

San Andreas Fault Line Blues

Shovels & Rope

Going to California, going to LA
The sunshine burns my eyes, but I stare at it anyway
I can only hope to get the hang of it someday
I got the San Andreas fault line blues Might've once been Eden till the angels made their rift
Paradise was swallowed in the great tectonic shift
But what would mankind know to do with such a gift
He got the San Andreas fault line blues I cut up the coastline, I was trying to get free
From the missions to the orchards, from the desert to the sea
I could hear the voice of Tom Joad whisperin' to me
He got the San Andreas fault line blues When the streets of Bakersfield have all but gone to rust
And the cowgirls of Bandit Town will be kickin' up the dust
And the motorcycle preachers will pray for all of us
They got the San Andreas fault line blues
One hundred Philip Kaufmans with Sin City patches on their vests
And a hundred grievous angels whom in nudie suits were dressed
Drove a hundred red Camaros into a fiery sunset
They got the San Andreas fault line blues
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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