Point Vicente

Calexico

She swings on the front porch
And sweeps her days into an empty sky
Of a dream drowned in the rain
Out where the land is as flat as the sea
There's a train pulling out west
And a box of money stashed under the bedUp through the pines
And down into the city of light
Where the world spins on a string
The weave of lovers weave meet their fate
Down by the sea falls in love with the sailor who keeps the light houseStorm comes in, smashes the shore
The sailor's duty comes calling
Begging and pleading as she falls to the floor
She's left waitingShe waits at the front
Her husband come wrapped around her
Where she fell the stoop in the night

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