

Augustana, California's Burning

California's burning, burning, burning to the ground...
and my head is turning, turning, turning round and round...
alie's stomach's churning, churning, like a storm today...
and your mother's crying, crying, closing up the safe...

and I'm here, wondering where the sun has gone...
driving through a Midwest storm,
asking why there's no one home...

Encinitas likes to miss me, like nobody's child..
and my eyes like rainy Tuesdays, like to watch you smile...

and I'm here, wondering where the sun has gone...
driving through a Midwest storm,
asking why there's no one home...