

California Here I Come

Al Jolson

When the wintry winds start blowing
And the snow is starting to fall
Then my eyes turn westward knowing
That's the place that I love best of all

California, I've been blue
Since I've been away from you.
I can't wait till I get going
Even now I'm starting in a call

California, here I come
Right back where I started from
Where bowers are flowers bloom in the spring
Each morning at dawning
Birdies sing and everything
A sun kissed miss said "Don't be late!"
That's why I can hardly wait,
Open up that Golden Gate!
California, here I come!

California, here I come, yeah!
Right where I started from
Where bowers are flowers bloom in the spring
Each morning at dawning
Birdies sing and everything
A sun kissed miss said "Don't be late!"
That's why I can hardly wait
Open up, open up, open up that Golden Gate!
California, here I come!