

Eno/Cale, Crime In The Desert

Crime and punishment in tuscon
Back to normal in the sun
Playing blackjack in the drive-in
Shooting snake-eyes in the mud
And when the moonlight came out, we were gone, long gone.
They found a body on the race-track;
No identifying signs
In his pocket was a notebook

With a number inside
And guadalajara's just a few miles down the line.
She adored the broken-hearted
And those who showed her a bad time
They didn't care for her body
They took advantage of her mind.
So they took her ideas and they left her behind.