To the Gray Whale Ranch ...

Words and music by
G.Bia and Peter Scott © 1995

Not too slow

\[\text{G} \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{G} \quad \text{D} \]

1. On the ridge that rises to the north of Santa Cruz, there is a place that I like to go. Where the red-tails fly as they soar across the open sky, while streams flow in canyons down below. On the

\[\text{G} \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A}^7 \]

Gray Whale Ranch is where I want to be, to the Gray Whale Ranch, oh come along with me. On a fine spring day, to where the mountain lions play, on the coast of California. (2. There’s a) day.

\[\text{D} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{D} \quad \text{D} \]

Last time

Hint for 3rd verse

But then they got guards to patrol the ranch—"KEEP OUT", it’s "PRIVATE PROPERTY" they closed the Gray Whale Ranch to you and me. Oh the

Hint for 4th verse

But the owners of that land did finally understand that their expensive plans didn’t stand a chance. Oh the