

Refreshments, The "Nada"

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I see the lightning
From the storm down in Mexico
And I see my speedometer doesn't work
I cross the desert
And Disappear into the tumbleweeds
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

I hear the thunder
From the storm down in Mexico
And I leave the border far behind
I feel the dust to coat my teeth
And turn my sweat to mud
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

There ain't no moral to this story at all
And Anything I tell you
Very well could be a lie
I've Been away from the livin'
I Don't need to be forgivin'
I'm just waiting for that cold black soul of mine
to come alive.

I feel the wind blow
From the storm down in Mexico
Gasoline for another hundred miles
I cross the river
And leave my shoes up on the other side
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

And There ain't no moral to this story at all
And Anything I tell you
Very well could be a lie
I've Been away from the livin'
I Don't need to be forgivin'
I'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked soul of
mine
to come alive

Come Alive...

Well, I feel the rain drops

From the storm down in Mexico
Truck will go no further
Out of gas
I walk through the desert
past a lizard and a rattlesnake
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

There ain't no moral to this story at all
And anything I tell you
Very well could be a lie
Well, There ain't no morals to these stories at all
And everything I tell you, you can bet will be a lie
I've Been away from the livin'
I Don't need to be forgivin'
I'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked numb-
inside soul of mine
to come alive

Come Alive...Come Alive...Come Alive...

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