Neal Morse, California Nights

Let me take you back to where it all began Out there on the fast track Where the mountains stand Against the sand... in L.A.

Music every night Hung-over everyday I was gonna make the big time I could feel it in my fingers when I'd play

I woke up in motel rooms under western skies Living for the summer moon and the party life There's nothing worse than L.A. days But those California nights They barely kept me alive

As the years rolled on
The humor got really dry
If I played that terrible Eagle's song
One more time I thought I was gonna die

The one man good night Longing to seize the day That big record deal in the sky Surely was just a heart beat away

I woke up in motel rooms under western skies "(wester skies)" Living for the summer moon and the party life There's nothing worse than L.A. days But those California nights Oh, they barely kept me alive

I woke up in motel rooms under western skies When I think of the things I did On those party nights It's only by the Grace of God that I'm still alive I believe God's grace kept me alive