

Ed Hale

"Thoughts of California"

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In the cold mist of the morning I went walking from my bed
I could hear the sparrows calling from the branches overhead
And darkness still was creeping over that aquatic sky
Then I thought of California but I still can't figure why
The military officers who parade my city block
They are gazing through the windows
In a state of dread and shock

But you will not be shadowed girl you know we can't just die
And I thought of California then as I stopped to touch the sky
Your father is a senator your mother is the chief
They brand you as a sinner so that they can play the priest
At the closing of the curtain at the breaking of the dawn
Everybody feels for certain that we've all done something wrong

But you shall not be crucified, you shall not be tamed
Everybody just wants to survive in a world consumed in blame
As we head to California with our suitcase full of shame

California
As the light crawls into the atmosphere like a child upon its knees
We stare through arching windows and watch the world move underneath
To the waltz of early morning to the splitting of the skies
Then I thought of California but I still can't figure why

But we shall not be crucified we shall not be tamed
Everybody just wants to survive in a world so filled in blame
As we head to California with our suitcase full of shame
California

