

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