

David Baerwald, China Lake

We've done this every Labor Day since 1969
We all go up to China Lake to spend a little time
In a Minnesota summer beneath the Minnesota sky
We celebrate the newborns and remember those who've died
At China Lake

We're all worried about Richard; he sits staring through the day
That straw hat on his head and nothing much to say
At night I hear him wandering through the trees and down the lanes
Of China Lake

He was always known for brooding but this year there's been a change
I'm not the only one who's noticed something aint the same
At China Lake

But there's this shine, a shine
A shine on China Lake
The vistas here stretch out forever
A shine, a shine, a shine on China Lake
Here it's only quiet; no hurricanes or riots
But hovering there behind it, the pain and the shame of surrender

Last night I had a dream it was a strange dream indeed
I cut my arm a thousand times but nowhere did I bleed
The crippled were out dancing and the blind they all could see
And a vendor selling streamers walked the empty quiet streets
Of China Lake

There was a pale horse; it was a pale horse that I rode
And I sat there by the shoreline and I watched the sky explode
At China Lake

In the shine
A shine on China Lake
The vistas here stretch out forever
A shine, a shine, a shine on China Lake
Here it's only quiet; no hurricanes or riots
But hovering there behind it, the pain and the shame of surrender

These are strange uncertain days