

Getting born in the state of Mississippi
Papa was a copper, and her mama was a hippy
In Alabama she would swing a hammer
Price you got to pay when you break the panorama
She never knew that there was anything more than poor
What in the world does your company take me for?
Black bandanna, sweet Louisiana
Robbing on a bank in the state of Indiana
She's a runner
Rebel, and a stunner
On her merry way saying baby, watcha gonna?
Looking down the barrel of a hot metal forty-five
Just another way to survive

California, rest in peace
Simultaneous release
California, show your teeth
She's my priestess
I'm your priest
Yeah, yeah, yeah

She's a lover, baby, and a fighter
Should've seen it coming when I got a little brighter
With a name like Dani California
Day was gonna come when I was gonna mourn ya
A little loaded, she was stealing another breath
I love my baby to death

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I'm your priest
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Who knew the other side of you?
Who knew that others died to prove?
Too true to say goodbye to you
Too true to say, say, say

Pushed the fader, gifted animator
One for the now, and eleven for the later
Never made it up to Minnesota
North Dakota man
Wasn't gunnin' for the quota
Down in the Badlands she was saving the best for last
It only hurts when I laugh
Gone too fast

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