

Mister Mr "Dust"

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The door slams
Dust falls down between the cracks
Some ran, some promised they'd be back
Saigon all gone ashes to dust
A solo dance, a solo dance

And when we leave our dust
We slap our clothes, we shake it off
Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam
Out of the dust reach tiny hands
To touch their fathers in other lands

Love is lost in these lost eyes
Love is lost in these cold eyes
And in these wounds too raw to touch
Lie ashes ashes dust to dust

We are free
We are not alone
Listen to our sound
Take these hands of flesh and bone
Reaching out for love

Discards settle where they must
Never knowing who to trust
And in these dreams that lie in rust
Stir ashes ashes dust to dust

And when we leave we leave our dust
We slap our clothes, we shake it off
Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam
Out of the dust reach tiny hands
To touch their fathers in other lands

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