Santa Ana Wind

Everclear

I feel safe inside the violence
Like I feel safe inside a rollercoaster car
I feel safe in the hills up above it all
Sometimes in the middle of the night
I can almost see the stars
Living in L.A. makes me think of you
I think about the good times doing
All the bad things that we used to do
I walk the streets at night
To remember why I feel so bad
I walk the streets at night
It helps sometimes to remember why
Living in L.A
Feels like home in a brand new way
I am like everyone I meet
I have a ghost in my eyes
That will never go away
I walk the streets at night
To understand why I feel so bad
I walk the streets at night
To understand why I am the way I am
We come from a sun
We're lost out in the cold
We run from the light
It's the only way we know
I wanna find a better sun
I wanna find a better world
I wanna find a better heart
So I can find me a better girl
I wanna find a place to live inside
All the violence and the rage
Oh the Santa Ana wind
On a sunny day
Living in L.A
Is the west coast without your head in the sand
Can't explain this place
If you're not from here you will never understand
I walk the streets at night

I think about all the lives that I have had
I walk the streets at night
I think about why all the love that I can't have
We come from a sun
We're lost out in the cold
We fight for the light
It's the only way we know
I wanna find a better sun
I wanna find a better shine
I wanna find a better world
I wanna find a better life
I wanna find a place to live inside
All the violence and the rage
Oh the Santa Ana wind
On a beautiful day
Yeah it is the simple things
That I love about this place
Sunshine and Mexican food
On a Christmas day
Oh the noise in the city
Is the only way to fall asleep
I think I needed to leave
To realize that this is all
This is where I'm suppose to be
We come from a sun
We're lost out in the cold
We fight for the light
It's the only way we know
I wanna find a better sun
I wanna find a better shine
I wanna find a better world
I wanna find me a better life
I wanna find a place
To hide inside all the violence and the rage
But the Santa Ana wind
On a winter's day
I can almost see the future
I can almost see the blue sky
In the middle of the day
Even though all hell is coming down around me now
My Santa Ana wind
Maybe the clouds are gray

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