

The Ranch

"Brad Logan"

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California sun has sunk
Behind the Anaheim Hills, here comes the night
I was high on junk
And the warm winds of Santa Anna feel all right
Will every crimmin' hood make a bargain with the world
Seats are successive when you're shot to the curb
I spend my day in blindness, at night I get my vision
Dodgy, cause there are no one indecision
Cause it's wild, well it's Wild wild wild wild
I get destructive outside obedience
I am no longer respected in this new transition
I put into effect, my long time standard
Disastrous living, disastrous living!
All right

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