

Down in Santa Rosa and over the bay
Across the grapevine to LA
We've got desert, we've got trees
We've got the hills of Beverly
Let's burn the hills of Beverly!

Walk with your credit card in the air
Swing it nine times like you just don't care
This is the slow, sick, sucking part of me
This is the slow, sick, sucking part of me
And when I suck in kisses, it's ours

Up to the top of the Shasta Gulch
To the bottom of the Tahoe Lake
Man-made deltas and concrete rivers
The south takes what the north delivers
You film hack, I don't use your fade

Lost in the foothills of my pride
Trocadero, say goodnight
To the last psychadelic band
From Sacto, Northern Cal
From Sacto, Northern Cal

Take it neighbor, 'cause you're my neighbor
And I need favors, you're my neighbor
You've done me favors 'cause I'm your neighbor
I'm not your neighbor, you Bakersfield trash