

California

Ed Prosek

Oh your coffees gone cold in the middle of a northern storm
For the south coast of Britain I don't think you can expect much more

Than a train ride, through a country side that don't glitter like my home

The way the Highway 1 in the midday sun outlines a sea that shines like gold (Oooh)

Well she's a woman, she's a prize, so many men have died to own this land

And every line and curve, so delicately preserves what's sculpted by God's hands

And she'll love you if you're rich, she'll love you if you're poor, she don't care for mortal things

And if you fall upon your darkest hour you'll be lifted by her wings. (Oooh)

Cause California's not so far away for me to dream

And I can reach out and touch the silver seams, as I cross the golden gate

Where in my childhood I would lay

And watch the hills turn into sea

And drift so peacefully to sleep

So if you find, your love's gone sour just put yourself to sleep

And reminisce on what you've missed as you fall into a dream

Oh she may not have the brains or the class but God she's got the looks

And when you wake you'll quickly find California's got you hooked. (Oooh)

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It's such a shame this is a dream