

Calexico, Drenched

Riding through nostalgia, shaking memories by the mile
the city lights are closing in on him
the distance grows shorter for a while
he wonders what dreams fill her heart
and wonders if what they had could ever be sparked
"the roads never lead where they're supposed to go"
that's what he tells himself before he lets it go
out on the cold grey plain, sunken on the side of the road
the words bleed off the page, the letter becomes well-soaked
"no more turning backwards," he says, as he drives off in the rain
ventures on up through the colorades and settles under the rock
and pines, and stakes claim
still he wonders what what dreams fill her heart
and wonders if what they had could ever be sparked
the roads never lead where they're supposed to go
they just twist 'round and 'round the flame
the eyes closing, the heart retains
a bit of a spark before it fades away
that's where he gets lost and drifts off alone
and what he tells himself... "better let it go"