In the shadows by the pine trees, laying lazy by the creek
There’s a festival a-waiting and it waited for a week
For the wind is in the redwood, and the sun is on the bark
Come you back, you friendly faces, gather in Susana Park

Where the robins and the lark
Chirp above the bluegrass playing on the stage when it grows dark
Gather in Susana Park
Where the sun goes down like thunder while the artist leaves her mark

Where the peregrine and fishes frame the stage beneath the trees
And the snakes and crawling spiders line the path besides the bees
And unfolding in the center there is Amy’s beaver pond
And she brings it all to life just like a wizard with a wand.
Mighty beaver on the pave
And the wild world it saves
Plucky woman in a cowboy hat who smiles as she waves
In the cool Susana Park.

While the children gather stickers and the sun is in the reeds
Ben will read to us a passage about beavers and their deeds
With his voice so strong and steady and his careful prose to frame
He can tell the world our story and let others know our name.
Eager beavers in the creek
Built a dam that sprung a leak
And the flow device we paid for solved the problem so to speak
In the cool Susana Park

But that’s all shove behind me - long ago and far away
An there ain’t no chalk marks left from amy’s drawing on the day
And I’m learning here in ‘after’ what I must have learned before
If you’ve heard the beaver calling then you won’t heed nothing more
No You won’t heed nothing more
But the gatherings of yore

BY THE old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin’ lazy at the sea,
There’s a Burma girl a-settin’, and I know she thinks o’ me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can’t you ‘eard their paddles chunkin’ from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin’-fishes play,
An’ the dawn comes up like thunder outer China ‘crosst the Bay!

‘Er petticoat was yaller an’ ‘er little cap was green,
An’ ‘er name was Supi-yaw-lat - jes’ the same as Theebaw’s Queen,
An’ I seed her first a-smokin’ of a whackin’ white cheroot,
An’ a-wastin’ Christian kisses on an ’eathen idol’s foot:
Bloomin’ idol made o’ mud
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed ’er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay...

When the mist was on the rice-fields an’ the sun was droppin’ slow,
She’d git ‘er little banjo an’ she’d sing "Kulla-lo-lo!
With ’er arm upon my shoulder an’ ’er cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an’ the hathis pilin’ teak.
Elephints a-pilin’ teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence ’ung that ’eavy you was ’arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay...

But that’s all shove be’ind me - long ago an’ fur away
An’ there ain’t no ’busses runnin’ from the Bank to Mandalay;
An’ I’m learnin’ ’ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
"If you’ve ’eard the East a-callin’, you won’t never ’eed naught else."
No! you won’t ‘eed nothin’ else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An’ the sunshine an’ the palm-trees an’ the tinkly temple-bells;
And the sunshine an the redwood and the tents that line the shore
In the cool Susana Park

I am sick of wastin' fingers typing words to empty air
And the blasted silent auction takes my time and isn't fair
Tho' the beavers swim so near by, I can never hope to see
For their lives are far below now and they've earned their privacy
Fuzzy face and little hand
Yes I think they understand
They have habitat they deamed of in a cleaner greener land
By the cool Susana Park

Ship me somewhere back to April where it all was yet to be
And there fest was in the future and the future loomed so free
For the pavement it is calling and I wish that I could see
Amy's pond upon the sidewalk looking wildish and free
In the cool Susana Park
Where the robins and the lark
Chirp above the bluegrass playing on the stage when it grows dark
Gather in Susana Park
Where the lilting bagpipes hark
And the sun goes down like thunder while the artist leaves her mark

On the road to Mandalay...

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and -
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!