

Calexico, Quattro (World Drifts In)

Love the run but not the race
all alone in a silent way
world drifts in and the worlds a stranger
in a light, eclipsed and alienated
in a time, occupied and invaded
cant tell whats right, better hit the ground running
in the hills where the tall weed grows
hands are tied and wont let go
cant escape this place without leaving the world behind
in a light, ashamed and humiliated
in a time, sacrificed for the sake of trade
the soul is bent, feels the weight of truth
falling through
left behind, no choice but to run to the mountains
where no poppies grow, you have to hit the ground running
in a light, paralyzed and spirits fading
out of time, must decide to fall or run
into the eye, of the storm no sign or omen
make it right, or fall to the other side
where fields are burning
from the day youre born
youll always hit the ground running