

## Tape From California

Phil Ochs

Who's that coming down the road  
A sailor from the sea  
He looks a lot like me  
I'd know him anywhere, had to stare

Feathers at his fingertips  
A halo 'round his spine  
He must have lost his mind  
He should be put away, right away

In the corner of the night  
He handed me his water pipe  
His eyes were searching  
Deep inside my head, here's what he said

Sorry, I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

New York City has exploded  
And it's crashed upon my head  
I dove beneath the bed  
Fighting, biting nails, turning pale

The landlord's at my window  
And the burglar's at my door  
I can't take it anymore  
I guess I'll have to fly, it's worth a try

Someone's banging on the wall  
But there's no party to recall  
The singer of the shadows of his soul  
So he's been told

Sorry, I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

From the mirror of my mantle to the velvet on my bed  
Trapped upon a stolen stage, a Barrymore at best  
My rhymes are all repeating, my ballads growing blind  
Words have turned to water, the women turned to wine

The draft board is debating  
If they'd like to take my life  
I'd sooner take a wife  
And have raise a child or two, wouldn't you?

Peace has turned to poison  
And the flag has blown a fuse  
Even courage is confused  
And now all the brave are in the grave

Century is bending  
Have a very happy ending  
To the victor go the ashes of the spoil  
Seeds in the soil

Sorry, I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

The flower-power fuller brush man  
Is farming out his friends  
I stabbed him with my stem  
And then I tapped his toes with my rose

He crawled around inside himself  
Now he's crawling after me  
Dropping acid in my tea  
He wants to save his soul, rock and roll

One of us must understand  
It's not the drug that makes the man  
Then a poster of a movie star walked by  
He must have been high

Sorry, I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

Half the world is crazy and the other half is scared  
Madonnas do the minuet for the naked millionaires  
The anarchists are rising while we're racing for the moon  
It doesn't take a seer to see that the scene is coming soon

So who's that coming down the road  
A sailor from the sea  
He looks a lot like me  
I'd know him anywhere, had to stare

A fire around his fingertips  
A song around his spine  
He must have found his mind  
He should be put away, anyway

Surrounded by the slaughter  
Now I'm boarding at the border  
When the echoes of my ecstasy appear  
Wish I was here

Sorry, I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California