# Dust

## Mr. Mister

The door slams, dust falls down between the cracks
Some ran, some promised they'd be back
Saigon, all gone, ashes to dust
A solo dance, a solo danceAnd when we leave, we leave our dust
We slap our clothes, we shake it off
Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam
Out of the dust reach tiny hands to touch their fathers in other landsLove is locked in these lost eyes
Love is lost in these cold eyes
And in these wounds too raw to touch
Lie ashes, ashes, dust to dustAnd when we leave, we leave our dust
We slap our clothes, we shake it off
Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam
Out of the dust reach tiny hands to touch their fathers in other landsWe are free, we are not alone
Listen to our sound
And take these hands of flesh and bone
Reaching out for loveDiscards settle where they must
Never knowing who to trust
And in these dreams that lie in rust
Ashes, ashes, dust to dustAnd when we leave, we leave our dust
We slap our clothes, we shake it off
Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam
Out of the dust reach tiny hands to touch their fathers in other landsWe are free, we are free

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