

## Writer's Minor Holiday

Calexico

Thumbtacks all spread out across your hometown state  
A hollow tree at half mast  
Wait until wintertime, leaves a paper trail  
And a licorice plant that's overgrown

Like a cabin in the woods on a minor  
Like a minor holiday

Wool rich, red plaid wool, Irish whiskey glass  
Here comes my fine bright haired lass  
Like a trash fire burning and burning it  
My heart could never write, the words never fail

And tucked under your cap  
And for a moment there's a stillness  
Before the room spins again  
A minor holiday, spin it again  
Ride it out so you can tell

Wasted on the weekend, making good time with my excuse  
Where the plot lines are like dead ends  
Floating in her eyes at the bottom of a well  
Floating in her eyes ride it out for a spell

On a minor holiday, transfer this weight  
On a minor holiday, transfer this weight  
Minor holiday, minor holiday  
Oh, minor holiday, going back and forth  
On a minor holi, minor holiday, a minor holiday