

# Abrams Rita, Mill Valley

I'm gonna talk about a place  
That's got a hold on me,  
Mill Valley  
A little place where life  
Feels very fine and free,  
Mill Valley  
Where people aren't afraid to smile  
And stop and talk with you awhile,  
And you can be as friendly  
As you want to be.  
Mill Valley!  
Talkin' 'bout Mill Valley,  
That's my home!  
It looks as pretty in the rain  
As in the sun,  
Mill Valley  
And there's a mountain  
That belongs to ev'ry one,  
Mill Valley  
And there are creeks  
That run on endlessly,  
And trees as far as you can see  
It makes you feel as if  
Your life has just begun.  
Mill Valley  
Talkin' 'bout Mill Valley,  
Talkin' 'bout Mill Valley, California,  
That's my home!  
I know that there may come a time  
I'll have to leave Mill Valley,  
And ev'ry memory  
Will seem like make-believe Mill Valley  
And all the good things  
That are mine right now,  
Will call to me and ask me how  
I could have left them all behind  
How could I leave Mill Valley,  
Talkin' 'bout Mill Valley,  
Talkin' 'bout Mill Valley, California,  
That's my home!  
(song written by Rita Abrams-1970)