

## Calexico "Spokes"

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Started talking  
To a couple of wedded strangers  
Sitting down on motorcycles  
Who passed on the highway

Stepped into  
The service station  
Took a piss, got water  
Bought fuel to ride

Blood is flowing  
And mountains are blurring  
There is something stirring  
Way down inside

Barely know  
My homebase home  
Seems I'm rarely there  
For any share of time  
The neighborhood's the same  
They all remember my name  
Holding no reservations  
The newness is wearing in

Checked my eyes to see if they had spokes  
See if they are moving  
See if they had spokes  
See if there is somewhere else to ride

Barely know  
My airbase home  
Seems I'm rarely there  
For any share of time

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