

# On the Mirror, In the Dust

## The Devoted Few

early morning train ride, central coast  
slipping in and out of a cold dream  
hey there laura what you waiting for  
as your room fills up with fish, bugs, spiders, birds  
fortune teller whispers in my ear  
"hey man," she says "keep your eye on this one"  
when I found you I was on my last legs  
and when you saw me you had just crashed landed and I hope to god that you don't turn out like me  
and I'll pray to god that you don't turn out like me  
am bus comes to pick you up  
bright and early, I'm still counting sheep  
hey there laura what you waiting for  
go out and grab life by it's old neck but I hope to god that you don't turn out like me  
and I'll pray to god that you don't turn out like me  
does it have to be a reoccurring dream  
you're a sight to see  
your soliloquy laura's on the mirror in the dust

Lyrics provided by

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