

Calexico, Sonic Wind

Sonic wind, honing in, on a tune that no one can hear
perfect pitch, simple glitch, promises it would never appear
in the skies (disguised)
change in direction where birds never fly nor roam
lie 'neath green valleys and wait for the call to come
firetail bats, poised to attack
to set ablaze the rafters and the roofs
until the plan leaves the hand
burns the site down to the ground
through the ground
craters are carving and wounds are left to weep
sink to the table filtering through the years
closing behind the nightmarish fears that run deep
down in green valleys wait for the call to come
when it's all over and the empty quarter
returns to the emptiness again
5000 miles over airplane graveyards
landmass oceans wide. over continents
a sonic wind honing in on a tune no one can hear
perfect pitch, simple glitch, promises
over the skies - in disguise
change in direction
a sonic wind is blowing
and the fire it is burning
down in green valleys where birds never fly nor roam
over airplane graveyards, wait for the call to come
and the sonic wind is whistling