

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
a 6am 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 its 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

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