

# Terry Allen, There Oughta Be A Law Against Sun

Chorus:

Well I goin back  
Goin home again  
Yeah I'm goin back  
To my own again  
Yeah I'm goin back  
Ahhh to my home town  
The one that put me out  
The one that put me down

Well I wired up a car in East Fontana  
I was aaded for San Berdu  
Ahhh my midnight oil  
It was on the boil  
An boy I was a barrel through  
Then I took a turn  
But I hit the curb  
An spun off the center lane  
An when I heard the crash  
Well I stomped on the gas  
An I was barrel on again  
I leave a few people dead  
But I got open road ahead  
Yeah  
I leave a few people dead  
But I got open road ahead

An I remember the cop  
With his slicked-back hair  
When he told me  
To get out aere  
An I remember the judge  
With his gold plated mouth  
He said "go live in the north  
You gonna die down South'  
You gonna die down south

Chorus

I went flyin through South San Berdu  
With my mind on East L.A.  
Where my pachuco queen  
She's cookin re-fried beans  
An she waitin for me today  
Yeah stopped on off at the liquor store  
Made every body lay down on the floor  
Took all their whiskey  
Took their bread  
Then Shot out their lights  
Just before I fled  
Yeah  
I leave a few people dead  
But I got open road ahead  
Yeah  
I leave a few people dead,  
But I got open road ahead

An I remember the bitch  
Whose black tongue lied  
When she told me  
She's dissatisfied  
An I remember her daddy  
Big as a truck  
He said "f\*\*k with me boy

if you want to f\*\*k  
Yeah, f\*\*k with me boy  
if you want to f\*\*k

### Chorus

Yeah there oughta be a law  
Against sunny Southern California  
Yeah there oughta be a law  
Against putting the devil  
Behind the wheel...  
Cause as long as you people are gonna  
Sanction such an evil  
Well I'm gonna turn your asphalt  
Back Into brimstone  
Yeah You God damned bet  
I will