

The San Francisco Bay Blues

by Deborah Thomas Neal

Got the blues from the zoning meetin
– we were there to Save our Spit,
While the other side's demanding
their exemptions to the zone permit,
Didn't seem to the moment to say
That regulations keep developers away,
People plannin a marina- all they got was a subpoena,
from the courthouse at the end of Sandy Crisco bay.

We've got sympathy for people who, for years, have owned
a family plot,
A quiet place to spend the day and picnic, specially when
the weather's hot,
Nobody wants to invade their space,
It's great to see them havin fun down at their place
More power to ya, Give em all a Halleluia,
We just don't want to construct another parking lot!

We've got commissioners who listen
while we testify to try to make our case,
We've got arguments that range
from snowy plovers to quick sand and sacred space,
Ain't no water, sewer, power or lights,
Let alone any construction rights,
Owners don't pay any tax, so why can't they relax
the land's not goin any place.....

We The People from the Cape
are known for jumpin in to have our say.
We're vigilant and have the time
to pick up on their bullshit right away.
Local development ain't all that bad,
But on the Spit? You'd be completely raving mad
Constructing glamping zones and camping zones
Down by our Sand and Crisco Bay.

Well we ain't got cash enough right now
To buy the land and save migrating birds,
Haven't changed the zoning yet
To save the spit from more ambitious nerds,
But when they come back with a new design,
They can install it where the Sun don't shine
I'll still be walkin with my baby
Down beside the sand and Crisco Bay.