

## Calexico

### "Windjammer"

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The windjammer's pickin' up, with the old man's  
Virginia Blend,  
Cuttin' to the quick, with his navy cut.  
Hoping that no one will take notice of the ragged dirt  
on his shirt sleeve.

He wants a song, to practice his drinking,  
The girl with the jukebox voice.  
Lost in the memory but caught in the riptide.  
Undertow... overload.

Bale on my job, slip on my ship,  
Drown beneath the surface,  
Fall to the wreckage, get snapped on a line,  
With crayfish and bottom dwellers.

Dreams of the thinkers, the expert drinkers,  
And the wave of new regulars rollin' in.  
Come close, stand near, let me hear what you hear.

Put one down,  
Put one down,  
Put one down,  
Put one down.

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