

CALEXICO

Edge of
the Sun



Calexico is:

Joey Burns – vocals, guitars, banjo, piano, organ, harmonica, cello, congas, accordion, shaker, ukelele, bass

John Convertino – drums, percussion

Jacob Valenzuela – trumpet, vocals

Sergio Mendoza – mellotron strings, percussion, piano, organ, backing vocals, vibes, guitar, vihuela, accordion, ukelele

Ryan Alfred – upright & electric bass, synth, ambient guitar, vocals

Jairo Zavala – guitar, bass

Martin Wenk – trumpet, synth, vibes

Paul Niehaus – pedal steel

Falling from the Sky

Well I dreamt you were playing an old guitar from a five 'n dime,
there was a song trapped inside, with the sweetest tune
you said, "too sad to sing"

Where do you fall when you have nowhere to go
where do you go when you have no one to see
what do you see when you have nothing to feel
what do you feel when you're all alone

The song circled 'round and around
like a bird lost inside a cloud
cut off from the stars and their guiding lights
not sure which way's up or down anymore

Where do you fall when you have nowhere to go
where do you go when you have no one to see
what do you see when you have nothing to feel
what do you feel when you're all alone

Tired of waiting, clouds will be breaking, soon you'll escape them
someday we'll find our place in the sky

Bullets & Rocks

The days are growing short
patience wearing thin
blackouts and broken trust
leading to exodus
the future's built on bullets and rocks

They'll search, they'll save
they'll find it one day
there's work to do
and mouths to feed

Why can't you see
this plaintiff plea
the future's starved
the families disappear
to the dark cover of night

No fear, no harm was meant
the smuggler joked
and down they went
the devil's highway
disguised as a cloud of dust and smoke

Narcos and feds
are all intertwined
you can leave your valuables here
with me he smiled

A future's promised to you
wrapped in their words without truth
echoes in a labyrinth of solitude
security built a lie, a wall
wrapped round and around fortitude

Bullets and rocks
A future's promised to you

By Joey Burns, John Burns

Vocals: Ben Bridwell

Percussion: Chris Schultz

Add'l recording by Ben Bridwell in the Garbage with assistance from Bill

Reynolds, and at Fresno Estudio in Coyoacán by José "El Niño" Márquez

By Joey Burns, John Convertino, John Burns

Vocals: Sam Beam (Appears courtesy of Black Crickett Records)

Jalisco harp: Adrian Perez

Add'l recording at Sam's house in South Carolina

When the Angels Played

You were looking for silver, looking for gold
you never did feel the wind turning cold
you always said you didn't need that much anymore

You were carrying the weight of the world
running around with all that pain
so you never did feel my hand in the rain

You were dreaming deep down in the night
dreaming all of your days
you never did wake when the angels played

There was fire in the tunnel fire in the wash
and the ringing of the bells
you never did wake when the angels played

Maybe you'll find your silver
maybe you'll find your gold
maybe we'll meet again on the road sometime

Storm in December storm in July
I was standing in the door
when you said goodbye
you never did wake when the angels played

There was fire in the tunnel
fire in the wash
and the ringing of the bells
you never did wake when the angels played

Well maybe you'll find your silver
maybe you'll find your gold
maybe we'll meet somewhere down the road

Storm in December storm in July
I was standing in the door
when you said goodbye
you never did wake when the angels played

Tapping on the Line

Someone's messing with the machines
they've been left out in the rain
well it's strange to come back free of any rust
dares you to explain
could you speak a little more clearly on the line

Cold wind keeps blowing from the east
trans-Atlantic crossings coming to a freeze
I'm in exile with a sign that reads
no one can tell which side of the street
would I stand a little closer to the line

No one can tell which side to claim
could you speak a little more clearly once again
speak a little clearly on the line

Indian summer, cold war skies
nervous drummers on overbooked flights
well the chaos grows stronger on the superstition flyway
looks like we're spinning up tonight
could you step a little closer to the line

Splitting heart and mind, broken circuit by design
well the demand for arms is goin' through the roof
the scientists are forced to work in the maze
while they tap tap tap tapping on the line
could you speak a little clearly one more time
while you tap tap tap tapping on the line

Cumbia de Donde

I'm not from here, I'm not from there
where am I going should I care
when will I get there can't really say
I'm in the moment and I'm on my way
I'm on my way

