

Far From Finished, 1849

Welcome to California son
This is where men are made
Grab yourself a pick and a shovel
If you've got the will
We've got the way

In eighteen forty-nine you saw the gold with your own two eyes
You scavenge for something that shines like the sun
You ravage through dirt and the greed and the blood
You came for the metals now you're remembered in stone
You can't see the sun is going down on you

You're a crook you're a gambler it's all for their sake
You lost it all you gave them all they could take
Don't know where you are you don't know where you've been
It's a race 'till your death that you'll never win
It's a place and a time you're bought and sold
You'll see that you're not worth your weight in gold

Is this your better way
You watch the California sun go sinking down into the bay
Is this your better way
You watch the California sun steal all your dreams away

The saloons and the gambling the whore house hotels
They're lit up all night by their own private hells
Now a broken man so far from his home
It now comes to this he stands drunk and alone
Without a dime to your name or one ounce of fame
It's time to die now who do you blame