

Son Volt

"Bakersfield"

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What do you want? Where do you find it?
You can call it what you will
The sound of heartbreak from a jail cell
Finding work in bar all nights
Jukebox letters and numbers
The burning hearts and starving minds
Souls in pain as if Iâ€™m punishment
The ways and needs to survive

Thereâ€™s a passion thatâ€™s put on the line
Money to burn and fortunes to find
Without a claim, without a stake
Iâ€™m living only for today

There will be starts, there will be stumbles
Our tongue out on the line to dry
And a piece from wagers of working
And hell breaks loose on Saturday night
Arenâ€™t you happy? The least itâ€™s living
Freedom to choose to stay down
Always a wild wind blowing
Just want a guitar and a radio

In the fields of the valley
The sweat and toil along with the land
No cup of gold, no candy mountain
What better place to make a stand?

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