

From Under the Dust

Letters to Cleo

It gets loud down here.
Fourteen scurrying
Feet getting as far away as feet can carry. From under the dust I hear every one of you,
From under the dust I can feel it all.
I know what you're thinking.
I know what you're saying. It was another time.
I guess you were a friend of mine.
It was another time but not much to recall.
From under the dust I hear every one of you,
From under the dust I can feel it all.
I know what you're thinking.
It isn't hard to tell at all.
I know what you're saying.
Your not whispering. From under the dust I hear every one of you,
From under the dust I can feel it all.
I know what you're thinking.
It isn't hard to tell at all.
I know what you're saying.
Your not whispering.
I know what you're thinking.
It isn't hard to tell at all.
I know what you're saying.
Your not whispering.

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