

## Balboa Park

Matt Costa

The man next to me  
His mother, she lives on Lake Michigan  
He hasn't seen her in about eight years and he  
Wonders about Lake Michigan

The girl next to him  
She was a dancer but now her legs don't work like they used to  
She married a fireman  
Gonna be here in the station on the south side of Lake Michigan

Walking through Balboa Park again  
The architecture always makes me sad  
Now I'm sitting between a Navy man  
Their sunburnt skin and dark dewes of  
The great lakes while one mother's in the sunset years in India  
na

Beneath the shady tree  
Mother is passing a newborn baby  
Nearby the fountains are endlessly spurting  
Two thousand miles away from Lake Michigan

Walking through Balboa Park again  
The architecture always makes me sad  
Now I'm sitting between a Navy man  
Their sunburnt skin and dark dewes of  
The great lakes while one mother's in the sunset years in India  
na

People [?]  
It's a nonsense...

There is a boy, he's riding a bike  
He's wearing a black tie with black trousers  
Handing out flyers, trying to change him  
Trying to persuade my opinions

Walking through Balboa Park again  
The architecture always makes me sad  
Now I'm sitting between a Navy man  
Their children and their wives with them

The man next to me  
His mother, she lives on Lake Michigan