

2001: Destination California

I want to swim the Pacific.
I want to be a part of the sea.
I'm goin' over Nevada
to arrive at more knowledge of me.

My mom, she moved to Miami.
Dad scaled the cliffs of D.C.
A family weighed down by explanations
How do I get to sea?

A distorted world with distorted faces -
Crazy tales on stubborn asses –
All branches on my tree –
But how do I get to sea?

The freeways, they're all crowded.
Besides, they never were free.
But the local road from my abode
seemed to meander quite pleasantly.

A friend said go West young man.
I know you can.
Pimp, pay any price!
Fill your nose with anything goes,
any shortcut will suffice.

Another voice said truth would be a drag,
that lies aren't cheap, but free.
Said cheatin and stealin' is faster
that that would really teach me!

Others preached God is my Chairman,
and Wall Street His heavenly path.
Stocks, my option –
Get a trade –
That fruit was grapes of wrath.

Heard another good one,
that virtue's the road to take.
That sword simply bored me
Please, I said, gimme a break!

Inside me's a house of mirrors.
Can't seem to see my way through.

I'm bumping into everyone
And everyone is you

Third person wasn't about me.
Neither was 'we' or 'you.'
'Them' was sweet but not my treat.
'I' was looking for Truth.

Confused, I went back to Dad's Virginia –
then swam Mom's Florida Keys –
Learned to admire the places they'd seen
A more honest acceptance of me.

Removed the ring and the necklace,
the chain link fence of my pride.
Made peace with my past and foundation –
And found no need longer to hide.

Now that I've reached California
and seen the sea that is there,
I felt the feel of my own worth,
honest, authentic and fair.