Hyperion And Sunset

Grant Lee Buffalo

Gift of the sage chaparral
Born of this bone-dry heat
In summer when roads turn caramel
The earthquakes and everyone leaves

Where have they gone
Far from Hyperion
And Sunset Boulevard
Where have they gone
North up to Oregon
And Mt. Saint Helens ha ha ha

Left behind dishes and furniture
Took only the blankets to sleep
Sprinkled their pillows with lavender
Safe from the grasp of the enemy

Where have they gone
Far from Hyperion
And Sunset Boulevard
Where have they gone
North up to Oregon
And Mt. Saint Helens ha

Thrown from the nest of Los Angeles
Naive and motherless each

Dear friends farewell
Write down the e-mail for me
We're out of town till these aftershocks
Let up most definitely

Where have they gone
Far from Hyperion
And Sunset Boulevard
Word is you've gone
On up to Oregon
With room for company

Flown from the nest of Los Angeles
Naive and motherless me

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