

## 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

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The wind that carries years away  
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