

## To Dust

Alice Russell

I don't make no money  
I tell you nothing about that ,so strange  
I stand here with my tears rolling down  
I turn my last note into change

Just one debt you start my day without you here  
Point to me , I'll walk away , you disappear  
Seems you cut deep, yes you cut cold  
I've got nothing left here anymore

But I don't care,  
The more I pay,  
The less I feel  
The money comes,  
The money goes,  
It's all the same  
But I don't care,  
The more you take,  
The less I feel  
The paper lines,  
And worlds that are mine  
What is this, we disappear

I want you to hold my hand and let go  
I can't, I don't want to take control  
Seems like you've forsaken up my mind  
Crumbling to dust up my soul

But I don't care,  
The more I pay,  
The less I feel  
The money comes,  
The money goes,  
It's all the same  
But I don't care,  
The more you take,  
The less I feel  
What is this  
This stumbling  
Till we disappear