

# 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  
You're so close yet so far, far away  
Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're a million miles away, yeah I feel the heat coming down now, sweat runs down my face  
I can hardly make it go, take it through 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  
You're so close yet so far, far away  
Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're a million miles away, yeah So I walk 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 going to 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 size bed Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're so close yet so far, far away  
Stranded here in Bakersfield  
You're a million miles away, yeah Won't you come see me in Bakersfield?  
Ooh, I'm not a million miles away, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

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