Magura

David Arthur Brown

Take me to Magura
To while the years away
The tinkling of the cowbells
And smells of drying hay
The rainfall in the mountains
Will wash away my fears
And all the foolish things
That I've done throughout the years
1 grew up in the city Not far from East L.A.
With rows of dusty palm trees
And millions of freeways
Traffic jams and cholos
And perverts in the park
And teenage girls who sold
Their little bodies after dark
So take me to Magura....
I'll plant a little garden
Take up astronomy
And search for supernovas
In neighboring galaxies
I'll go to bed by midnight
And wake up with the dawn
And play my old guitar
While this sad world rolls along

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