

## The News About William

Calexico

Four In the morning the sidewalk's asleep  
Dogs on the porch and spiders on the leaf  
Shipwrecked by night, sailing through days  
Nobody noticed the slipping away

Connecting the dots with thorns In his side  
Boarded up the windows with pain and with pride  
The music box broken that once was his soul  
It's sad little song spinning out of control

The came the storm that washed the roads out  
Close both his eyes and pointed straight south  
Second line drums marched into the sea  
While the clouds overhead cried mutiny

They parted for Cathy and her bitter news  
As her words failed, the sky grew dim  
Recalled how close to that exit I've been

Ours not to reply, ours not to reason why  
Well, the news about William  
The lifeline retreats, the desire for the breeze  
The thorns in his side