

Tape From California-crd  
By Phil Ochs

E  
Who's that coming down the road  
D A  
A sailor from the sea  
D F#m  
He looks a lot like me  
E G E  
I'd know him anywhere, had to stare  
Feathers at his fingertips  
D A  
A halo 'round his spine  
D F#m  
he must have lost his mind  
E G  
he should be put away, right away  
C#m  
In the corner of the night  
D Bm  
he handed me his waterpipe  
F#m Bm E  
His eyes were searching deep inside my head  
Here's what he said  
Am  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
D  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
C G A E  
But I'll send you a tape from California

New York city has exploded and it's crashed upon my head  
I dove beneath the bed  
Fighting, biting nails, turning pale  
The landlord's at my window  
And the burglar's at my door  
I can't take it anymore  
I guess I'll have to fly, it's worth a try  
Someone's banging on the wall  
But there's no party to recall  
The singer of the shadows of his soul  
So he's been told  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

D C D C  
From the mirror of my mantle to the velvet on my bed  
D C Am E  
Trapped upon a stolen stage, a Barrymore at best(?)  
A G A G  
My rhymes are all repeating, ballads growing blind  
G#m A F#m B7 E  
Words have turned to water, the women turned to wine

The draft board is debating if they'd like to take my life  
I'd sooner take a wife and have raise a child or two  
Wouldn't you?  
Peace has turned to poison  
The flag has blown a fuse  
Even courage is confused  
And now all the brave are in the grave  
Century is bending(?)  
have a very happy ending

To the victor go the ashes of the spoils  
Seeds in the soil  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

The flower-power fuller brush man  
is farming out his friends  
I stabbed him with my stem  
And then I tapped his toes with my rose  
He crawled around inside himself  
Now he's crawling after me  
Dropping acid in my tea  
He wants to save his soul  
rock and roll  
One of us must understand  
It's not the drug that makes the man  
Then a poster of a movie star walked by  
He must have been high  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California

Half the world is crazy and the other half is scared  
Maddonas do the minuet for the naked millionaires  
The anarchists are rising while we're racing for the moon  
It doesn't take a seer to see that the scene is coming soon

So who's that coming down the road  
A sailor from the sea  
He looks a lot like me  
I'd know him anywhere  
Had to stare  
A fire around his fingertips  
A song around his spine  
He must have found his mind  
He should be put away  
Anyway  
Surrounded by the slaughter  
Now I'm boarding(?) at the border  
When the echoes of my ecstasy appear  
Wish I was here  
Sorry I can't stop and talk now  
I'm in kind of a hurry anyhow  
But I'll send you a tape from California