

Dust On the Window

Low

Dust on the window
The sun's darkened angle
Write your initials with mine
At this time tomorrow I'll be just one day closer
One sunset further behind
In the morning
I'll make up my mind Always a whisper
Worthless and tender
A break in my arm
That won't heal You lie like a shadow
Your breath on my pillow
You won't let me keep what I steal
Tell me where can a girl get a meal?

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