

# Low expectations

## Calexico

Started talking  
To a couple of wedded strangers  
Sitting down on motorcycles  
Who passed on the highway Stepped into  
The service station  
Took a piss, got water  
Bought fuel to ride Blood is flowing  
And mountains are blurring  
There is something stirring  
Way down inside Barely know  
My home base home  
Seems I'm rarely there  
For any share of time The neighborhood's the same  
They all remember my name  
Holding no reservations  
The newness is wearing in Checked my eyes to see if they had spokes  
See if they are moving  
See if they had spokes  
See if there is somewhere else to ride Barely know  
My airbase home  
Seems I'm rarely there  
For any share of time  
Before I ride

Songwriters

Burns Joseph G; Convertino John Published by

GOOD CLEAN DIRT; LUNADA BAY Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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