

Big Sur

Jay Farrar

Settling down with warm-glow wood stove and kerosene
peace you're looking for, peace you'll find
in the tangled mad cliff-sides and crashing dark of big sur
Rapturous ring of silence pacific fury flashing on the rocks, the sea shroud towers
the innocence of health and stillness in the wild of big sur This whole surface of the world as we know it now
will be covered with the silt of a billion years in time And I see as much as doors will allow
A long way from the Beat generation
Here comes the nightly moth who is nightly dead in Big Sur Best thing to do is not be false the rocks of the
valley have no howl of complaint
And I'm just a sick clown and so is everybody else in Big Sur

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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