From D.F. and Guanajuato
East Los Angeles and Hermosillo
going to Chiapas, Magdalena
I'm in the moment and I'm on my way
I'm on my way

Hay muchas tierras
que nunca he visto
son mil canciones
que no he cantado

Todas las rutas
desierto azul
me lleva a ti
o a la nada

Starting in Sonora, down to Oaxaca
trouble in Tijuana and San Diego
Mexicali and San Francisco
Juarez, El Paso I'm on my way
I'm on my way

Yo quiero llegar
a esa tierra linda
que esta mas alla
donde hay una sonrisa
a bailar la cumbia "Candela, candela"
a bailar la cumbia "Que quema, que quema"

By Joey Burns, Pieta Brown

Vocals: Pieta Brown

Pedal steel: Greg Leisz

Add'l recording at Fresno Estudio in Coyoacán by José "El Niño" Márquez,

Earth Tone Studio in Iowa City, Iowa by John Svec,

and at EMP in North Hollywood by Lynne Earls

By Joey Burns, John Burns

Vocals: Neko Case (Appears courtesy of Anti Records)

Add'l vocals: Steff Koeppen

By Joey Burns, Sergio Mendoza

Vocals: Amparo Sanchez

Add'l vocals: Chris Schultz, Isaac Rodriguez

Add'l recording at Studio La Panchita in Barcelona, Spain by Gerard Casajus

Miles from the Sea

Finding fossils on the hillside
while the sun strikes him down to his knees
where his great grandfather's sweat
swallowed up left for dust

Just to escape push the pain to right
sketches a wave in the soil
one drop on his dry, dry lips
fore he goes inflamed and insane

Dreams about swimming
miles away from the sea
dreams about swimming
and the moon brings him back
dreams about swimming
miles away from the sea
while the moon stems the tide in his heart

Cast iron and recall
the ore pouring deep in the vein
as the years of searing heat, 'till all is just salt
that is left in the bed where he sleeps

Dreams about swimming
miles away from the sea
dreams about swimming
though he's miles from the sea
dreams about falling
from the sky through the sea
dreams about drowning
while the moon looks away

History unheard
silent like the waves
a graveyard for the giants
that was his eye, dry is his heart

Dreams about swimming
miles away from the sea
dreams about swimming
though he's miles from the sea
dreams about falling
from the sky through the sea
while the moon lays out a bed
of bones to call home

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, John Burns
Vocals: Gaby Moreno (Appears courtesy of Metamorfosis Enterprises Limited)
Strings: Tom Hagerman
Add'l recording at Winslow Court Studios in Los Angeles by Craig Parker Adams*

Coyoacán

(Instrumental)

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, Sergio Mendoza
Jalisco harp: Adrian Perez
Guitarraón: Antonio Pro
Strings: Tom Hagerman
Add'l recording at Fresno Estudio in Coyoacán by José "El Niño" Márquez*

Beneath the City of Dreams

Venom from the dealer pulls you underground
fortune bleeds out lucky streaks can snap
all plans have their flaws sewn
into the map to the city of dreams

You sleep in the car with your getaway schemes
trusted saints patrolling the walls
deep in the chambers outside the vaults
searched for a sound echoes concrete
might lead for a way out
beneath the city of dreams

El camino escondido en la ciudad del sueño
perdido en sus calles lo busco en mis recuerdos

He looked in her eyes one last time
then crossed his heart
memories of a tunnel lined with gold
but no one believes in the cards they hold
coroner's crying to an empty crowd
the devil's laughing to himself out loud
beneath the city of dreams

El camino escondido en la ciudad del sueño
perdido en sus calles, lo busco en mis recuerdos

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, Sergio Mendoza, John Burns, Jairo Zavala
Vocals: Gaby Moreno (Appears courtesy of Metamorfosis Enterprises Limited)
Add'l recording at Fresno Estudio in Coyoacán by José "El Niño" Márquez*

Woodshed Waltz

You let go the wheel and turned off the lights
fell out from the world and looking
for something to ignite
I saw you breathing in the questions
that were clouding up your soul
trailing you back to the road

Changing your disguise but keeping the crown
like a box full of letters you drag
from town to town

All the leaves that you scatter
so that no one can guess your next move
now no one is searching for you
and your refrain
making good promise again
well it might take us some time
better woodshed for a while
pack it all up there's no use in waiting all day
in hopes that you'll come back to stay

