

Niemann Jerrod "Bakersfield"

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She was born in Central California just as sweet as the
fruit on her daddys farm. And my best friend said man
I gotta warn
Ya she's a city girl with a little country charm.

We all met up out in San Jose with the top down we
headed for the bay. And with her hair blowing in the
breeze she leaned
And whispered my name is Tiffany.

But I called her Bakersfeild and it would always make
her smile. Don't know where she is today but she was
mine for awhile.
Every time I drive through the California hills I find my
mind is on Bakersfeild.

A couple sunsets and mimosa mornings I got more
than my share of kisses on the beach. Till Sunday
found us too early with
Out warning. And she was once in my arms and now
she's outta reach.

Oh I called her Bakersfeild and it would always make
her smile. Don't know where she is today but she was
mine for awhile.
Every time I drive through the California hills I find my
mind is on Bakersfeild.

Yeah every time I drive through the California hills I
find my mind is on Bakersfeild. Mmm Bakersfeild

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