

The Dirty Projectors "Just From Chevron"

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Where she collapses into the shore
Pump her like product and ask her for more
There a man lay dying in ice
Gasket had busted and pinned him like a vice
As the sun sank into ripples
A friend knelt and listened to his dying words as he
froze
Tell my love don't mourn too intense
I'm going down to her great good expense
Now the air is quiet and still
Wish I was back home on the knoll of the hill
Don't think I won't try when I close my eyes
Whatever the people will dry, that's how I will survive
All of my friends, my enemies too
Live in the shadows of the dirty fuel
Burns the land and its people too
While winds always whistling too
Don't think I won't try when I close my eyes
Whatever the people will drive, that's where I will be live

Don't think I won't try when I close my eyes
Whatever the people will drive, that's where I will be live
That's where I will be live x 4
Now, so low he whispered something
Closing his eyelids with his face turning grey
When the workers clean up the spill
Sent them home to his knoll on the hill

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