The Dream Gallery
Seven California Portraits
II. Todd

Words and music by Mark Abel
Arranged by Jeremy Borum

Più mosso

This slow roll

Molto meno mosso

town is dying.

Head west from the

Five, through barren lands and tumbleweed, into the kingdom of the pump-jacks

and abandoned houses.

It is dry and the wind is raw. The

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Music prepared by Jeremy Borum www.jeremyborum.com
Trem-blór Range, broods in the distance; a vul-ture cir-cles the road kill on High-way One Níne-teen.

Soon you enter this sad place, built on oil, hope and grit, named for a hef-ty ex-
president. A down-town that once hummed is quiet now,

so quiet that a single car passing is a major event.

The shops are mostly empty, the

side walks deserted.
Ghosts of commerce haunt these streets — the shuttered bank branch, the extinct car dealer, junk shops open two days a week, the drug store whose shelves are covered with dust.
(spoken) Hell, we don't even have a hospital here. Sha-dows of late af-ter very gently

noon fall on the ta-que-ri-a, its ne on_ flick-er-ing dim-ly

as an in-sect_ comes to res At night, my-ster-i-ous lights

 twink-le_ from the Mid-way Sun-set_ Stars fell_on Al-a-bam-a_ the old song
goes. But here they stay cold and high; West Kern is far from heaven.

My father was an oil worker, and so am I. My friends

— have left for Bakersfield, with its malls and subdivisions,
They don't want to live in a place that time forgot. This town is

dying, but it's still home to me._

If his_—

If his _—

If his _—

If his _—
ry appeals, come ride along.

There is 126 Elk Hills, part of a scandal tainting

Elk Hills, part of a scandal tainting

Harding. The Lakeview Gusher,

Harding. The Lakeview Gusher,

Nine-teen Ten, America’s biggest strike;

Nine-teen Ten, America’s biggest strike;
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just a small stone plaque now, surrounded by broken bottles,

Meno mosso $J = 76$

rust-ed pipes and rot-ting tim-ber.

Count-less bil-lions have been

Todd
si-phoned from here, but what was left behind?

You can drive right into the fields, just don't inhale.
We have a witch-es' brew-

poi-son gas-es, mists and pest-i-cides.

oil has-n't fin-ished, the cot-ton will.

A bit-ter wind blows through this land.