

The Trip to Pirate's Cove

Tom Petty

I took my few belongings
We headed out to Pirate's Cove
In my buddy's old Defender
We ran until the gas got low

We were flying close to heaven
Everything was starting to glow
Driving into sunset
Rolling 'cause we had to roll

I think he was a preacher
But lord, I can't recall his name
He was running out of wind
But talking to me just the same

He said five'll get you ten
But boy, you've got to stay in the game
Yeah, you got to let it ride
Or you've only got yourself to blame

We lost a wheel in Santa Cruz
So we partied with some motel maids
My friend said I don't like mine
So what do you say we trade

She was a part of my heart
Now she's just a line in my face
They let us go with a warning
Said we'd book you, but we don't have a case

My friend said take her with you
To leave her here would be a crime
But let's get outta Santa Cruz
All I got is a Canadian dime

I got a friend in Mendocino
And it's gettin' close to harvest time
And she was kinda cute
If a little past her prime

On the trip to Pirate's Cove
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Driving into sunset
Driving into sunset