

Letter To Bowie Knife

[Calexico](#)

Everyday on my way home
The clouds would break and the angels
Would sing their refrain this world's an ungodly place
Strangled by vines unchaste
So with my shining blade of steel
I would cut a path wide dipped in the ink of the fight
Written clean through the night
Mark my words upon the front page
To set my world straight It's too late, it's too late
It's too late, it's too late
Just like I found it, my world is split
Right down the spine years bled dry now ripe for a reckoning
My blade's back slash beckoning
Slice my wounds and I make the sign one more time come on. come on. come home. come home
Yeah it's too late, it's too late
It's too late, to refrain...refrain...refrain...did those angels ever sing?
Sliced my world in two

Songwriters

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