

## Bags Of Dirt

Spin Doctors

The more things change, the more they stay the same  
And the more it rains, the less I know  
Why do these foreign skies change the way home?  
Why do these hotel walls hang their strangeness on my own?

Oh mama, I'm gonna roll with a truckload of hurt  
These wheels have rolled across I don't know how many bags of dirt

Barefoot in the back of the van  
Tossing an arcing empty soda can  
Long ways, long days, waitresses frayed  
And underpaid we were harried and waylaid  
We arrived that evening and not a moment too soon  
Finding a place it was, you may say, cool

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These wheels have rolled across I don't know how many bags of dirt

These sketches of an infinite architecture  
Are ink and unconfirmed conjecture  
A dream glimpse of the puppeteer's knuckle  
A fragment of a fraction of a gesture  
And when the ghost whispers, I'll set down all I hear  
A garbled, shorthand outline by a marionette in fear

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