

Tarbox Ramblers "Ashes To Ashes"

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All through the port, past Chinatown's gate
The thieves and grifters were forced to wait
Each seeking passage on the riverboat south
Gold filled their purses, lies filled their mouths

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

You dreamed in the lamplight by the waterfront pier
Transit guaranteed by handlers far from here
Your papers in order, identity assumed
A raft to convey you moored beneath the moon

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Smoking in her stateroom far below deck
Rosa Coldfield barely kept herself in check
She scrawled your face on a mirror so cold
She called your name in a voice so bold

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Your dreams were unhindered, desires unbound
You lingered for an hour with the treasure you'd found
You steeled yourself for travel, unpacked your blade
Your mind always on all the money you'd made

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Miss Coldfield spoke freely with no sense of tact
And foolish disregard for the force at her back
The docks of New Orleans teemed with traffic that day
But no-one seemed to notice as they carried her away

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Caracas blazed before you with the rising sun
Her strangers would forgive you everything you'd done

In the street you threw a coin into a beggar's cup
You looked down, he looked up

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; Ashes to ashes, dust to
dust

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