

Terry Allen

"There Oughta Be a Law Against Sunny Southern California"

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Chorus:

Well I ain't goin back

Goin home again

Yeah I'm goin back

To my own again

Yeah I'm goin back

Ahhh to my home town

The one that put me out

The one that put me down

Well I wired up a car in East Fontana

I was headed for San Berdu

Ahhh my midnight oil

It was on the boil

An boy I was a barrel through

Then I took a turn

But I hit the curb

An spun off the center lane

An when I heard the crash

Well I stomped on the gas

An I was barrel through on again

I leave a few people dead

But I got open road ahead

Yeah

I leave a few people dead

But I got open road ahead

An I remember the cop

With his slicked-back hair

When he told me

To get out a 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

Chorus

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
Made every body lay down on the floor
Took all their whiskey
Took their bread
Then Shot out their lights
Just before I fled
Yeah
I leave a few people dead
But I got open road ahead
Yeah
I leave a few people dead,
But I got open road 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 "fuck with me boy
if you want to fuck
Yeah, fuck with me boy
if you want to fuck

Chorus

Yeah there oughta be a law
Against sunny Southern California
Yeah there oughta be a law
Against putting the devil
Behind the wheel...
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

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