

Dust Through a Fan

Bride

High heel boys, dancing in the noise
Bright lights blind, it is playtime
Silver screen smut in the tomb of Mr. Tut
Standing tall overhead, these are the living dead
Stir the Persian smack, see young faces crack
Sold their souls for sex in the bathroom, in the back
You never know what you might see up in the apple tree
Your time is short, how disappointed God must be

Oh, yeah

They are the lovers of their own selves
Unthankful and proud
Blasphemers, disobedient, boaster
Unholy and loud
A fine snow from Bogota has everybody lying down
See them crawl like a snake, their noses to the ground

They'll take you for all that they can
You're just putty in their hands
You're slipping and sliding in quicksand
You're like the dust blown through a fan

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I've seen the poor, seen the needy
Pitied the rich, despised the greedy
I've seen the dirty, the unclean
I've seen the worst that's ever been
I've seen the lost, I've seen the saved
Children crying at Morrison's grave
I've seen the bruised in the night
Grown men cry in broad daylight

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They'll take you for all that they can
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It's the fear of the alone
They'll take you for all that they can
You're like the dust
You're like the dust
You're like the dust blown through

They'll take you for all that they can
You're just putty in their hands
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You're like the dust blown through a fan
They'll take you for all that they can
You're like the dust blown through a fan
You're like the dust , d-d-d-d-d-d-d-dust
You're like the dust blown through a fan
They'll take you for all that they can
You're like the dust blown through a fan
You're like the dust blown through a fan