

Stray

Calexico

It rained the whole day he spent at his lover's grave
Said his goodbyes to her family and friends
And packed his things in a rusted car
And rode off in the rain
He came upon a church in ruin
With an old man dwelling within
Who said, "Watch where you stray, my friend"
Old man spoke of meanings lost, without name
Never shifting from their worn and weathered place
Was found in the endless search for truth behind the tale
Beneath the ash and ember lies only one story to tell
Watch where you stray, my friend
There's a flower that grows in a cave
So lovely to see but need not be saved
It's beautiful blossom will wither and die
If ever this flower leave the darkness for daylight

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