

Phil Ochs, Tape From California

E
Who's that coming down the road
D A
A sailor from the sea
D F#m
He looks a lot like me
E G E
I'd know him anywhere, had to stare
Feathers at his fingertips
D A
A halo 'round his spine
D F#m
he must have lost his mind
E G
he should be put away, right away
C#m
In the corner of the night
D Bm
he handed me his waterpipe
F#m Bm E
His eyes were searching deep inside my head
Here's what he said
Am
Sorry I can't stop and talk now
D
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow
C G A E
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
D C D C
From the mirror of my mantle to the velvet on my bed
D C Am E
Trapped upon a stolen stage, a Barrymore at best(?)
A G A G
My rhymes are all repeating, ballads growing blind
G#m A F#m B7 E
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
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
Maddonas 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