

Bakersfield

Social Distortion

Take me down that line
Gonna tow that heavy load
I can't seem to make it
Make it on my own
Turn the lights down low now
Turn down our bed
I can't seem to get you
Out of my head

Stranded here in Bakersfield
So close, yet so far, far away
Stranded here in Bakersfield
You're a million miles away, yea, yea

I feel the heat coming down now
Sweat runs down my face
I can hardly fake it, girl
Fake it thru this day
Was it something that I said?
Or something I didn't do?
Eighteen more hours, girl
'Til I'm home to you

Stranded here in Bakersfield
So close, yet so far, far away
Stranded here in Bakersfield
You're a million miles away, yea, yea

So I walked out that lonely truck stop
With my head hanging down
Wondering how in the hell I got myself into this mess
And more importantly
How I was gonna get myself out of it
So I wrote a song for you, baby girl
And I hope when I return home
The locks ain't changed on the doors
And there's still a spot for me
On that big ol' California king sized bed

Stranded here in Bakersfield
So close yet, so far, far away
Stranded here in Bakersfield
You're a million miles away, yea, yea
Won't you come see me in Bakersfield?
I'm not a million miles away