

St. Francis Dam Disaster

Frank Black

There was a well known water master man
He was the king
He could do anything
The Saint Francis Dam disaster man
Thought she was all right
Until around midnight
Because that water seeks her own
She had a desire to flow
She was looking for somewhere to go
She was a slave to the great metropolis
She was feeling choked
She pushed the wall till it broke
When they heard
The great apocalypse
At power house number two
Well there was nothing they could do
Because that water seeks her own
Five and one half hours she would flow
She had fifty-three miles to go
A cascade down to Santa Clara way
Near sixty feet high
Now she's a mile wide
It was clear she was going far away
And whole towns were too
A few got lucky in Piru
Because that water seeks her own
But four more hours she would flow
She had twenty-nine miles to go
She carried in her every kind of thing
House, trees, and telegraph pole
Some say a thousand souls
At three A.M. she gave Santa Paula a ring
She was still twenty-five feet high
Under a peaceful sky
Because that water seeks her own
But two more hours she would flow
She had nineteen miles more to go
It was a real bad night in little Saticoy
El Rio then Montalvo
How many no one really knows
Ventura Beach was very scary boy
Humanity a pile
She went her final mile
Because that water seeks her own
Into the sea the water flowed
And now for forever she would go