

Calexico, Low Expectations

When it's getting way too late
there's nothing on the slate
you've got to take another break
step out of the room
into the street lit by the moon

walk down to the tombs
open the windows
no one said that that time would come
to finish what's begun
things get done when they get done
there's no use in worry
for a heart that's in a hurry
hang the jury inside out to dry