

Alejandro Escovedo, Sacramento & Polk

The moon is brighter than the sun
My shadow is longer at night as I drive your way
The trees hang from the branches
The moon hangs from the sky
Waters lies flat in the gutter
While a rose climbs up the staircase
And falls upon the landing
And falls upon the landing
And as I wonder where you are
I'm so lonesome, yeah I could cry

She really is breathtaking as she lies there softly sleeping
Undisturbed, and I wish,
And I wish my breath, my voice, my touch
Could awaken her
Yeah, awaken her again
I'm under a spell her name
Oh, I spell her name
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name

There really is no reason for the way that I am feeling
It could've been the weather
Or something less than that
I need to shed this old skin for something that's much lighter
Maybe different colors
Maybe not so tight
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name

It sings and it burns like a delicate veil
The pressure of her kiss
Feels like it's all over now
I never could jump from high enough
I never could jump from high enough
A third story jump ain't high enough
It's just a mess on Market St.
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name

Palo Alto Hotel at Sacramento & Polk
The neighbors spend their days
Washing their socks and staring out the windows
In a thiazine haze
They don't know what to do with their hands
They vaguely remember some plans
But that was so long
That was so long ago
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name
I'm under a spell her name
Yeah, I spell her name