

Terry Allen**"There Ought To Be A Law (Against Sunny Southern Ca"**

Visit "[There Ought To Be A Law \(Against Sunny Southern Ca](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Well, I'm goin back, goin' home again.
Well, I'm goin back to my own again
I'm goin back, yeah, to my home town
One that put me out, the one that put me down.

Well, I wired up a car in East Fontana, I was a'headed
for San Berdu.
Ah, midnight oil, it was on the boil, an' boy, I was a
barrelin' through.
Then I took a turn but I hit the curb, an' I spun off the
center lane.
An' when I heard the crash, well, I stomped the gas an'
I was barrelin' on again.
Leavin' fifteen for dead, but I got open road, yeah,
ahead.
Leavin' fifteen for dead, but I got open road, yeah,
ahead.

An' I remember the cop with his slicked-back hair,
When he told me to get outta here.
An' I remember the judge with his gold-plated mouth.
He said "Go live in the north, you gonna die down
South,
"You gonna die down south."

Yeah, but I'm goin back, goin' home again.
Well, I'm goin back to my own again
I'm goin back, yeah, to my home town
One that put me out, the one that put me down.

I went flyin' through South San Berdu with my mind on
East L.A.
Where my pachuco queen, she's cookin re-fried beans
an' she's waitin for me today.
Yeah, stopped on off at the liquor store, an' made
everybody lay down on the floor.
I took all their whiskey, took their bread, then shot out
their lights before I fled.
Left a few people dead but I got open road, yeah,
ahead.
Left a few people dead but I got open road, yeah,

ahead.

An' I remember the bitch whose black tongue lied,
When she told me she's dissatisfied.

An' I remember her daddy, big as a truck.

He said "F+++ with me boy if you want to f+++.

"Yeah, f+++ with me boy if you want to f+++."

Ah, an' I'm goin back, goin' home again.

Well, I'm goin back to my own again

I'm goin back, yeah, to my home town

One that put me out, the one that put me down.

Yeah, there oughta be a law against sunny Southern
California.

Yeah, there oughta be a law against putting the devil
behind the wheel.

Ah, 'cause as long as you people are gonna sanction
such an evil,

Well, I'm gonna turn your asphalt back into brimstone.

Yeah, you God-damned bet I will.

Instrumental close.

Visit [Terry Allen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.