

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 command
You 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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