
Seems you cut deep, yes you cut cold
I've got nothing left here anymore But I don't care
The more I pay
The less I feel
The money comes
The money goes
It's all the same
But I don't care
The more you take
The less I feel
The paper lines
And worlds that are mine
What is this, we disappear I want you to hold my hand and let go
I can't, I don't want to take control
Seems like you've forsaken up my mind
Crumbling to dust up my soul But I don't care
The more I pay
The less I feel
The money comes
The money goes
It's all the same
But I don't care
The more you take
The less I feel
What is this
This stumbling
Till we disappear

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