

Close Behind

Calexico

High atop radio towers
Sky darkens in the final hours
Marie wrings her praying hands
Don't see why the spirit won't understand

While lines are crossed
Hope's broken at the knees
And at a loss
The world's made of dust
And dust it will return
Sniper surveys the scene
Angel chorus won't intervene

Takes her child to the river's edge
And let's her go to the depths
Where dark waters flow
A singing tide
Pulls her to the edge and hypnotize

Samn any fool willing to believe
There's no hand behind any of this
What's it gonna take, force the cycle to break
And skut it down before it makes another round

Sworn in on an oath the lies
Swat away a halo of flies
Fast track vision deceives
The storm on the horizon