

## (Talk To Me Of) Mendocino

Bette Midler

I bid farewell to the state of old New York  
My home away from home  
In the state of New York I came of age  
When first I started roaming

And the trees grow high in New York state  
And they shine like gold in Autumn  
Never had the blues from whence I came  
But in New York state I caught 'em

Talk to me of Mendocino  
Closing my eyes I hear the sea  
Must I wait, must I follow?  
Won't you say "Come with me?"

And it's on to Southbend, Indiana  
Flat out on the Western plains  
Rise up over the Rockies and down on into California  
Out to where but the rocks remain

And let the sun set on the ocean  
I will watch it from the shore  
Let the sun rise over the redwoods  
I'll rise with it till I rise no more

Talk to me of Mendocino  
Closing my eyes, I hear the sea  
Must I wait, must I follow?  
Won't you say "Come with me?"