California

Rusty

I met her while in France
We had a brief romance
She rubbed my arm
I rubbed her arm
Then we dirty danced
She moved down to L.A.
She met a dude o.k.
He sawed her head off with a knife
Now she's gone away
Hid away
Hid away
Hid away
Went away
California's nice
It snowed there once or twice
Bullets fly across the sky
The path is smooth and tight
I caught one at the bus stop
I said hey man I've been shot
I felt the warm blood rolling down
Now it's gone away
Hid away
Hid away
Hid away
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