

Neal Morse, California Nights

Let me take you back to where it all began
Out there on the fast track
Where the mountains stand
Against the sand... in L.A.

Music every night
Hung-over everyday
I was gonna make the big time
I could feel it in my fingers when I'd play

I woke up in motel rooms under western skies
Living for the summer moon and the party life
There's nothing worse than L.A. days
But those California nights
They barely kept me alive

As the years rolled on
The humor got really dry
If I played that terrible Eagle's song
One more time I thought I was gonna die

The one man good night
Longing to seize the day
That big record deal in the sky
Surely was just a heart beat away

I woke up in motel rooms under western skies "(wester skies)"
Living for the summer moon and the party life
There's nothing worse than L.A. days
But those California nights
Oh, they barely kept me alive

I woke up in motel rooms under western skies
When I think of the things I did
On those party nights
It's only by the Grace of God that I'm still alive
I believe God's grace kept me alive