

Gilbert

Calexico

Gilbert works alone, late into the night
dangling from a free way overpass
he's welding rebar and sculpting concrete
they're paving in the gap way out west
in off in the distance, the sleepy city shines
he raises his mask to take a look
slip from the perch, still holding onto his torch
i see him falling just like a burning star
out of control
and went drifting way off course
and went drifting way off course
waking up confused in a bed of thorn
and a world turns upside down
no questions asked, no party ever searched
like a blip gilbert slips into a void
a rustle nearby then a vision appears
made from saguaro boots and rib
grabs a hold of this prickly hand
and together they stand
walk on through the ruins of a world
that lost control
and went way off course
drifting off its course