

## Phil Ochs "Tape from California"

Visit "[Tape from California](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

E

Who's that coming down the road

D A

A sailor from the sea

D F#m

He looks a lot like me

E G E

I'd know him anywhere, had to stare

Feathers at his fingertips

D A

A halo 'round his spine

D F#m

He must have lost his mind

E G

He should be put away, right away

C#m

In the corner of the night

D Bm

He handed me his waterpipe

F#m Bm E

His eyes were searching deep inside my head

Here's what he said

A m

Sorry I can't stop and talk now

D

I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow

C G A E

But I'll send you a tape from California

New York city has exploded and it's crashed upon my  
head

I dove beneath the bed

Fighting, biting nails, turning pale

The landlord's at my window

And the burglar's at my door

I can't take it anymore

I guess I'll have to fly, it's worth a try

Someone's banging on the wall

But there's no party to recall

The singer of the shadows of his soul

So he's been told  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

D C D C  
From the mirror of my mantle to the velvet on my bed  
D C Am E  
Trapped upon a stolen stage, a Barrymore at best(?)  
A G A G  
My rhymes are all repeating, ballads growing blind  
G#m A F#m B7 E  
Words have turned to water, the women turned to wine

The draft board is debating if they'd like to take my life  
I'd sooner take a wife and have raise a child or two  
Wouldn't you?  
Peace has turned to poison  
The flag has blown a fuse  
Even courage is confused  
And now all the brave are in the grave  
Century is bending(?)  
Have a very happy ending  
To the victor go the ashes of the spoil  
Seeds in the soil  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

The flower-power fuller brush man  
Is farming out his friends  
I stabbed him with my stem  
And then I tapped his toes with my rose  
He crawled around inside himself  
Now he's crawling after me  
Dropping acid in my tea  
He wants to save his soul  
Rock and roll  
One of us must understand  
It's not the drug that makes the man  
Then a poster of a movie star walked by  
He must have been high  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

Half the world is crazy and the other half is scared  
Maddonas do the minuet for the naked millionaires  
The anarchists are rising while we're racing for the  
moon  
It doesn't take a seer to see that the scene is coming

soon

So who's that coming down the road  
A sailor from the sea  
He looks a lot like me  
I'd know him anywhere  
Had to stare  
A fire around his fingertips  
A song around his spine  
He must have found his mind  
He should be put away  
Anyway  
Surrounded by the slaughter  
Now I'm boarding(?) at the border  
When the echoes of my ecstasy appear  
Wish I was here  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

Visit [Phil Ochs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.