

# 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