

# Calexico, Gilbert

Gilbert works alone, late into the night  
dangling from a free way overpass  
he's welding rebar and sculpting concrete  
they're paving in the gap way out west  
in off in the distance, the sleepy city shines  
he raises his mask to take a look  
slip from the perch, still holding onto his torch  
i see him falling just like a burning star  
out of control  
and went drifting way off course  
and went drifting way off course  
waking up confused in a bed of thorn  
and a world turns upside down  
no questions asked, no party ever searched  
like a blip gilbert slips into a void  
a rustle nearby then a vision appears  
made from saguaro boots and rib  
grabs a hold of this prickly hand  
and together they stand  
walk on through the ruins of a world  
that lost control  
and went way off course  
drifting off its course