Marin

Stroke 9

This guy walks into a little saloon and sits down
He draws the eyes of all the locals of this small town
He looks damn normal to me
Bandana on his head, birks on his feet
He looks up and gives me a grin and says "Hey dude, you too mus
t be from Marin"

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Fresh organic veggies in the market everyday
The Dead, Dylan, and N.W.A.

So anyway he walks in and takes a seat in the back
Dreadlocks, birkenstocks, tye-dye and hackey-sack
He says, "Dude pretty trippy place, dude, I'm moon rays, dude"
His beamer must be in the shop today
'Cause I saw him drive up in a Cabriolet
He offers me a toke off a funny looking smoke
And my head starts to spin, life seems like a joke

So we're sitting there in this little saloon
Two dudes from Marin, me and the moon
And we're sipping Calistogas when the juke pumps out "Carey-
Anne"
Some guy at the bar says, "Hey who is this fairy band?"
I jump for his throat, make a fist with my hand
But moon stops the violence and says, "Peace man"

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