

Quasi "California"

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Life is full, life is grey:
At it's best it's just OK
But I'm happy to report
Life is also short
So I find myself back in California -
I'm a coolie for the tourists,
Those happy Epicureans:
Evil spectres from my own suburban upbringing
As I reveal points of interest, I can chat so pleasantly,
But it's hard to be cheerful when you feel so hopeless
And there's no reason for this dark mood
It will pass; it will return, but will I ever learn
And the children of privilege begging for my spare
change
Do they need my assistance to purchase their
intoxicants,
Or would they best be served a swift kick
Slowly sinking in the vast ambivalent sea of California

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