

# Quattro - World Drifts in

## Calexico

Love the run but not the race  
All alone in a silent way  
World drifts in an' and the world's a strangerIn a light, eclipsed and alienated  
In a time, occupied and invaded  
Can't tell what's right, better hit the ground runnin'In the hills where the tall weed grows  
Hands are tied and won't let go  
Can't escape this place without leavin' the world behindIn a light, ashamed and humiliated  
In a time sacrificed, for the sake of trade  
Mmm the soul is bent an' feels the weight of truth, fallin' throughOr left behind no choice  
But to run to the mountains  
Where no poppies grow, you have to hit the ground runnin'Hit the groundIn a light, paralyzed and spirits fading  
Out of time, must decide to fall or run  
Into the eye, of the storm no sign or omenMake it right, or fall to the other side  
Where fields are burnin'  
From the day you're born you'll always hit the ground runnin'Hit the ground runnin'  
Hit the ground runnin'

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