

# Golden Gate Fields

## Rancid

This is not Churchhill downs this is not Hollywood Park  
When the field is wide open  
I'll pick the horse that's got the biggest heart  
Let em run let em ride let em roll down the track  
Let em win place and show  
Let em one dollar exact  
Six furlongs four phillys  
Three mares three years and up  
Who measures up  
Well I wish you luck  
Who measures up  
Well I wish you luck  
This is not Churchhill downs this is not Hollywood Park  
When the field is wide open  
I'll pick the horse that's got the biggest heart  
Well they rush the windows and play odds on fave  
(But the)My starter in 2nd deuces down a bit of give and take  
Race is a puzzler when they open from the outside  
It's a hit and run and they look back  
You can't count on that  
That's a fact  
The old men from El Cerrito  
Who talk about their picks  
And they talk about all the wins of the great jock leftgit  
Pincay  
This is not Churchhill downs this is not Hollywood Park  
When the field is wide open  
I'll pick the horse that's got the biggest heart  
Every time i come back to the east bay i run into "big L"  
My old friend Big L he's not doing so well  
Me and Big L grew up across the freeway from the track  
WE spent many days at the track  
I see Big L come rollin up the street  
On his little sister's pink ten speed  
He said "Tim, Tim don't you remember me?"  
"way back from 1973?"  
Every time i se him he has to remind me  
Like i would ever forget Big L  
Then he's gone

Like a flash  
Then he's gone  
Like a flash  
yeah like a flash  
Ok this is Rancid signing off for now  
until next time we'll see you guys later...

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>