

# Clarence

David Pomeranz

Clarence, my friend  
Was as clear as the air  
He lived on a hilltop in San Jose somewhere  
And I never imagined an old man like this  
With a heart so young with happiness

Clarence, my friend  
He would call out to greet me  
Though, using a cane, he would run out to meet me  
With arms open wide  
He'd hug me, "Hello?"  
And I knew by the light from his old-ancient eyes  
I was home, home

Clarence, take this wherever you may go to  
The world is so lucky having known you  
You are beautiful

Clarence would talk  
And I'd painfully listen  
In hopes that he'd show me his secret of wisdom  
But he'd only bellylaugh  
And slap both his knees  
Saying, "Davy, I love you, but there are no secrets in me  
You see this old mountain?  
See this old man?  
The way that you see us is all your creation and  
You are the only one  
With all of the truth  
Now me, or the mountain  
Or anyone saying they do, ooh"

Clarence, take this wherever you may go to  
The world is so lucky having known you  
You are beautiful  
You are beautiful

The shiningest light he bestowed on me  
And it flowed from me like a stream  
Memories of you just abound in my dreams  
The old tire hanging from the tree  
Would swing Clarence and me

And though I am grown now  
And moved miles away  
I believed he's still up there  
And will be 'til his dying day, hey

Clarence, take this wherever you may go to  
The world is so lucky having known you  
You are beautiful  
You are beautiful