

When the lights go down in the California town  
People are in for the evening  
I jump into my car and I throw in my guitar  
My heartbeat in time with my breathing

Driving over Kanan, singing to my soul  
There's people out there turning music into gold

Ah, my buddy Jim Bass, he's a-working pumping gas  
And he makes two-fifty for an hour  
He's got rhythm in his hands as he's tapping on the cans  
Sings rock and roll in the shower

Driving over Kanan, singing to his soul  
There's people out there turning music into gold

Ah, California girls are the greatest in the world  
Each one a song in the making  
Singing right to me, I can hear the melody  
Story is there for the taking

Driving over Kanan, singing to my soul  
There's people out there turning music into gold

(Ooh)

Driving over Kanan, singing to my soul  
There's people out there turning music into gold

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Driving over Kanan, singing to my soul  
There's people out there turning music into gold

Flying over Kanan, singing to my soul  
People out there turning music into gold  
People out there turning music into gold  
People out there turning music into gold

(Ooh, yeah)

People out there turning music into gold (into gold)  
People out there turning music into gold (into gold)  
People out there turning music into gold (into gold)  
(Yes, babe)  
People out there turning music into gold (into gold)  
Rocking on the radio  
People out there turning music into gold (into gold)  
Slipping down the back road  
People out there turning music into gold (into gold)  
People out there turning music into gold (into gold)