

Dusty

Fred Eaglesmith

Across the mesa, the daylight shines in your eyes and it makes
you blind

And in your head the sirens wail, they just let you out of jail

You're just dusty now, there's flies on you

Your guns are rusty and your soul is too

The Texas is wearing off of your old leather boots

You're just dusty now, there's flies on you

There's tobacco inside your cuffs

And you drink too much but it's never enough

People stare at you as you stand and cough

Might be the weather, might be the dust

You're just dusty now...

Rain rain rain in a western sky

Teardrops in your heart, gravel in your eyes