

Dusty Roads

Siena Root

There's no more room in this city of sorrow
I see the street lights slowly bleach your soul
Said I was leaving here tomorrow
'Fore diamonds turn to coal
And so our journey unfolds
A tale that yearns to be told

Imagine a place you'd rather be
Where no concrete pierce the sky
If I dream, say, is it still real to me?
Let's leave those tears to dry
Said no quarter until we try
Said no quarter until we try

Where are the days of childish ways?
How could they be so far behind me?
The dusty road still beckons me
To a path ambiguous and vast
So maybe I'll destroy my future
And if I do it, I'll do it to honour my past

Dusty roads
Be my saviour
My guide and my hope
My scent and my flavour
Dusty roads
Be my saviour