

Steve Forde "Dust"

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How we gonna make a move when every time I look at
you, you turn away?
Like your afraid that I might see,
Something you've got buried deep in yesterday
Every time the conversation switches to a matter of the
heart
You laugh and lighten up the air like you don't want to
go down where
The real feelings are.

Picture this, gravel road, spinning wheels, flying stones
Leaving the past behind us, smiling as it all goes up
In a cloud of dust

This looking back on where we've been
It's a waste of time and it don't make sense to me at all
There's a new sunrise around the curve
Lets soak it up and watch it burn down these walls
I've got a shoulder for your head, and open arm and a
dashboard for your feet
All you've got to do is close your eyes, hold onto me
And visualise, chains breaking free

Picture this, gravel road, spinning wheels, flying stones
Leaving the past behind us, smiling as it all goes up
In a cloud of dust

That suitcase full of bricks, sling it over in the ditch
All it does is weigh us down

Picture this, gravel road, spinning wheels, flying stones
Leaving the past behind us, smiling as it all goes up
In a cloud of dust
In a cloud of dust
In a cloud of dust

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