

Williams Dar**"Southern California Wants To Be Western New York"**

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There's a part of the country could drop off tomorrow
in an earthquake,
Yeah it's out there on the cutting edge, the people
move, the sidewalks
shake.
And there's another part of the country with a land that
gently creaks
and thuds,
Where the heavy snows make the faucets leak in
bathrooms with
free-standing tubs.
They're in houses that are haunted, with the kids who
lie awake and
think about
All the generations past who used to use that dripping
sink.

And sometimes one place wants to slip into the other
just to see
What it's like to trade its demons for the restless ghost
of Miss
Oglivey.
She used to pick the mint from her front yard to dress
the Sunday pork,
Sometimes southern California wants to be western
New York.

It wants to have a family business in sheet metal or
power tools,
It wants to have a diner where the coffee tastes like
diesel fuel,
And it wants to find the glory of a town they say has hit
the skids,
And it wants to have a snow day that will turn its
parents into kids,
And its embarrassed, but it's lusting after a SUNY
student with mousy
brown hair who is
Taking out the compost, making coffee in long
underwear.

And southern California says to save a place, I'll meet
you there,
And it tried to pack up its Miata, all it could fit was a
prayer,
Sometimes the stakes are bogus, sometimes the fast
lane hits a fork,
Sometimes southern California wants to be western
New York.

Tempe, Arizona thinks the Everglades are greener and
wetter,
And Washington, D.C. thinks that Atlanta integrated
better,
But I think that southern California has more pain than
we can say,
Cause it wants to travel back in time, but it just can't
leave L.A.

But now I hear they've got a theme park planned,
designed to make you
gasp and say,
Oh, I bet that crumbling mill town was a booming mill
town in its day,
And the old investors scoff at this, but the young ones
hope they'll
take a chance,
And they promise it will make more dough than Mickey
Mouse in northern
France,
And the planners planned an opening day, a town
historian will host,
And the waitresses look like waitresses who want to
leave for the west
coast.

And they'll have puttering on rainy weekends, autumn
days that make you
feel sad,
They'll have hundred year old plumbing and the family
you never had,
And a Hudson River clean-up concert and a bundle-
bearing stork,
And I hear they've got a menu planned, its tres western
New York.

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