

Mickey Newbury

"Earthquake"

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On his mountain there sits a long,
Gray-bearded, ancient hermit.
Sadly starin' at the caption,
In the San Mateo Times.
It reads, "Today the prophets,
All agree that California
Is to be swallowed in,
The twinkling of an eye."

He goes thumbnin' through his growin',
Stack of half-unfinished rhymes.
Till he finds the one he once submitted,
To the New York Times.
They just laughed at him and said,
"You senile, wino, drunk, old fool,
Get outta here,
You must have lost your mind."

So he went back to his mountain,
Where he began to pray.
He prayed for those in ingrorance,
Who would treat a man that way.
For the truth will fall like his mountain, Lawd,
On all that have grown deaf.
The day the world is swallowed up,
And California's left.

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