

Marissa Nadler

"River of Dirt"

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I was your lover, you were my plan
I told you that you were the sun in the sand
But we'd ride away and get a circus job
And I'd fly away, become a bird of song

El camino, take me home
El camino, take me home

You are a jester and I am elf
And I'm sad to the bones that
It's stocked upon my shelf

Take me back to the river of dirt
Take me back to the river of dirt

Built of the veins, and the flesh and the bones
We are all so painfully alone
Burn in the rivers of dirt and fire
We return to the ground where we retire
Back to river of dirt and fire

Summer is coming; I can't believe it's true
Where are you, where is she? I'm turning into you
Take me back to the place of the golden slumbers
Where I was happy you were my middle name

Take me back to the river of dirt
Take me back to the river of dirt

Now, I grew up in the houses made of men
The walls were white, the stairs were sharp
The scent of summer land

Take me back to the river of dirt
Take me back to the river of dirt

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