

# Dreams of the San Joaquin

**Linda Ronstadt**

I'm sending you some money  
I wish it could be more  
But it's harder than I thought  
To find the work I came here for  
This place is just as pretty  
As I pictured it to be  
But a man in need of work's  
An all too common sight to see  
Each morning as the trucks roll in  
A lucky few climb on  
And the rest of us are left to wonder  
Where the dream has gone  
Where the dream has gone  
They say the Sierra melts with the rain  
To race through the valley like blood through the vein  
Turning the lowland from golden to green  
To harvest forever the dreams of the San Joaquin  
Every day I struggle  
With the distance and the fear  
That I will not return  
Or find a way to bring you here  
My emptiness grows deeper  
I feel my spirit fall  
As night comes like a blanket  
It brings no sleep at all  
I only hope that time will find  
A way to work things out  
We will be together  
In the life we dream about  
Life we dream about  
They say the Sierra melts with the rain  
To race through the valley like blood through the vein  
Turning the lowland from golden to green  
To harvest forever the dreams of the San Joaquin  
We'll harvest forever the dreams of the San Joaquin

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