

A Cautionary Ballad

by Deborah Thomas Neal

(Tune: 500 Miles Away From Home)

“If you miss the road I’m on” with apologies to Peter, Paul and Mary

If you miss the road I’m on
You will know that it is gone
Down the hill and past Pacific and beyond.
A couple miles and maybe more
Down to the lake, the farthest shore,
And now our lake is not a lake. It’s just a pond.

Well in the winter, Christmas week
Way up above the Coleman Creek
A pool of water reservoired behind the road,
The pipe to let the water through
Was blocked with mud thick as Ragout
And the causeway couldn’t hold up with the load.

A couple tons or maybe three
Of water, clay, and mixed debris,
A slide of logs and boulders smashed the road away
I wish I’d seen the flood go through
But it took place at half past two,
Just like a freight train, but the whistle never blew

So if you miss the road I’m on
And clay is covering your lawn
Don’t get comfy or assume the worst is done,
I assure you there’ll be more
Up your front steps, in through your door
So when trees show up drop everything and run.

We're sending Olli, Chris and Mike
Up there to excavate the dyke,
And give advice on what they think we ought to do,
As geezers go, they have a shot
at finding what's there and what's not
While they pull each other's boots out of the glue.

So if you miss the road I'm on
You will know that it is gone
And know that we've done everything that we can do,
Another day, another week
If you live somewhere near the creek
Expect your driveway to be heading somewhere too.