

Quattro (World Drifts In)

Calexico

Love the run but not the race
All alone in a silent way
World drifts in an' and the world's a strangerIn a light, eclipsed and alienated
In a time, occupied and invaded
Can't tell what's right, better hit the ground runnin'In the hills where the tall weed grows
Hands are tied and won't let go
Can't escape this place without leavin' the world behindIn a light, ashamed and humiliated
In a time sacrificed, for the sake of trade
Mmm the soul is bent an' feels the weight of truth, fallin' throughOr left behind no choice
But to run to the mountains
Where no poppies grow, you have to hit the ground runnin'Hit the groundIn a light, paralyzed and spirits fading
Out of time, must decide to fall or run
Into the eye, of the storm no sign or omenMake it right, or fall to the other side
Where fields are burnin'
From the day you're born you'll always hit the ground runnin'Hit the ground runnin'
Hit the ground runnin'

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