

Service and Repair

Calexico

On the outskirts of expansion
Looking out from blueprint peak
The flow is flooding of urban settlers
Panning through rivers running dry

Numbers roll on in
Smiling a lottery grin
A sadness blurs the eye

It's just a matter of time before they're moving on
It's just a matter of time before they're moving on
Doesn't take much time for plans to go wrong

And chase another ghost of a chance
In the shadows of chain-store ghost towns
Where no one walks the streets at night
A silent nation hooked on medication
Stares into a blue flickering light

The young drift off alone
And the old are whisked away
And prospects keep looking up

But the line's getting longer on the lost highway
The line's getting longer on the superstition highway
Doesn't take much time for plans to go astray
And chase another ghost of a chance

They say deep down inside,
Lie properties of a healing kind
If so it'd better come around soon
And do a little bit of service and repair

Do a little bit of service and repair
Do a little more service and repair
Doesn't take much time for plans to change

And offer up another chance
For a little bit more service and repair
Do a little bit of service and repair
Doesn't take much time for plans to change

And offer up another chance
At sewing the dream better suited for both soul and soil