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Calexico "Ghostwriter"

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Dying of thirst, could I still be alive or worse Where was I last, parked on the street when a shadow Was cast Taking me out, a struggle ensued What was that hole in my shirt and the blood that Spilled to the floor Like a dead man's

Focus is blurred and a voice off camera is heard The lighting's to blame, tell the assistant director The same Pulling away to a final dissolve Soundtrack provides a lush bed of strings Before the screen fades to black And the credits rise above like the soul of A dead man

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