

Balboa Park

Matt Costa

The man next to me
His mother, she lives on Lake Michigan
He hasn't seen her in about eight years and he
Wonders about Lake Michigan

The girl next to him
She was a dancer but now her legs don't work like they used to
She married a fireman
Gonna be here in the station on the south side of Lake Michigan

Walking through Balboa Park again
The architecture always makes me sad
Now I'm sitting between a Navy man
Their sunburnt skin and dark dewes of
The great lakes while one mother's in the sunset years in India
na

Beneath the shady tree
Mother is passing a newborn baby
Nearby the fountains are endlessly spurting
Two thousand miles away from Lake Michigan

Walking through Balboa Park again
The architecture always makes me sad
Now I'm sitting between a Navy man
Their sunburnt skin and dark dewes of
The great lakes while one mother's in the sunset years in India
na

People [?]
It's a nonsense...

There is a boy, he's riding a bike
He's wearing a black tie with black trousers
Handing out flyers, trying to change him
Trying to persuade my opinions

Walking through Balboa Park again
The architecture always makes me sad
Now I'm sitting between a Navy man
Their children and their wives with them

The man next to me
His mother, she lives on Lake Michigan