

## Half A Smidge

Calexico

When the evening sun is setting low  
Blinding you on your drive home  
And the lanes of traffic all converge  
Causing you to curse every other word  
For to wish it all away

Daily grind's got your screw stripped  
No can of wd40 can fix your situation  
Seems to be losing steam

Dream's been dropped on credit cards  
And false hope pumping out of your soul  
Like oil in the gulf it's a dead end  
Drive it further deep into the ground  
Till the point's dull as your skull  
And the same sun that you curse  
Powers your hybrid heart home

If only this car would move half a smidge