

Coast Of California

The Kingston Trio

There is treasure hidden there, on the coast of California
El Diego hid it there when the Clara ran aground
On the coast of California, deep within a cave that's never seen
Treasure, stolen from the Incas, we could capture for the Queen

There's a mountain in the ocean on the coast of California
And deep within its side, the tides of night alone reveal
El Diego's hidden cave, where we'll plunder the riches of Grenada
While the Spaniard blind with pleasure, plays ashore in Ensenada

We will sail before the dawn along the coast of California
El Diego is delayed, the wine and woman hold their sway
And our map is clearly drawn to the dark and stormy shore
On the coast of California lies a mighty prize of war

Tell not a soul that you have seen me
Breathe not a word of what I say
Tell not a soul that you have seen me
Breathe not a word of what I say