

# New York City, 1963

## Nodes of Ranzier

We could have had it all in our studio on 4th street  
Every morning we rose with hope that we could change the world  
or at least one mind  
The songs came from Harvard Square and no longer were so rare  
The poets strummed their strings at the thought of changing things.  
It started with Woodie G and came strong with Bobby D.  
At night the bearded boys fled  
and all the lank haired girls came too  
To converted sandal shops to hear the words  
They came to hear the words  
They longed for another cause  
And when the next day came they took action  
My beautiful blue collared army  
With eyes buried in books  
you never saw it coming  
The day your cause would come crashing  
Because soon it went pop  
But you never asked for San Francisco  
And all that came with it  
God get us back to NYC, 1963

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