

Berkeley Blues (*lyrics*)

How in the world did i get on this planet
Where everything is already owned?
The grass is cut by fences
and the sky has done been zoned

I'm up in Berkeley getting all that political dope
And I'm down in the Mission without any hope

I once knew a smart man but now he's a duck
He's down on his knees and he's down on his luck

The philosopher's a king and the king is a fool
Five cents in my pocket don't make me feel so cool

Brother let me assk you can you spae any change?
I want to buy me a ticket to get home on the range

The song of a city without any grass
The song of a man without any class

So long to welfare and farewell to you
I got to keep trucking these Berkeley Blues

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