

Waxwings

Greg Graffin

The sun on the maples like an indelible stain
Happy red pinevarmint must be raising Cain
And here out west the blazes sketch a frightful domain
Maybe them waxwings will come back again

From a lonely burnt out shanty in the morning I can tell
The fog is lifting off the chapparal
Where the solitary lion and the toyon dwell
Those Channel Islands cast a haunting spell

Like a winter's freeze or a vernal breeze that blows forever mo
re
Friends and neighbors always at the door
And just like sandy shorelines that vanish in the storm
They don't come around here anymore

Now, the annual migrations are as solid as your word
Too many promises becomes absurd
But my faith may be forever shattered if not for
Just one more visit from that spectacled bird

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