

Dust Bowl

Other Lives

In the coldest winter
In the dying sun
We return again
Like the days before me
Like a heathen door
We return

Where be there
This heat is blowing home
The hardship
Of everyone around me

We're so tired
We're so tired of running there
It was gonna be
The best years of our lives
The best years of our lives

In the coldest winter
In the dying sun
We return again

Where be there
This heat is blowing home
The hardship
Of everyone around me

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