

Broken Bacchanalian blisters,
It's a long way back to the city,
Drunk on gin and valley heat,
And feeling fuckin' shitty,
Looking back to Shangri-La,
It's like a brothel on the border,
Steady hands can't take a shot,
Clean up this disorder

And the ocean seems so far away,
Got to get back to my...,
Got to get back to my...,
The sun was burning down when I woke up yesterday,
Got to get back to my...,
Got to get back to my...

I had a dream three nights in a row,
It might not mean a thing,
I felt my face in an empty space,
And pulled out all my teeth,
Stranded in a Fresno truckstop,
Paying for ice in a glass,
Rednecks here don't like my eyes or my face,
They'll kick my ass

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