

Refreshments

"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 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
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie
I've been away from the living, I don't need to be
forgiven
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

There ain't no moral to this story at all
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie
Been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven
I'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked soul of
mine
To come alive

Come alive, yeah

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 the lizard and
rattlesnake
I tip the bottle and bite the lime

There ain't no moral to this story at all
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie
There ain't no morals to these stories at all

And everything I tell you, you can bet will be a lie
I been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven
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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