

Other Lives

"Dust Bowl III"

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The lines on your father's face.
The skyline has not been seen for many days.
It feels as if though we're never coming back here.
The line returns to the dust.

Is there any way to get this weight off my skin and find
another one.
Is there anyone to get this writing off the walls and find
a new one.

Just like the wind blows into the great unknown,
We are on our way, we're on our way.
Moving west may bring us better days,
We are on our way, we're on our way.

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another one.
Is there anyone to get this writing off the walls and find
a new one.

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