

## **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.