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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