The Swellers, Clean Slate

No more dreams of the southwest I just got a taste And a little dust from every state Caught underneath my shoes That'll never wash away

I'm no stranger to the rust
We made this with our hands
From a billion other grains of sand
I'd rather have gray skies
Spotlights can burn through any man

Call it a clean slate
Not just a mistake
For all this time, all this time
It may be different
But I don't feel so bad now

There are no promises out there Maybe I can't see straight It eventually evaporates Got a slight change of plans I'll call some good friends of mine I'm never going back Or at least for some time And first a train off track I'll come back like an avalanche

Call it a clean slate Not just a mistake For all this time, all this time It may be different But I don't feel so bad now

I'll find myself I'll find myself

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