

# Talk to Me of Mendocino

Linda Ronstadt

I bid farewell to the state of old New York  
My home away from home  
In the state of New York I came of age  
When first I started roaming  
And the trees grow high in New York State  
And they shine like gold in the autumn  
Never had the blues from whence I came  
But in New York State I got 'em

Talk to me of Mendocino  
Closing my eyes I hear the sea  
Must I wait  
Must I follow  
Won't you say come with me

And it's on to South Bend, Indiana  
Flat out on the western plain  
Rise up over the Rockies  
And down on into California  
Out to where but the rocks again  
And let the sun set on the ocean  
I will watch it from the shore  
Let the sun rise over the redwoods  
I'll rise with it till I rise no more

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Won't you say come with me