

Dust

Mark Morton

I can lie a hundred ways
Speak in riddles until I'm out of breath
Holding out for a better day
Still thinking I got something left
Then the world does what it does
Until I can't pretend
That what it is ain't what it was
And what it was will never be again

You can tell yourself you're getting by
But you're only getting further gone
When the bottle ain't a friend and the smoke in the wind
Smells like an old Skynyrd song
You can tell yourself that you're hanging on
But you're really just getting dragged
Don't think that you're the only one
Chasing dust in the bottom of a bag

Broken mirrors in a broken home
Can't get out of my own way
A closet full of hidden bones
At the end of the day

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(Dust in the bottom of a bag)

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