Iceberg Meadows

Crawdad Republic

Fourth of July has come, it's custom that we go.
Make our way up 108, a place we call our home.Stanislaus River's seen a heavy year of snow.
I'll pick and choose my battles where I cast my fishing pole.Every year we make our way to the end of the road.
The world seems to stop spinning.My father smiles,
he says, "Son, when I die..Take me up to Iceberg Meadows,
under the sun lay my remains.
I will seep into Disaster Creek,
for years my ash will chase that setting sun,
but my soul is here to stay."Well, Boulder Creek is runnin' wild, the banks have overflowed.
No swimmin' in our hole this year, spend my day skippin' stones.The pickup's gone to Dardanelle, grab propane for the stove.
The campfire burns tradition four generations old.I carved on that bridge, one day, my name and right below,
my father's name from yesteryear, etched as a child.He says, "Son, when I die..Take me up to Iceberg Meadows,
under the sun lay my remains.
I will seep into Disaster Creek,
for years my ash will chase that setting sun,
but my soul is here to stay."Fourth of July has come, it's custom that we go,
make our way up 108, a place we call our home.

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