

California (Pt. II)

Mason Jennings

I tell you what i'm gonna do
I'm gonna lighten up
I'm gonna throw a box of books and my beloved guitar
Into the back of my truck and try my luck in
California
I'm gonna stay away from LA
I'm staying far away from there
I'm going north of san francisco
Into the cleaner air
I'm gonna get a little land with the money i've saved
And buy an old house that i can work on
Where the next nearest neighbor lives miles away
I'll never have to mow the lawn (right on)
California
And when the house is all finished
And the garden is grown
I'm gonna write you a letter
Asking you to come home
And i know that you will come
Yes i know that you will come
'cause others may know where you been
But honey i know where you're from, you're from
California