

# Letter to Bowie Knife

Calexico

Everyday on my way home  
The clouds would break and the angels  
Would sing their refrain

This world's an ungodly place  
Strangled by vines unchaste  
So with my shining blade of steel  
I would cut a path wide

Dipped in the ink of the fight  
Written clean through the night  
Mark my words upon the front page  
To set my world straight

It's too late, it's too late  
It's too late, it's too late  
Just like i found it, my world is split  
Right down the spine

Years bled dry now ripe for a reckoning  
My blade's back slash beckoning  
Slice my wounds and i make the sign one more time

Come on. Come on. Come home. Come home  
Yeah it's too late, it's too late  
It's too late, to refrain...refrain...refrain...

Did those angels ever sing?  
Sliced my world in two