

Dust in the Light

Gallon Drunk

We're like dust caught in the light
Beneath the fading southern sky.
And cars they murmur by,
And down the river chimes
The barely beating heart of the night.
We're like paper ready to burn,
And leaves fall to the earth,
Become, turn a kind of nothing. Leave all your dreams at the door.
We will not need them anymore.
Like mist clings to the trees,
Take a hold of me tonight,
And make it right. Come on pour me away,
And like the leaving day,
Dissolve, turn a kind of nothing
Tonight.
And the spidery haze,
headlights in the rain. Surrender all that you know.
Let it fall, let it go.
And slowly fade from sight,
in the beating heart of the night,
And it's alright.

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