

Take me down that line  
Gonna tow that heavy load  
I can't seem to make it  
Make it on my own  
Turn the lights down low now  
Turn down our bed  
I can't seem to get you  
Out of my head

Stranded here in Bakersfield  
So close, yet so far, far away  
Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're a million miles away, yea, yea

I feel the heat coming down now  
Sweat runs down my face  
I can hardly fake it, girl  
Fake it thru this day  
Was it something that I said?  
Or something I didn't do?  
Eighteen more hours, girl  
'Til I'm home to you

Stranded here in Bakersfield  
So close, yet so far, far away  
Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're a million miles away, yea, yea

So I walked out that lonely truck stop  
With my head hanging down  
Wondering how in the hell I got myself into this mess  
And more importantly  
How I was gonna get myself out of it  
So I wrote a song for you, baby girl  
And I hope when I return home  
The locks ain't changed on the doors  
And there's still a spot for me  
On that big ol' California king sized bed

Stranded here in Bakersfield  
So close yet, so far, far away  
Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're a million miles away, yea, yea  
Won't you come see me in Bakersfield?  
I'm not a million miles away