

Tapping on the Line

Calexico

Someone's messing with the machines
They've been left out in the rain
Well it's strange to come back free of any rust
Dares you to explain
Could you speak a little more clearly on the line

Cold wind keeps blowing from the east
Trans-Atlantic crossings coming to a freeze
I'm in exile with a sign that reads
No one can tell which side of the street
Would I stand a little closer to the line

No one can tell which side to claim
Could you speak a little more clearly once again
Speak a little clearly on the line

Indian summer, cold war skies
Nervous drummers on overbooked flights
Well the chaos grows stronger on the superstition flyway
Looks like we're spinning up tonight
Could you step a little closer to the line

Splitting heart and mind, broken circuit by design
Well the demand for arms is goin' through the roof
The scientists are forced to work in the maze
While they tap tap tap tap tapping on the line
Could you speak a little clearly one more time
While you tap tap tap tap tapping on the line