

South Park, Brad Logan - Rancid

California sun has sunk
behind the Anaheim hills here comes the night
I was high on junk
And the warm winds of Santa Ana feel alright

Well a crim it hurt
make a bargain with the world
she starts obsessing when you
shot a little gun
I spend my day in blackness
at night I get my vision
the darkness comes
there is no indecision
cause it's wild

well, it's wild
wild, wild, wild

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I get distracted, outside opinions
I'm no longer respected in this new transition

I put it to a friend, my long time standing,
"Disastrous living! Disastrous living!"
Wild

cause it's wild
wild, wild, wild

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cause it's wild
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