There was a well known water master man He was the king He could do anything The Saint Francis Dam disaster man Thought she was all right Until around midnight Because that water seeks her own She had a desire to flow She was looking for somewhere to go She was a slave to the great metropolis She was feeling choked She pushed the wall till it broke When they heard The great apocalypse At power house number two Well there was nothing they could do Because that water seeks her own Five and one half hours she would flow She had fifty-three miles to go A cascade down to Santa Clara way Near sixty feet high Now she's a mile wide It was clear she was going far away And whole towns were too A few got lucky in Piru Because that water seeks her own But four more hours she would flow She had twenty-nine miles to go She carried in her every kind of thing House, trees, and telegraph pole Some say a thousand souls At three A.M. she gave Santa Paula a ring She was still twenty-five feet high Under a peaceful sky Because that water seeks her own But two more hours she would flow She had nineteen miles more to go It was a real bad night in little Saticoy El Rio then Montalvo How many no one really knows Ventura Beach was very scary boy Humanity a pile She went her final mile Because that water seeks her own Into the sea the water flowed And now for forever she would go