All the leaves that you scatter
so that no one can guess your next move
still no one is searching for you
and your refrain
making good promise again
well it might take us some time
better woodshed for a while
you'll drive back again
and I'll still be your friend
pack it all up for there's no use in waiting all day
hoping that something might change

Leave the box full of letters in the rain

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, John Burns
Guitar: Greg Leisz
Add'l recording at EMP in North Hollywood by Lynne Earls*

Moon Never Rises

I'm lying in my room
back's against the wall
the voices in my head
playing with my heart

They say the drink won't drown you
smoke won't burn your eyes
idle hands are the devil's playthings
now the world starts to fall

Moon never rises
stars don't shine
walking thru the darkness
until these days of sorrow pass on by

Outside birds are singing
flowers start to bud
the vines have nearly covered
the place we used to rest

Forgotten and forsaken
the day my lover left
sweeping up the ashes
scattered by the wind

Moon never rises
stars don't shine
walking thru the darkness
until these days of sorrow pass on by

Sin amor la luna no brilla en mí

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino
Vocals: Carla Morrison (Appears courtesy of Carla Morrison/Musica/Cosmica Records)
Add'l recording at Black Diamond Studio
in Mexico City by Alejandro Jimenez*

World Undone

Crying for three days
now your eyes are red and tired
you can't sleep for three days
now you're waiting for tenderness to come
you're waiting for tenderness to come
now you're waiting for tenderness to come

With a red bird on the branch
and a cactus wren in the thorns
red bird on the branch
now your world's coming undone
you're waiting for tenderness to come

Can't trust in this anymore
still waiting on the fence
so many times before
what keeps you here anymore
when things fall apart
now your world's coming undone
now your world's coming undone

Now you're waiting for tenderness to come

*By Joey Burns
Lute, bouzouki: Thomas Konstantinou of Takim
Traditional violin: Yorgos Marinakis of Takim
Moog bass: Craig Schumacher
Add'l recording at Lizard Sound in Athens Greece by Dimitris Karpouzas*

Follow the River

Shadows are calling, and I've been down all day
The city's asleep but my mind keeps running astray
I dream of you in the falling rain

Still have the wounds that the sun won't ever heal
Surrounded by the emptiness of everything, everyone

I'm not giving up, I'm getting there
No I can't give up yet, I'm getting there

Swallowed by ambition with a heart full of lies
'till I followed the river and found my way back to you

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, Sergio Mendoza, John Burns
Vocals: Nick Urata
Add'l recording at Nick's house in Los Angeles*

Calavera

In my younger days devil call my name
dealt me my cards, saw through my game
it wasn't enough to keep me in line
now here I am spending all my time

On the other side trying to make it up
on the other side never could wake up
bring back to life all the years I tried
now here I am nearly half alive

On the other side faraway from home
on the other side living all alone
while the world's gone wrong... calavera
gone wrong... calavera
while the world's gone wrong... calavera
keep sleep walking back... calavera

on the other side going outta my head
another lost soul like I was dead
I found a skull and it called my name
no world of good could bring you back again
while your world's still gone wrong...
while the world's gone wrong
keep sleep walking back

Black cat crawls, arrows fall
St Augustine's bell ringing down the hall
lovers leap by the light of the moon
All soul's day is looming and it's coming round soon
to calavera... calavera

While the world's gone wrong... calavera
calavera... calavera
devil call my name... calavera... calavera
while the world's gone wrong... calavera... calavera
devil call my name... calavera

*By Joey Burns, Sergio Mendoza
Add'l recording at Sergio's studio in Tucson*

Roll Tango

Father cried that hot summer day
playing the accordion
always making the crowds weep
grandfather stumbles as he passes the hat around
collecting the coins from each and every one
enjoy the sound of a broken heart

When the arrow flies
"splits" the apple of your eyes
Watch the strong man turn aside and flinch
not knowing that outside the camp
something wicked on its way
like a line of blood
in the palm reader's hand

There's no escape from a sideshow fate
no escape from a sideshow fate
there's no escape from a sideshow fate
enjoy the taste of a broken rule

There's no escape from a sideshow life

Card tricks with passports
and the deck stacked against us
no one sees the mermaid crying in her tank

Behold the circus in the capitol
perform their pickpocket spectacle
sentenced to a tightrope life
we don't know the net's been sold

Under the spell of a gypsy's curse
Under the spell of a gypsy's curse
Under the spell of a gypsy's curse
Under the spell of a gypsy's curse

