

There Oughta Be A Law Against Sunny Southern California

Terry Allen

Well I'm goin back
Goin home again
Yeah I'm goin back
To my own again
Yeah I'm goin back
Ahhh to my home town
The one that put me out
The one that put me down

Well I wired up a car in East Fontana
I was aheaded for San Berdu
Ahhh my midnight oil
It was on the boil
An boy I was a barreln through
Then I took a turn
But I hit the curb
An spun off the center lane
An when I heard the crash
Well I stomped on the gas
An I was barreln on again
I leave a few people dead
But I got open road ahead
Yeah
I leave a few people dead
But I got open road ahead

An I remember the cop
With his slicked-back hair
When he told me
To get out ahere
An I remember the judge
With his gold plated mouth
He said "go live in the north
You gonna die down South'
You gonna die down south

I went flyin through South San Berdu
With my mind on East L.A.
Where my pachuco queen
She's cookin re-fried beans
An she's waitin for me today
Yeah stopped on off at the liquor store
Made every body lay down on the floor
Took all their whiskey
Took their bread
Then Shot out their lights
Just before I fled
Yeah
I leave a few people dead
But I got open road ahead
Yeah
I leave a few people dead,
But I got open road ahead

An I remember the bitch
Whose black tongue lied
When she told me

She's dissatisfied
An I remember her daddy
Big as a truck
He said "fuck with me boy
if you want to fuck
Yeah, fuck with me boy
if you want to fuck

Yeah there oughta be a law-aca