

# To the Gray Whale Ranch . . .

Words and music by  
Celia and Peter Scott © 1993

*Not too slow*

**D** **G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **G** **D**

1. On the ridge that ris - es to the north of San - ta Cruz, there is a place that I like to go. Where the

**G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **D** **Chorus**

red - tails cry as they soar a - cross the o - pen sky, while streams flow in can-yons down be - low. Oh the

**G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **G** **A<sup>7</sup>**

Gray Whale Ranch is where I want to be, to the Gray Whale Ranch, oh come a - long with me. On a

**D** **G** **A<sup>7</sup>** **1-6** **Last time**  
**D** **D**

fine spring day, to where the moun-tain li - ons play, on the coast of Cal - i-for - ni - ay. (2. There's a) ay. \_\_\_\_\_

Hint for 3rd verse

But then they got guards to pa - tro - l the ranch— "KEEP  
OUT", it's "PRI - VATE PROP - ER - TY" they  
closed the Gray Whale Ranch to you and me. Oh the

Hint for 4th verse

But the ow - ners of that  
land did fin - al - ly un - der - stand that  
their ex - pen - sive plans did - n't stand a chance. Oh the