

## From Under The Dust

Letters to Cleo

It gets loud down here.  
Fourteen scurrying  
Feet getting as far away as feet can carry.

From under the dust I hear every one of you,  
From under the dust I can feel it all.  
I know what you're thinking.  
I know what you're saying.

It was another time.  
I guess you were a friend of mine.  
It was another time but not much to recall.

From under the dust I hear every one of you,  
From under the dust I can feel it all.  
I know what you're thinking.  
It isn't hard to tell at all.  
I know what you're saying.  
Your not whispering.

From under the dust I hear every one of you,  
From under the dust I can feel it all.  
I know what you're thinking.  
It isn't hard to tell at all.  
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