

## South Park "Brad Logan - Rancid"

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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 Ana feel alright

Well a crim it hurt  
make a bargain with the world  
she starts obsessing when you  
shot a little gun  
I spend my day in blackness  
at night I get my vision  
the darkness comes  
there is no indecision  
cause it's wild

well, it's wild  
wild, wild, wild

California sun has sunk  
behind Anaheim hills here comes the night  
I was high on junk  
And the warm winds of Santa Ana feel alright

I get distracted, outside opinions  
I'm no longer respected in this new transition  
I put it to a friend, my long time standing,  
"Disastrous living! Disastrous living!"  
Wild

cause it's wild  
wild, wild, wild

California sun has sunk  
behind Anaheim hills here comes the night  
I was high on junk  
And the warm winds of Santa Ana feel alright

cause it's wild  
cause it's wild  
wild, wild, wild

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