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

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