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A  
 I'm lying in bed in the dawn's grey light  
 D A  
 And I'm trying to write a song;  
 D A  
 It's one of those times when the feeling's right  
 E  
 But everything else is wrong.  
 D A  
 I wish I could have a rainbow,  
 E  
 To light up the morning sky  
 Esus E  
 Wish I could find the words to use  
 Esus E E A  
 When it's too hard to say goodbye.

D A Asus A  
 A little over the rainbow's edge  
 D E  
 Is a color the eye can't see  
 A Esus A  
 But I can't seem to remember  
 E  
 When my father told that to me.  
 D5 D A  
 My memory's like the rainbow,  
 A E  
 There are pieces that come and go,  
 A Esus A  
 And somewhere over the rainbow's edge  
 E E7 A  
 Is something I used to know.

I'm stuck in the rush-hour traffic jam  
 Going home in a winter rain,  
 Remembering some of our summer trips  
 To Tennessee and to Maine.  
 Eating picnic lunch by the roadside;  
 Hitting every tourist sight  
 Playing solitaire and casino  
 In our motel room at night.  
 I step off a train in Electric Town  
 And wonder which way to go;  
 Akihabara's like Canal Street  
 When we called it Radio Row.  
 Dad taught me about computers back  
 In the old days, when men were men  
 And transistors were germanium;

Writing code with a ballpoint pen.

A little over the rainbow's edge  
 Is a color that has no name  
 The clouds in the sky keep changing  
 And nothing remains the same.  
 The rainbow is only sunlight  
 Spread out in the cloudy air  
 A little like a memory  
 When nothing is really there.

I'm driving down out of Hecker Pass  
 On a winding road to the sea,  
 My kids in the back seat reading  
 Just like my brother and me.  
 We'd go to New York on weekends,  
 For museums, or just to roam;  
 There were sodium vapor streetlamps  
 At night on the highway home.

I'm standing here doing the morning chores  
 And trying hard not to cry  
 Remembering all of the things we did  
 In all of the days gone by.  
 And there isn't a rainbow this time,  
 But maybe before tonight  
 I'll remember enough of the words I need  
 For the song that I want to write.

A little over the rainbow's edge  
 Is a color the eye can't see,  
 But I will always remember  
 What my father has been to me.  
 But sunlight becomes the rainbow  
 Only after a storm has gone;  
 Somewhere over the rainbow's edge  
 I'm trying to carry on.

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The frequent references to infrared light reflect the fact that my father's field of research was infrared spectroscopy.

Electric Town is located in the Akihabara section of Tokyo. It bears a strong resemblance to Canal Street and Cortlandt Street in the days of New York's "Radio Row". Cortlandt Street was demolished when the twin-towered Pan Am building was built. For all I know Canal Street may still be there. Dad took me there the first time or two.

Hecker Pass is one of the routes over the Santa Cruz mountains from Gilroy to Monterey; the Monterey Bay Aquarium is excellent, and it's one of my family's frequent weekend destinations. Back in the old days when we lived 50 miles from New York City, we'd often go to the Museum of Natural History (my favorite) and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Dad's mother lived in the Bronx on 232<sup>nd</sup> street.

I wrote most of this song about six months before my father died; we had a year between the time he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and his death.