

The Future

Eleni Mandell

I want to fall in love again, I know where it will happen
Along the California coast, where the ocean meets the mountains

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I can see the future.

Driving north a winding road I had a premonition
A golden badge and rolling hills living pointless station.
I can see the future.

Someday will the clouds blow away
Watch me as the fall creeps in, I wonder when I'll make it.
Stopping for the night somewhere, the old hotel Arcada.
I can see the future.