

Food Will Win The War

"Rust"

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Every line in your face is a road you've been down
It's a freight train you hopped
It's a night in a strange town
It's a joke that you told, it's a tear that rolled on
A sad story you heard, or a lover who's gone.

It's the scars on your hands
The hard work that you've done
It's the skin that you touched
All the wars that you've won.
It's the baby you cradled, it's the letters you wrote.
It's the time you held on, it's the time you let go.

And the footprints you leave are perfect and deep
And your soul is a place that is tough but it's sweet
And the shadow you cast is straight and it's true

But the lines and the scars are what I love about you.

The rust in your voice, that's the dust and the rain
It's the choices defended again, and again, and again
It's the life that you've led
It's the friends come and gone
It's the highways and the truck stops
And the cold grey dawns

And the footprints you leave, they are perfect and deep.
And your soul is a place that is tough but it's sweet
And the shadow you cast is straight and it's true
But the lines and the scars and the rust are what I love
About you.

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