

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

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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 faucets leak in  
bathrooms with free-standing tubs.  
They're in houses that are haunted, the with 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 it's demons for the restless ghost  
of mrs. ogilvey,  
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 it's  
parents into kids,  
And it's 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 it's 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 that  
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 it's 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, it's trÃ©s  
western new york.

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