Spokes

Calexico

Started talking
To a couple of wedded strangers
Sitting down on motorcycles
Who passed on the highwayStepped into
The service station
Took a piss, got water
Bought fuel to rideBlood is flowing
And mountains are blurring
There is something stirring
Way down insideBarely know
My home base home
Seems I'm rarely there
For any share of timeThe neighborhood's the same
They all remember my name
Holding no reservations
The newness is wearing inChecked my eyes to see if they had spokes
See if they are moving
See if they had spokes
See if there is somewhere else to rideBarely know
My airbase home
Seems I'm rarely there
For any share of time before I ride

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