

COLDWATER CANYON

There were signs in the sky. There were warnings in the alibis.
He said, "I can make the mountain rise. The hour's late. Don't trust your eyes.
And I'll sell you the morning.
Like an eclipse it's so plain. It's as easy as the northern rain.
Seize the fruit. Slash the stem. Plow the roots at harvest time and we will prosper."

Well, an older man might have known but the crowds in no mood to be told,
That if you make a billionaire something's got to be sold.
Meanwhile back at the ranch the caviar is getting cold.

Chorus: Welcome back to Coldwater Canyon. You thought you'd never see Coldwater Canyon.
We're back in Coldwater Canyon. Hell's alive and well in Coldwater Canyon.

And so the wildcat is untamed. The leash is put to flame. Tear up all the rules of the game.
And the judges wear signs of shame, hung low in sorrow.
How it soars! How it sings! The needless profit that it brings!
It's like a kite with no strings while the rest who have no wings lay low in ruin.

How big of a mirror do we need before we can't misunderstand,
If we're holding a waxen rope than an Alchemist wrote the plan?
Meanwhile back at the ranch, they're locking up the promised land.

I could rail. I could scream. But it's as old as Pharaoh's dream.
For seven years buy sight unseen. The next seven swim upstream lead weights at waist side.

So here's to the grand design, the gated mansions, the broken shacks.
And the ones who came to stay who were evicted too soon to pack.
Meanwhile back at the ranch, they're running up another flag.

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