From Under the Dust

Letters to Cleo

It gets loud down here
Fourteen scurrying feet
Getting as far away as feet can carryFrom under the dust I hear every one of you
From under the dust I can feel it all
I know what you're thinking, I know what you're sayingIt was another time
I guess you were a friend of mine
It was another time but not much to recallFrom under the dust I hear every one of you
From under the dust I can feel it all
I know what you're thinking, it isn't hard to tell at all
I know what you're saying, youre not whispering

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