

Some Old California Memory

John Conlee

Two Allegheny engines broke the silence of the morning
Cause whisper jets don't whisper when they take your world away

The one that I was livin' for flew out and she's glad
That's too bad, Lord, she's all I ever had

There she goes on that 747
Climbing higher into heaven
Than my angel ever dared to fly
And she's twice as high on some old California memory
Than she ever was on me

That silver bird is sparkling like a diamond in the sunlight
And the vapor trail is faded like the love she had for me

Her soft and tender feelings left with her when she was glad
That's too bad 'cause she's all I ever had

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