Ukiah

Robert Francis

I broke down on the 101
I wandered into town
I bummed a smoke and got some gas
When I turned back my car could not be foundThere go my plans, I get lost for a while
There goes my day, get lost for a whileNow I'm walking and I'm starting to feel out of touch
I guess I must've taken too much
Now my dreams are spun
Falling constellations
and my mind is starting to run
And I'm stuck here in Ukiah with no oneI heard there was a nut-house here, in the 1970s
After Jamestown they burned it down and
they set all the patients freeThere goes my mind, I get lost for a while
There goes my day, get lost for a whileNow I'm laughing and the streets are covered in flames
And the kids here are the same
And It's plain to see, real is subjective
on a road with infinite lanes
And I'm stuck here in Ukiah once againWinds are blowing, night is slowly moving in frame
And I'm stuck here in Ukiah once againI've been walking and I'm walking
and I'm starting to feel out of touch
I guess I must've taken too much
Now my dreams are spun
Falling constellations
and my mind is starting to run
And I'm stuck here in Ukiah with no oneThey could love you
they could love me somewhere someday
But for now I'm in Ukiah on the run