

Grass Roots

"Pride Of Cucamonga"

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Out on the edge of an empty highway, howling at the
blood on the moon,
Big diesel mack truck rolling down my way, cant hit that
border too soon.
Running hard out of muskrat flats, it was sixty days or
double life,
Hail on my back like a shotgun blast, high wind chimes
in the night.

Oh, oh the pride of cucamonga, oh, oh bitter olives in
the sun,
Oh, oh I had me some lovin, and I done some time.

Since I came down from oregon, theres a lesson or two
Ive learned
By standing in the road alone, standing watching the
fires burn.
The northern sky it stinks with greed, you can smell it
for miles around,
Good ole boys in the greystone hotel, sitting doing that
git on down.

Oh, oh the pride of cucamonga, of, of silver apples in
the sun,

I see your silver shining town, but I know I cant go there

--

Your streets run deep with poisoned wine, your
doorways crawl with fear.
So I think Ill drift for ol where its at, where the weed
grows green and fine
And wrap myself around a bush of that bright, whoa,
on oaxaca vine.

Yes, its me, Im the pride of cucamonga, I can see
golden forests in the sun.

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