

Dust

Allah-Las

For a shot at the big time
Take a moment to share
All the thoughts that you're holding
In the mid of the air

On the trail of an idea
Knowing not what to find
Tied to nothing but time we'll
Leave the trouble behind

All chances are taken
Til the last day seen has its time
Glass ceilings are breaking
Be the first to the other side
Aside

For an ounce of real treasure
Look no further than up
Endless unfettered pleasure
In a bottomless cup

Had to head for a weekend
Just to clear out the dust
Of a waywardly old friend
Far too clever to trust

Now don't be mistaken
There are no ways to lead astray
Each path that is taken
Brings the same on the final day
Away, away