

Symphonies of Dirt and Dust

Chris Trapper

Early in the morning
When I wake up I go walking
From my bedroom to the stairs down to the stove

And the smoke from last night
Stayed just like I thought it might
I guess it just had nowhere else to go

Half my time has been spent
With what she does or where she went
Or what I said wrong I asked my friends, but they don't know

I thought that Sunday morning I could just stop thinking
Cause I thought that I stopped thinking long ago

Gather all the bottles
Rinse the lipstick off the cocktail glasses
Ashes and confetti on the floor

Sweep 'em under the rug
In symphonies of dirt and dust
Till I stumble by your sweater on the door

Hold it up to the light
And smell your perfume from last night
Till my fingers start to figure what I lost

I thought that Sunday morning would be more forgiving
But I paid my dues and never knew the cost

The echoes of the party
Now the morning's barely started
And last nights like a century ago

But the song always stays
In your head around it plays
Like it started on a stolen radio

But I still shed no tears
In fact, it's better you're not here
Cuz you'd never wanna see me in this state

As soon as I remember all the reasons I love you
Is as soon as I remember it's too late
As soon as I remember all the reasons I love you
Is as soon as I remember it's too late