

We were busted in L.A.,
broke until we couldn't stay
So we headed on up to San Francisco.
But I couldn't hack the city
Still I think it's a pity
cause it has its nice features, 'far as cities go.

4
4

MUCH LIKE
PANTIES IN RUFFEL

*[BRIDGE]: I had broke down in Reno,
tried each major casino,
Never could get my fill,
this wanderin' heart can't sit still.
Had to part with my Mustang,
Couldn't wait till the phone rang,
to go singin' in the clubs
till we got top bill.

Had a country boy's heart
never could learn the art
of takin' kindly to city life's survivin'.
It was never my style
to hide a hustle in a smile,
and to compete with the street by contrivin'.

*While we eyed Hollywood,
none of us understood,
what politicians were doin' to California

The glitz and gold of the State
were being used as jail bait,
silencing any brave soul who tried to warn ya.

Then it happened one day
the police took me away
when I'd finally edged up to the big time.
They had set me up well,
fodder for their jaws of hell
For defending my life against another's crime.

*This game's not for the weak,
it's one long losing streak,
they change the rules when it's time to be paroled.

Size 12-year boot on my face,
aging comes without grace
They plan to keep us short timers, till we're old.

Well, I still have my dream,
minus the peaches and cream
If I can only restrain my hand from suicide.
Now it's Nashville or Branson
~~where the music's still dancin'~~
but my family and fans have all died.

Copyright © ® PF Lazor,
1995, lyrics & music. ROC/
GLORY THIEF MUSIC [BMI].
Written 5-15-95. Secular.

*Will the man shoot me down,
if I try to leave town,
to pitch my songs one last time in vain?
Itchin' to see me dead
one clean shot through the head,
while the flashes of how I got here, rush through my brain...

HOW...We were busted in L.A. [etc, from beginning, and fade]