

Lucinda Williams, Here In California

When I was young, my mama told me
She said child, take your time
Don't fall in love too quickly before you know your mind
She held me round the shoulders
In a voice so soft and kind
She said love can make you happy and love can rob you blind

CHORUS

Here in California
Fruit hangs heavy on the vine
There's no gold-I thought I'd warn ya
and the hills turn brown in the summertime
Now I may learn to love you
but I can't say when
This morning we were strangers, and tonight we're only friends
I'll take my time to know you, I'll take my time to see
There's nothing I won't show you if you take your time with me

CHORUS

It's an old, familiar story, an old, familiar rhyme
To everything there is a season, to every purpose there's a time
A time to love and come together, a time we look long for a mate
A time for questions we can't answer, though we ask them just the same

CHORUS