

The News About William

Calexico

Four In the morning the sidewalk's asleep
Dogs on the porch and spiders on the leaf
Shipwrecked by night, sailing through days
Nobody noticed the slipping away

Connecting the dots with thorns In his side
Boarded up the windows with pain and with pride
The music box broken that once was his soul
It's sad little song spinning out of control

The came the storm that washed the roads out
Close both his eyes and pointed straight south
Second line drums marched into the sea
While the clouds overhead cried mutiny

They parted for Cathy and her bitter news
As her words failed, the sky grew dim
Recalled how close to that exit I've been

Ours not to reply, ours not to reason why
Well, the news about William
The lifeline retreats, the desire for the breeze
The thorns in his side