

Susan Werner "Petaluma Afternoons"

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Sonoma County on a Sunday
Not a cloud in the California sky
Cement Buddha in the backyard
Unperturbed by the ants crawlin' up his thigh

T.J. sittin' in a deck chair
Smiles her easy smile from ear to ear
Maura standin' in the doorway
Says, "You really ought to move out here"

Petaluma afternoons
When the light comes pourin' in
The buttered sunshine on your skin is
Full of love and vitamins
And they always end too soon
These Petaluma afternoons, yeah

Put your book up on the table
Stretch yourself back underneath the sun
Close your eyes and let the daydreams
Dance across your forehead one by one

Troubles fade into the distance
The Doobie Brothers on the radio
Maura reads the weather for ya
Says, "New York City got another three feet of snow"

Petaluma afternoons
When the light comes pourin' in
The buttered sunshine on your skin is
Full of love and vitamins
And they always end too soon
These Petaluma afternoons

Feel the healin' golden rays
Feel them warm your frozen bones
Listen as the music plays
And the serotonin flows in

Goodbye kisses 'round sundown
Gas and coffee by the Interstate
Due in Vancouver in the mornin'

Safe to say you're gonna be just a little late

But Portland's nothing but a downspout
Seattle is only sailboats in the rain
So drag your feet in California
God knows you got nothin' to explain

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