

Man Made Lake

Calexico

I'm gonna walk these streets of cold concrete
Like I'm a ghost searching for its grave
Then I'll dwell by the edge of this man made lake
And descend into the city that holds no place for me But the streets with no stir of life
And all the houses on the streets are wholly submerged
Then I'll gather the leaves from the cell phone trees
And return them to their place and pretend someone's calling for me
Someone's calling for me, someone's calling for me

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