

# Calexico, Close Behind

High atop radio towers  
sky darkens in the final hours  
marie, wrings her praying hands  
dont see why the spirit wont understand  
while lines are crossed  
hopes broken at the knees  
and at a loss  
the worlds made of dust  
and dust it will return  
sniper surveys the scene  
angel chorus wont intervene  
takes her child to the rivers edge  
and lets her-go to the depths  
where dark waters flow  
a singing tide  
pulls her to the edge and hypnotize  
samn any fool willing to believe  
theres no hand behind any of this  
whats it gonna take, force the cycle to break  
and skut it down before it makes another round  
sworn in on an oath the lies  
swat away a halo of flies  
fast track vision deceives  
the storm on the horizon  
close behind