

Calaveras County

Jason Eady

Well I came up here to Calaveras County
Lookin' for a place to call home
All those ghosts where I'd been, they finally found me
And I been out here wanderin' alone

There's a quiet in the air, there's a breeze off of the mountains
And there's room for a man to be his own
Ain't no strangers here in Calaveras County
At least not any that I've ever known

That trip up from Ft. Worth, it was covered in dust
And I almost broke down in Bakesfield
But a man in a multi-colored
Gave me a hand, showed me what was real

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Well there's gold in these hills
And after all these years they still pull it out of the ground
It's easy to hide in Calaveras County
Hide until you're ready to be found

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