

Alejandro Escovedo

"Bottom Of The World"

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Austin's changed, it's true
Show me what hasn't
Tonight the tv's throwing colors on the wall
As watches cities of the world reduced to ashes
From where I sit, at the bottom of the world
Oh, there used to be a phone booth
Down here on every corner
He used to call me up just to say my name
But now anybody get is a busy signal
No I can't call home, from the bottom of the world
She said, hey ...paper boy
Don't you think it's time you delivered
I said say the word, your wish is my command

You may think you know all there is to know about me
You might think the beast is in the cage
But everything you see is just an illusion
It's about to get real, at the bottom of the world
Oh, hey little boy, little boy you look a little frightened
For these awful kind of streets for walking alone
So why don't you get yourself home back to Houston
I don't think you're ready, for the bottom of the world
No I don't think you're ready, for the bottom of the
world.

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