

Dreams of the San Joaquin

Linda Ronstadt

I'm sending you some money
I wish it could be more
But it's harder than I thought
To find the work I came here for

This place is just as pretty
As I pictured it to be
But a man in need of work's
An all too common sight to see

Each morning as the trucks roll in
A lucky few climb on
And the rest of us are left to wonder
Where the dream has gone
Where the dream has gone

They say the Sierra melts with the rain
To race through the valley like blood through the vein
Turning the lowland from golden to green
To harvest forever the dreams of the San Joaquin

Every day I struggle
With the distance and the fear
That I will not return
Or find a way to bring you here

My emptiness grows deeper
I feel my spirit fall
As night comes like a blanket
It brings no sleep at all

I only hope that time will find
A way to work things out
We will be together
In the life we dream about
Life we dream about

They say the Sierra melts with the rain
To race through the valley like blood through the vein
Turning the lowland from golden to green
To harvest forever the dreams of the San Joaquin
We'll harvest forever the dreams of the San Joaquin