Bakersfield

Son Volt

What do you want? Where do you find it?
You can call it what you will
The sound of heartbreak from a jail cell
Finding work in bar all nights
Jukebox letters and numbers
The burning hearts and starving minds
Souls in pain as if I'm punishment
The ways and needs to surviveThere's a passion that's put on the line
Money to burn and fortunes to find
Without a claim, without a stake
I'm living only for todayThere will be starts, there will be stumbles
Our tongue out on the line to dry
And a piece from wagers of working
And hell breaks loose on Saturday night
Aren't you happy? The least it's living
Freedom to choose to stay down
Always a wild wind blowing
Just want a guitar and a radioIn the fields of the valley
The sweet and toil along with the land
No cup of gold, no candy mountain
What better place to make a stand?

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