Drenched

Calexico

Riding through nostalgia, shaking memories by the mile
The city lights are closing in on him
And the distance grows shorter for a whileStill he wonders what dreams fill her heart
And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked
The roads never lead where they're supposed to go
That's what he tells himself before he lets it goOut on the cold gray plain, sunken on the side of the road
The words bleed off the page, the letter becomes well soaked
"No more turning backwards", he says, as he drives on, off in the rain
Ventures on up through the Colorado's and settles under the rock
Pines and stakes claimHe wonders what dreams fill the heart
And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked
The roads never lead where they're supposed to go

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