

# California

Grimes

This, this music makes me cry  
It sounds just like my soul, oh  
Oh I'm not ready to win  
Oh lord cause I don't wanna know what they say  
Cause I get carried away  
Commodifying all the pain

The things they see in me, I cannot see myself  
When you get bored of me, I'll be back on the shelf  
And when the ocean rises up above the ground  
Baby I'll drown in...

California  
You only like me when you think I'm looking sad  
California  
I didn't think you'd end up treating me so bad

Oh, I, I, I  
Come Monday, it's a dream  
Oh, I, I, I  
Broken my own heart again  
Chasing something beautiful  
Oh, but I don't understand what they say  
Cause I get carried away  
Commodifying all the pain

The things they see in me, I cannot see myself  
When you get bored of me, I'll be back on the shelf  
And when the ocean rises up above the ground  
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You only like me when you think I'm looking sad  
California  
I didn't think you'd end up treating me so bad

Oh, I, oh, I  
Oh na, na, na, ne