

# Ode to Southern Californians

*Their race is run?*

**By William Eaton**

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So dearly these people they loved their sun,  
Their eternal youth and happy ends, their cowboy guns,  
And on real-estate developing fast making mon-  
Aiyee!

But of water they had none,  
And even others' was bound to run  
Out one day when they; not glum!  
And not ever moving, not a one!

On this or that freeway  
Ever-widening in the sun  
They  
Succumbed.