

Black Heart

[Calexico](#)

Spring is frozen, now I'm stuck in low
Wrapped with wire, tapped to the heart
I can't find the poison, now I've got no cure
Fangs are stuck inside my skinPayne county line, watching unjust claims
One man's righteousness is another man's long haul
Sentence carried out, long haul
Counting the miles to the four corners of the worldSpring's rusted shut, faith's coiled and cracked
Apparitions worth their weight in gold
Scratched in metal, name erodes away
Hands are scarred, heart is charred, burnt though and ashenTrip on fence post line, sifting through the remains
One man's close pursuit is another man's last chance
Make it through the divide, last chance
Suffer the weight or get buried by this black heartSweeping over the land, black heart
Crawling its way to the four corners of the world
Crawling its way to the four corners of the world

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