

California

Wilson Phillips

Sitting in a park in Paris, France
Reading the news and it sure looks bad
They won't give peace a chance
That was just a dream some of us had
Still a lot are left to see
But I wouldn't want to stay here
It's too old and cold and settled in its ways here
Oh, but California
California I'm coming home
I'm going to see the folks I dig
I'll even kiss a sunset pig
California I'm coming home

I met a redneck on a Grecian isle
Who did the goat dance very well
He gave me back my smile
But he kept my camera to sell
Oh the rogue, the red red rogue
He cooked good omelettes and stews
And I might have stayed on with him there
But my heart cried out for you, California
California I'm coming home
Oh make me feel good rock'n roll band
I'm your biggest fan
California, I'm coming home

Oh it gets so lonely
When you're walking
And the streets are full of strangers
All the news of home you read
Just gives you the blues
Just gives you the blues

So I bought me a ticket
I caught a plane to Spain
Went to a party down a red dirt road
There were lots of pretty people there
Reading rolling stone, reading vogue
They said, how long can you hang around?
I said a week, maybe two,
Just until my skin turns brown
Then I'm going home to California
California I'm coming home
Will you take me as I am
Strung out on another man
California I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
I'm coming home
Yeah
Take me as I am
Will you
Will you