

Dust of Oklahoma

The Common Linnets

Don't you judge me if my shirt's grown worn and patched
Cause I'm much tougher than I look
It's been a hard year, the sky went dry way back
My father's fields went empty
Cause nothing never took

I hate the dust of Oklahoma
The wind that carries years away
I hate the sand, my Lord knows it to be true
But that train just keeps on coming
Like all bad dreams do

All I can see against that scarecrow horizon
Is endless lines of Telephone wire
The only thing that I can seem to keep my eyes on
Are those iron tracks that disappear into
the scorching sun

I hate the dust of Oklahoma
The wind that carries years away
I hate the sand, my Lord knows it to be true
And that train just keeps on coming
Like all bad dreams do

My father's dreams, the weeds have overtaken
They're all buried in the ground
But I made a promise for, his land to always treasure
But there's not treasure to be found

I hate the dust of Oklahoma
The wind that carries years away
I hate the sand, my Lord knows it to be true
And that train just keeps on coming
Like all bad dreams do
And that train just keeps on coming
Like all bad dreams do