

Balboa

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From the **Tornado** CD

I've stood on the coast of my country at last
Balboa, with heart in his throat
Unbelieving his eyes, he started to cry
And the tears spilled down on my coat

Balboa, you traveled your journeys and won
Our country was rugged and naked and young
My adventures are mimicking centuries done
And I cry, but the salt burns a wound
Am I crying the same tears as you?

Our country is dying in pieces and shares
We're carving the map to the bone
The tooth of a serpent's so dull when compared
To America's daughters and sons

They're stripping the veins from the breast of our land
Clear-cutting the green with hysterical hands
And left the indelible mark of a brand
When you cried, did you hurt through and through?
Can I be crying the same tears as you?

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