## **Drenched**

## **Calexico**

Riding through nostalgia, shaking memories by the mile The city lights are closing in on him And the distance grows shorter for a whileStill he wonders what dreams fill her heart And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked The roads never lead where they're supposed to go That's what he tells himself before he lets it goOut on the cold gray plain, sunken on the side of the road The words bleed off the page, the letter becomes well soaked "No more turning backwards", he says, as he drives on, off in the rain Ventures on up through the Colorado's and settles under the rock Pines and stakes claimHe wonders what dreams fill the heart And wonders if what they had could ever be sparked The roads never lead where they're supposed to goThey just twist 'round and 'round the flame The eyes closing, the heart retains A bit of a spark before it fades away That's where he gets lost and drifts off alone And what he tells himself, "Better let it go"

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