

## **Sons Of Bill**

### **"Santa Ana Winds"**

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There ain't no one to blame  
That we all look the same,  
And it's maybe just the course of evolution  
And it surely seems to me that predictability  
Is quickly becoming something you can count on

When all through the night  
As the headlights shine so bright  
And they're staring me down like I'm to blame  
Rolling in and out of LA county  
And they're calling out my name  
They're calling out my name

Oh at the end these Santa Ana winds are going straight  
to my head  
When the sun comes up there won't be no tomorrow  
In the valley of the dead, in the valley of the dead

There ain't no skatin' by, we're all gonna die  
No matter what the plastic surgeon told you  
Should karma be the judge, 'cause she don't hold the  
grudge  
Does she need a little helping hand?

When all through the night there's the moon that shines  
so bright  
And it lights up the sheets on my bed  
But tonight I'm gonna light that San Fernando with  
kerosene instead  
With kerosene instead, with kerosene

Oh at the end these Santa Ana winds are going straight  
to my head  
When the sun comes up there won't be no tomorrow  
In the valley of the dead,  
in the valley of the dead, in the valley of the dead  
[x2]

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