

Pacheco

Robin Williamson

by Robin Williamson

Purple clouds turn scarlet in the setting sun
Where sagebrush turns to alive oak and the white tail run
The air is cool as music when the day is gone
And God paints the sky above Pacheco

Through the blue hills back of Santa Cruz we're rolling fine
Where red tail hawks go circling like the ways of time
Lovers and friends will meet again round red Sonoma wine
When God calls the night above Pacheco

Chorus:

Driving all day up the San Joaquin
Turn west again, up through Pacheco