

# Calexico, Service And Repair

On the outskirts of expansion  
looking out from blueprint peak  
the flow is flooding of urban settlers  
panning through rivers running dry  
numbers roll on in  
smiling a lottery grin  
a sadness blurs the eye  
it's just a matter of time before they're moving on  
it's just a matter of time before they're moving on  
doesn't take much time for plans to go wrong  
and chase another ghost of a chance  
in the shadows of chain-store ghost towns  
where no one walks the streets at night  
a silent nation hooked on medication  
stares into a blue flickering light  
the young drift off alone  
and the old are whisked away  
and prospects keep looking up  
but the line's getting longer on the lost highway  
the line's getting longer on the superstition highway  
doesn't take much time for plans to go astray  
and chase another ghost of a chance  
they say deep down inside, lie properties of a healing kind  
if so it'd better come around soon  
and do a little bit of service and repair  
do a little bit of service and repair  
do a little more service and repair  
doesn't take much time for plans to change  
and offer up another chance  
for a little bit more service and repair  
do a little bit of service and repair  
doesn't take much time for plans to change  
and offer up another chance  
at sewing the dream better suited for both soul and soil