

# Gourds, The Big Santiago Bust

Out of the gravel  
From behind the smallest stone  
Go home  
Walk back  
With your wet cotton bags back home  
Tobacco for sawdust  
Tobacco for sawdust  
The Big Santiago Bust  
The Big Santiago Bust  
The Big Santiago Bust  
And one day when the folly grips you  
It will sink into your heart  
And one day when you sculpt your tired  
Your tired idol  
The Big Santiago Bust  
The Big Santiago Bust  
The Big Santiago Bust  
Will rush into your hands