Welcome to your future...

You Boom-ers made one hel-lu-va mess.
“Old Guys Rule,” the T-shirts say, but for not much longer.

It’s the turning of the tide, inexorable.

We’re fed up.

A little faster \( \frac{d}{t} = 93 \) (3+2)
Adam

Enough of your bull shit! You commoned

with the cosmos but forgot about

the planet. Now the piper must be paid (like all pipers)

and we're stuck with a terrible tab. Thanks, Mom! And you too, Dad!
Adam

We'll slave________ to keep Social Security______ a-float.

Fat chance!

Our kids____ will grow up in trailer parks,

Slightly slower $j = 90$

living a sci-fi nightmare.

And the damned-est thing of all:

It
Adam

Alternate realities, the North Coast's coolest girls.

Memories of sweet surrender, nude beneath the redwoods,

[\textit{A little slower} \( \text{\textdagger} = 138 \)]

Gently fading now.

Head for the Java hut
just off the square, step over the sidewalk scuffies

who kissed off the material world. Now here's

my man Zeke; we'll take our kayaks to

Mad River Slough.
Adam

Float-ing on God’s cre-a-tion,

the sea-birds wheel-ing high.

So near and yet so far

from the an-swers that we seek

We want to con-tri-bute!

So man-y path-ways,

[Music notation]

F Brightly \( \frac{J}{118} \)
how can I be sure?

Zeke laughs at my mistrust of the universe.

Slightly slower $\dot{=}$ 116

Gi - na is teaching kids in the slums of East Timor, Gary is gonna help a scientist to map the Great Pacific Garbage Patch. Phil is doing free web designs from a storefront in
Adam

Harlem

Chuck, the most brilliant of

sostenuto

j = 120

all, went back to the family farm in

Garberville, a one-crop town.

(Cash crop, you might say.)
sold out and moved to Redmond;
And that pretty much covers my crew.
What now?

Praise be to idle-ness, Zeke says. Born too many centuries too late to be a Roman patrician or a hunter-gatherer striding through the
fields of ancient Eurasia. I love him like a brother, but

I have a different destiny.

Clarity's elusive in this misty backwater.
jobs are scarce, girl friends scarcer At long last, this may be the hour when I ponder the unthinkable.

"California is an island, land drifting far from the continent," Matthiass
McKinley, my favorite professor,

said. “You’ll never understand America—

ca ’til you have seen it all.”

Soon I will leave the patchouli womb.
Suddenly slower $j = 118$

Adam

243

\[ \text{ff} \]

247

\[ \text{f} \]

251

\[ \text{mf} \]

255

\[ \text{sostenuto} \]

I don't know where I'm going.

but it's probably far from here.

May be they need me in Cleveland or...

in dying De-
will re-member all the fun we had,
chas-ing o-do-pi-as and
rare-ly sad.
Pic-ture the set-ting sun,
over the Pa-ci-fic's hor-i-zon, it will in-spire.
Adam

e-ter-nal-ly.

poco a poco rit. to end

dim.

poco a poco rit. to end

dim.