

# Grant Lee Buffalo, Hyperion And Sunset

Gift of the sage chaparral  
Born of this bone-dry heat  
In summer when roads turn caramel  
The earthquakes and everyone leaves

Where have they gone  
Far from Hyperion  
And Sunset Boulevard  
Where have they gone  
North up to Oregon  
And Mt. Saint Helens ha ha ha

Left behind dishes and furniture  
Took only the blankets to sleep  
Sprinkled their pillows with lavender  
Safe from the grasp of the enemy

Where have they gone  
Far from Hyperion  
And Sunset Boulevard  
Where have they gone  
North up to Oregon  
And Mt. Saint Helens ha

Thrown from the nest of Los Angeles  
Naive and motherless each

Dear friends farewell  
Write down the e-mail for me  
We're out of town till these aftershocks  
Let up most definitely

Where have they gone  
Far from Hyperion  
And Sunset Boulevard  
Word is you've gone  
On up to Oregon  
With room for company

Flown from the nest of Los Angeles  
Naive and motherless me