

The California Condor

The California condor turned 21. His mood was fiery red.

The canyon hadn't seen 'em since '92. Now they're all rising up from the dead.

He's a Williams of a Hawkins or something like that. Neither fortune nor fame to see him through
That's when barrels of rain pour on Christmas town and leave darkness on the floors of nothing new

Well a bird is just a bird until it circles it's death and starts anew.

It'll bite off half the moon and leave us all to crash and burn, while they sell their 3 for half the price of 2

Life gets tougher when you grow a little older. Lose a job, lose a girl. It's nothing new.

Life's a killer when you grow a little older. What's that condor circling 'round got left to do?

Now it's Omaha Nebraska, not the LA zoo and the nation's eyes are there 'til half past noon

That's when Paris shows her stuff for another nickel bag and the condor sings another happy tune