

## California (I'm Comin')

Little Richard

I was born in the country, lived in the county  
Raised on a farm, didn't do nobody wrong  
Girlfriend Annabella, she had a lotta fellas  
You know she could be drunk, then Lord it kept me so disgusted  
I'm gonna leave, I'm gonna leave  
I'm going to California, California

I moved to Alabama, went to Louisiana  
Back to Mississippi, Lord I flew on out to Texas  
Got to leave, oh baby baby got to leave  
Everybody know, Lord, that I got to go  
Keep on moving, I keep on moving

Now I went on over in Texas, I met a girl named Betsy  
She was a good old friend, stuck with me to the end  
I got to leave, oh baby baby  
Everybody got to go, got to find my love some more  
I got to leave

Keep on searching, trying to find  
California stays on my mind  
If I have a good time, I'd better get going  
If I have a beg for it, keep on going  
I'm going to California, I'm going to California  
I'm going to California, I'm going to California

I'm packed away, California I plan to stay  
I hope you receive me well, I got a story that I got to tell  
You got to be good to me California, I'll be good to you  
You got to be good to me California, I'll be good to you