

## **Jerrod Niemann** **"Bakersfield"**

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She was born in central California  
Just as sweet as the fruit on her daddy's 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 JosÃ©  
With the top down, we headed for the bay  
And with her hair blowin' in the breeze  
She leaned and whispered, "My name is Tiffany"

But I called her Bakersfield  
And it would always make her smile  
Don't know where she is today  
But she was mine for a while

Every time I drive through the California hills  
I find my mind is on Bakersfield

A couple sunsets and mimosa mornings  
I got more than my share of kisses on the beach  
And Sunday found us too early without warning  
She was once in my arms and now she's outta reach

Oh, I called her Bakersfield  
And it would always make her smile  
Don't know where she is today  
But she was mine for a while

Every time I drive through the California hills  
I find my mind is on Bakersfield  
Yeah, every time I drive through the California hills  
I find my mind is on Bakersfield, Bakersfield

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