

## 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