

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