

End Of The Night

Calexico

End of the night, end of the book
Veered off the road where nobody looks
Written in the clouds, whispers underground
If it all disappears, if it dare turn around

And there's nothing anyone can say
That can prepare you when they take you away
Rolling down Main Street in the Sunday stitches
Where another one goes

Tell me a lie, tell me the truth
Wrap it with ribbons, tight like a noose
A gift for the judge and the hangman as well
Some are bent on heaven but here's where we dwell

Someone in the land between the lands
Where all our hope stumbles or stands
Vanish before we make our move
There's another one gone

The longer you stay around
The more you feel alone
All my friends are shadows
Stretching past the city limits
All running from the rising sun

And there's nothing anyone can say
That can prepare you when they take you away
Saturday's dreams buried on Monday's stitches
There's the way the story goes