

10 West

Chuck Ragan

Oh California, if there's one thing I like to see,
It's miles of asphalt boiling under the sun.
I'm rolling up my sleeves and I'll wait
For the moon rise for any phase it's in.
Pray I see no black dogs running
And ride all night till the early morning.
Steer with the memories that swim around my head.
Some are foolish, some so wise, and some just better off dead...
And I won't slow down.
Oh California. One thing that I'll see.
It's blacktop burning under the gun.
Running state to state and I'll wait
For the sun rise and the calm before the storm.
Pray I see no black dogs running
And ride all night till the break of dawn.
Steer with the memories that swim around my head.
Some are foolish, some are wise, and some just better off dead...
And I won't slow down.
Oh California. You're where I need to be.
I'm heading to your mountains,
Through your rivers, on to your sea.
And I'll make it only if I stay rolling.
From there don't care where I'm going.
Break for food, smoke, and fuel,
Come on 50 cent cup to burn up my throat!
Steer with the memories, that swim around my head.
Some are foolish, some so wise, and some just better of dead...
And I won't slow down...
And I won't slow down

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