

Julie Doiron

"Dirty Feet"

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Dirty feet, what have you done?
You can do the rest in the morning.
Don't tell me how great you think we are.

Dirty face, rest your eyes now.
The shape you're in, and the baby on the way.
Don't knock on the door, don't bring the flowers.

Let's move to the back.
You're starting to cry now.
God bless the workers; I wish I was one.

Let's move to the back.
You're starting to cry now.
God bless the workers; I wish I was one.

I came back more sleepy than before.
The trip was good, but the hours were long.
And I thought of you. I thought of us.

Dirty feet, it's been a long time.
I've made excuses, but there's no reason
for that to feel so bad.

Let's move to the back.
You're starting to cry now.
God bless the workers; I wish I was one.

Let's move to the back.
I'm starting to cry now, too.
God bless these workers; I wish I was one.

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