The Dream Gallery
Seven California Portraits
III. Naomi

Music and lyrics by Mark Abel
Arranged by Jeremy Borum

Andante \( \frac{\text{j}}{= 88} \)

"Living well is the best revenge."

"Strange creed for flower children, perhaps."

But it is

"Our religion here in the other city by the bay."

"From whose hills you can look down on"
Poco più mosso  \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 90

Naomi

everyone.

Some call us____ smug____

molto rit.____ \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 60

say____ they are jealous of____ the things we have____

Moderato \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 102

very short

very short

quasi pizz.

The best food____ abundant-culture,
Naomi

very short

very short

cresc.

commerce on the cutting edge. It's all here. Really,

is there anywhere else

lefties can live like kings?

Real

w/ sostenuto

w/ sostenuto
Naomi

We love the homeless down on

Oakland and Richmond are best seen from the freeway.

C Più mosso \( \frac{j}{=} \) 114
None of these people live on my street; they haven't the means. My heart bleeds, truly. Life's not fair, but it's not my fault.

I wish the best for all.
isn't that enough?

It will have to be. I'm not going any-where.

I came for school and never left. My friends all look like me—white and graying—but still spunky.

Meno mosso

Moderato $d=100$

Swing 16ths
And smart! Our homes are worth a fortune. The outlanders have

nothing on us; we beat them at their own game.

A little faster, straight \( \frac{3}{4} = 102 \)

(And there is more!)

Not content to lob by or march, we like to make our own foreign policy.
as be-fits a Peo-ple's Re-pub-lic. If on-ly we could build a

wall to keep out those who would pol-lute our tri-ty.

So meet me at Shat-tuck and Vine. On

nou-velle Cam-bo-di-an we will dine, with world beat as our sound-track.
Ex-oti-ci-sm is our buf-fer,____ our buf-fer____ of choice –

An-thing that keeps A-mer-i-ca____ at bay,

at bay____ for a few____ bles-sed min-utes.

Lento $\frac{\text{d} = 60}{\text{d}}$
Then we'll climb, up, up and a-
round, 'til the grand pan-o-
ramais spread before us.

And as the fog creeps through the Golden Gate, we'll feel good about ourselves.
The festival parade is coming soon

and again I must decide:

How Berkeley can I be?