

**Joseph Buladas****"Clementine"**

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The winter sun is hanging high up in the sky  
Like a tangerine in crooked cream  
And soft, cascading lines  
Singing high and low, and glow and glow  
Across the horizon line  
It reminds me of a time of mine  
With eyes that open wide and drown the light

Turn on, tune in, drop out  
Pay the piper with a paper slip  
Eyes open, trip on it

Oh, Clementine  
You'll never be mine  
I'll never be yours  
Oh, Clementine  
You'll never be mine  
I hate to see you die before you're born

Now is the winter of your discontent  
We're the disenchanting children  
And we, and we won't stand for this  
We spread like a cancerous brain  
We'll put you in an early grave  
We gave up, we gave you everything you could hold

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Eyes open, trip on it

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