

## South Park "Rancid - 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, When it's Wild wild wild wild

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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!

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