## Robin Williamson, Pacheco

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