

# Earthquake

Lyrics by Robben Ford

1st vs.

I've traveled miles  
To find you waiting  
Waiting for someone I've never been

Angry eyes  
Hooks and baiting  
And accusations of drinking gin

Who could stand against these odds  
No one I know  
Could win, place or show against you

2nd vs.

Dishes are done  
The TV chatters  
Words still banging inside my head

Wait for the sun  
To further matters  
My buttons are pushed and I just see red

You're the taker of the cake  
The one who fools doth make  
My own private LA earthquake