



CAMPFIRES ON THE DESERT

There's smoke along Mt Signal
Have the Kumeyaay come home
To spend the winter along the Yuha
In the Valley among their own?

Could that smoke be from their camp fires
Where they speak their native tongue?
Do they still sit 'round the fire
And teach lessons to the young?

There's smoke below Mt Signal
Could it be a tribal band?
Are the songs carried on the night wind
Of people returning to their land?

Do I hear voices in the distance?
I must hurry out to see.
They are calling from the desert
Yes, they're calling out to me.

They're preparing for my arrival.
I know they're waiting there for me.
And I have so many things to ask them
As I'm sure they do of me.

And as night falls upon the desert
Across fifty miles or more.
The campfires begin to flicker
Along old Lake Cahuilla's shore.

But as I speed up among the washes
It isn't campfires in my view.
But headlights on the highway
Of another people passing thru.