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, John Burns
Vocals: Eric Burdon (appears courtesy of E Records)
Lute, bouzouki, cümbüş, oud: Thomas Konstantinou of Takim
Kanonaki: Panagiotis Dimitrakopoulos of Takim
Traditional violin: Yorgos Marinakis of Takim
Add'l recording at Brotheryn Studios in Ojai, CA by Eric Boulanger and Jason
Mariani, and at Lizard Sound Studio in Athens, Greece by Dimitris Karpouzas*

Rosco y Pancetta

(Instrumental)

*By Sergio Mendoza, Joey Burns, John Convertino
Jalisco harp: Adrian Perez
Guitarrón: Antonio Pro
Strings: Tom Hagerman
Add'l recording at Fresno Estudio in Coyoacán by José "El Niño" Márquez*

Volviendo

Cuando yo era niño mi madre me llevaba a ver los trenes, que
fueron desapareciendo más allá hacia el norte de la mariquita y al
este de la sierra de los Ajos.

Yo soñaba con que algún día me gustaría dejar mi casa, viajar a
todo el mundo, y a ver la vida desde las alturas de las nubes como
el águila ve el mundo a continuidad. Cuanto más rápido corría, más
he visto y he vistó más, menos me di cuenta de la diferencias entre
personas y lugares. Todavía hay amor, aun hay miedo, todavía hay
guerra, y a través de todo esto no hay que perder la esperanza, que
es lo que me hace regresar a ese lugar donde comencé mi viaje.

sintomas
alivio
brujo
curandero
alma del alma duende del duende
pajaritos, derrumbes y jicuri
niños de la tierra
piedra
rio
sierra
cerro y montaña
esta cosas son reales para mi
ellos me hablan y yo escucho

*By Joey Burns, John Convertino, Sergio Mendoza
Vocals: Salvador Duran
Add'l recording at Estudio Fresno in Coyoacán by José "El Niño" Marquez*

Esperanza

Dejé, los pies en mis sueños
y vi que pude volar y decir una verdad

Otra vez en la fresca mañana
Despidiendo las sombras
las que me dieron fuerza al andar
me abrigan y se van, y se van

Debo hacer cuando pueda y llegar
a un nuevo encuentro
un claro amanecer de sol
promesas que se van, que se van

Son mi sueños que me hacen sentir
que a un sigo vivo
y nada detendrá mi andar
nada detendrá, no pararé

Son historias que siempre escuché
cuando estaba creciendo
pero absurdo acusé suponer
que era solo el edén de leyes y fé

Let It Slip Away

I used to hold her close to my chest
she said she'd stay till the end of days
but I lost my mind
I treated her so unkind
I let it slip away

Once I had rivers running free
and canyons to wander everyday
Skies so blue
took for granted and never knew

Until I let it slip away
I let it all slip away

Well I lost my mind
I treated her so unkind
I let it all slip away

Love will find you
turn your world around
when you least expect and won't let go
even the reckless and cold, cold hearted
can't escape without a mark

If you're standing with your true love
find the path, don't let it go
for you'll surely be
another fool in misery
If you let it all slip away
If you let it slip away
If you let it all slip away

Produced by Joey Burns, Sergio Mendoza, Craig Schumacher,
and John Convertino
Recorded by Chris Schultz at Wavelab Studio
Mixed by Craig Schumacher at Wavelab Studio
Mastered by JJ Golden at Golden Mastering

Joey Burns: Lunada Bay/BMG Chrysalis (BMI)
John Convertino: Good Clean Dirt/BMG Chrysalis (BMI)
John Burns: Words Fail Music/BMG Chrysalis (BMI)
Sergio Mendoza: McNab Music/Modern Works Music Publishing (BMI)
Pieta Brown: Woo Jones Music (BMI)
Jairo Zavala: EMI Publishing Music Spain
Jacob Valenzuela: Bacobampo Music/BMG/ Chrysalis (BMI)
Salavdor Duran: Hedai Music (BMI)

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Booking (Europe): Rob Challice at Coda
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In memory of Charles Bowden.

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By Jacob Valenzuela, Salvador Duran
Guitarrón: Antonio Pro
Vocals: Jacob Valenzuela & Salvador Duran

By Joey Burns
Vocals: Hollie Fullbrook (appears courtesy of Spunk Records)
Add'l recording at a home studio in Brooklyn NY by Fen Ikner