

Bay Area Baby

Hop Along

Sights, do they hurt?
Are you still stiff of motels and through with that shirt?
20 years don't blame a functional they want you tied
Kick the golden oracle that told you not to

And no one cried, baby cry
When you're so old your bones quiver every time you sigh
Roll over on the mattress and see a Caribbean calendar 1933

Think it might be a morning, out in Cal-if-or-nee
All the sap and peaches hanging low
Lord knows I've never been myself
Very certain soon I will have to go away from here
When you but heads with Hawaii, dear
Remember what we was when you cry into your cold mud

Lover, I tried to be true!
Lover, bay area baby of mine

If you're tired of your accordion, ignore you, said "no"
That is a good doctor, anymore you know he's a figment, even if
he isn't
He'll never put his hand in your hand

And I've seen your head (your head)
Your head (your head)
Your head is clouded down

Something's always gotta do
Someone's always gotta do