Writer's Minor Holiday

Calexico

Thumbtacks all spread out across your hometown state
A hollow tree at half mast
Wait until wintertime, leaves a paper trail
And a licorice plant that's overgrownLike a cabin in the woods on a minor
Like a minor holidayWool rich, red plaid wool, Irish whiskey glass
Here comes my fine bright haired lass
Like a trash fire burning and burning it
My heart could never write, the words never failAnd tucked under your cap
And for a moment there's a stillness
Before the room spins again
A minor holiday, spin it again
Ride it out so you can tellWasted on the weekend, making good time with my excuse
Where the plot lines are like dead ends
Floating in her eyes at the bottom of a well
Floating in her eyes ride it out for a spellOn a minor holiday, transfer this weight
On a minor holiday, transfer this weight
Minor holiday, minor holiday
Oh, minor holiday, going back and forth
On a minor holi, minor holiday, a minor holiday

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