California

Rufus Wainwright

California, California You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed Big time rollers, part time models So much to plunder That I think I'll sleep instead

I don't know this sea of neon Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon And big nights back east with Rhoda California please

There's a moment I've been saving A kind of crucifix around this munchkin land Up north freezing, little me drooling That's Entertainment's on at eight Come on Ginger slam

I don't know this sea of neon Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon And my new grandma Bea Arthur Come on over

Ain't it a shame that at the top Peanut butter and jam they served you Ain't it a shame that at the top Still those soft skin boys can bruise you Yes I fell for a streaker

I don't know this sea of neon Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon

Ain't it a shame That all the world can't enjoy your mad traditions Ain't it a shame that all the world Don't got keys to their own ignitions Life is the longest death in California

California

You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead