

# Calexico, Sunken Walz

Washed my face in the rivers of empire  
made my bed from a cardboard crate  
down in the city of quartz  
no news, no new regrets  
tossed a susan b. over my shoulder  
and prayed it would rain and rain  
submerge the whole western states  
call it a last fair deal  
with an american seal  
and corporate hand shake  
take the story of carpenter mike  
dropped his tools and his keys and left  
and headed out as far as he could  
past the cities and gated neighborhoods  
he slept neath the stars  
wrote down what he dreamt  
and he built a machine  
for no one to see  
then took flight, first light  
of new morning