Close Behind

Calexico

High atop radio towers
Sky darkens in the final hours
Marie wrings her praying hands
Dont see why the spirit wont understandWhile lines are crossed
Hopes broken at the knees
And at a loss
The worlds made of dust
And dust it will return
Sniper surveys the scene
Angel chorus wont interveneTakes her child to the rivers edge
And lets her go to the depths
Where dark waters flow
A singing tide
Pulls her to the edge and hypnotizeSamn any fool willing to believe
Theres no hand behind any of this
Whats it gonna take, force the cycle to break
And skut it down before it makes another roundSworn in on an oath the lies
Swat away a halo of flies
Fast track vision deceives
The storm on the horizonClose behind

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