Letter To Bowie Knife

Calexico

Everyday on my way home
The clouds would break
And the angels would sing their refrainThis world's an ungodly place
Strangled by vines unchaste
So with my shining blade of steel
I would cut a path wideDipped in the ink of the fight
Written clean through the night
Mark my words upon the front page
To set my vision straightIt's too late, it's too late
(It's too late)
It's too late, too late, too late
(It's too late)
Too late, it's too late, too late
(It's too late)
Too lateJust like I found it
My world is split right down the spineYears bled dry, ripe for a reckoning
My blade's back slash beckoning
Slice my wounds
And I make the sign one more timeCome on, come on
Come home, come home
Yeah, it's too late, it's too late
(It's too late)
Too late, it's too late to refrain
(It's too late)
Refrain, it's too lateDid those angels ever sing?
Sliced my world in two

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