

**Mr. Mirainga****"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

Chorus:

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

Love is locked 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

(chorus)

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, ashes ashes, dust  
to dust

(chorus)

We are free, we are free

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