

## **Flash And The Pan "California"**

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Up above the sunny skies in south California  
There's a wounded rocket flying high, heading  
homeward  
It came from a hollow, under a hill  
And soon there'll be nobody left to kill  
In California

Last night captain Black went dancing at the Whiskey A-  
Go-Go  
When a well-known groupie knocked him back, busted  
his ego  
Stoned out of his head, he crawled off to bed  
The following morning he went to the pad

The missile was standing pointing to the skies of  
California

The red balloon was flying high, watching the weather  
Captain Black was trying hard to get it together  
Immediate names came into his brain  
A rocket from China, a Russian plane  
He pushed the wrong button and soon there'll be no  
place called  
California

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