

Calexico, Half A Smidge

When the evening sun is setting low
Blinding you on your drive home
And the lanes of traffic all converge
Causing you to curse every other word
For to wish it all away

Daily grind's got your screw stripped
No can of wd40 can fix your situation
Seems to be losing steam

Dream's been dropped on credit cards
And false hope pumping out of your soul
Like oil in the gulf it's a dead end
Drive it further deep into the ground
Till the point's dull as your skull
And the same sun that you curse
Powers your hybrid heart home

If only this car would move half a smidge