

Calexico, Fade

No one knows where the night can go
except for the few lovers
entangled and torn from the hour
the stars now are starting to leave
a silent moon begins to weep
and the lovers fall further and further
into the dark and deep
come morning, without warning
the absence of love's embrace
like winter's light, it creeps on in
and the moon's tears fade
he starts the car and is driving away
hearing her voice and tasting their last kiss
that sent them spinning and racing
the moon's glow lights the way
otherworldly underwater dreamscape
till a semi's headlights invade
come morning, without warning
the absence of love's embrace
like winter's light, it creeps on in
and the moon's sullen glow is fading
the glow is fading
the glow is fading
soul escaping
stars are leaving, the moon is weeping
soul escaping
soul escaping
racing through the night...
the glow is fading
the glow is fading