

## Ode To Oregonians

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Well the bumper stickers on their car, seem to me to be bizarre:  
*Don't Californicate.*

And I wouldn't put it past him to reroute I-5.

G7

Around the state.

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Well let me tell you about a trip of mine,

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When I left California across the Oregon line.

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And Oregonians say Oregon, I say Oregon. Oh-oh-oh-oh.

So I drove about till my gas was out,

Around Myrtle Creek.

And I thought what a lovely, peaceful tidy place to be.

For about a week.

And breathe in some on that pure fresh air.

That we sorta do find kinda scarce back there.

And Oregonians say Oregon. I say Oregon. Oh-oh-oh-oh.

I guess that everybody, thought I was permanently,  
Settling down.

Cause everyone was curious, of me and my business,  
In their retired town.

I tried to introduce myself in vain.

All they'd say was, "Howdy do, hope you enjoy the rain."

And Oregonians say Oregon. I say Oregon. Oh-oh-oh-oh.

On the next day of my stay in neighborly Oregon.

I was ungreetered by the Myrtle Creek Unwelcome Wagon.

They said, "We noticed by your license plate, sir,

That you're not from Oregon you're a foreigner."

And Oregonians say Oregon. I say Oregon. Oh-oh-oh-oh.

They went on to say, "We sure don't like the way.

Californites carry on.

You litter and pollute and don't give a hoot.

About energy conservation.

And we hear your population's overgrown.

Well, don't bother us, leave well enough alone.

And we're telling you son, leave Oregon, to Oregonians."

Then I thought it very clear, I wasn't really wanted here,  
But it seemed absurd.  
And you know I'm not the kind of guy to stand for this and say good-bye.  
Without a final word.  
So I hopped on top of my auto hood.  
And tucked in my shirt and I boldly stood.

And Oregonians say Oregon, I say Oregon. Oh-oh-oh-oh.

Well, remember will ya, that California,  
Was once a promised land too.  
And we greeted all the Okies and Arkies,  
The very ancestors of you.  
Now you talked to me like you'd like to secede.  
Ain't this all our land, without the greed.

And Oregonians say Oregon, I say Oregon, Oh-oh-oh-oh.

Then I knew, this was my leaving cue.  
When I heard no cheers.  
And I saw the town mayor, with a bucket and layer,  
Of tar and feathers.  
So I stepped down into my Cadillac,  
And I headed south, to never turn back.

And Oregonians say Oregon, I say Oregon. Oh-oh-oh-oh.

Well, the bumper stickers on their cars, seem to me to be bizarre.  
*Don't Californicate.*  
And I wouldn't put it past them to reroute I-5,  
Around the state.  
Then I saw a sign say, WELCOME TO CALIFORNI-A.  
And another, LEAVING OREGON--HOPED YOU ENJOYED YOUR VISIT.