

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)