

# David Baerwald, China Lake

We've done this every Labor Day since 1969  
We all go up to China Lake to spend a little time  
In a Minnesota summer beneath the Minnesota sky  
We celebrate the newborns and remember those who've died  
At China Lake

We're all worried about Richard; he sits staring through the day  
That straw hat on his head and nothing much to say  
At night I hear him wandering through the trees and down the lanes  
Of China Lake

He was always known for brooding but this year there's been a change  
I'm not the only one who's noticed something aint the same  
At China Lake

But there's this shine, a shine  
A shine on China Lake  
The vistas here stretch out forever  
A shine, a shine, a shine on China Lake  
Here it's only quiet; no hurricanes or riots  
But hovering there behind it, the pain and the shame of surrender

Last night I had a dream it was a strange dream indeed  
I cut my arm a thousand times but nowhere did I bleed  
The crippled were out dancing and the blind they all could see  
And a vendor selling streamers walked the empty quiet streets  
Of China Lake

There was a pale horse; it was a pale horse that I rode  
And I sat there by the shoreline and I watched the sky explode  
At China Lake

In the shine  
A shine on China Lake  
The vistas here stretch out forever  
A shine, a shine, a shine on China Lake  
Here it's only quiet; no hurricanes or riots  
But hovering there behind it, the pain and the shame of surrender

These are strange uncertain days