

Gold

John Stewart

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

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

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)