

Grass Valley

Molly Tuttle

I remember when I first drove with my dad up to Grass Valley
Four hours north of San Francisco, just outside Nevada City
The road winding through those dried brown hills of gold countr
y

Was ten years old and happy
Out of school a week early
We drove past the welcome sign, people playing near the pines
Heard the music floating from a stage
Pitch dark town and walked around
My heart opened to the sound
I didn't know it then, but my life turned a page

Standing 'round jamming to the sound of Little Annie
Baptized in the campgrounds of Grass Valley

Deadheads and tie-dye array
Dog music devotees
Like nothing I had ever heard or seen
It was jamgrass for the hippies
Old stuff from the fifties
Just about nothing in between
I stood and tried to play along
Boy, I only knew a couple songs
While bolder kids sat in with the bands
I watched and envied from afar
Head bowed down over my guitar
Praying to catch that magic in my hands

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Some years have passed, now I'm back here in the foothills of g
old country
Same songs being played, the singing in the shade of the pine t
rees
A shy kid with a mandolin, I could see her on the sideline star
ing at me
She looks just like I did the first time that I came to Grass V
alley

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