

# Letter To Bowie Knife

[Calexico](#)

Everyday on my way home  
The clouds would break  
And the angels would sing their refrain  
This world's an ungodly place  
Strangled by vines unchaste  
So with my shining blade of steel  
I would cut a path wide  
Dipped in the ink of the fight  
Written clean through the night  
Mark my words upon the front page  
To set my vision straight  
It's too late, it's too late  
(It's too late)  
It's too late, too late, too late  
(It's too late)  
Too late, it's too late, too late  
(It's too late)  
Too late  
Just like I found it  
My world is split right down the spine  
Years bled dry, ripe for a reckoning  
My blade's back slash beckoning  
Slice my wounds  
And I make the sign one more time  
Come on, come on  
Come home, come home  
Yeah, it's too late, it's too late  
(It's too late)  
Too late, it's too late to refrain  
(It's too late)  
Refrain, it's too late  
Did those angels ever sing?  
Sliced my world in two

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>