

Oh California

A Balladeer

It could be the Christmas season
Why I want to get away
And just lately for no reason
I've been thinking of LA

There's a place called Laurel Canyon
Where Houdini still has fun
I've been dying for some action
And a little bit of sun

Let's catch a plane to California
There are clouds about to break
We'll take the first flight in the morning
Won't that make a great escape

It hardly rains in California
We could stay there for a while
And if it doesn't make us happy
We could always fake a smile

Oh, California

We can go and visit Joni
In her mansion in Bel Air
Will she still be painting only
Does she still have angel hair

She has turned her back on romance
So she lives there on her own
We could ask about Alberta
If she ever misses home

Home

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