

# Bottom of the World

## Alejandro Escovedo

Austins changed, its true  
Show me what hasnt  
Tonight the tvs throwing colors on the wall  
As watches cities of the world reduced to ashes  
From where I sit, at the bottom of the world  
Oh, there used to be a phone booth  
Down here on every corner  
He used to call me up just to say my name  
But now anybody get is a busy signal  
No I cant call home, from the bottom of the world  
She said, hey paper boy  
Dont you think its time you delivered  
I said say the word, your wish is my commandYou may think you know all there is to know about me  
You might think the beast is in the cage  
But everything you see is just an illusion  
Its about to get real, at the bottom of the world  
Oh, hey little boy, little boy you look a little frightened  
For these awful kind of streets for walking alone  
So why dont you get yourself home back to Houston  
I dont think youre ready, for the bottom of the world  
No I dont think youre ready, for the bottom of the world.

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