

# Rufus Wainwright, California

California, California

You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed  
Big time rollers, part time models  
So much to plunder  
That I think I'll sleep instead

I don't know this sea of neon  
Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon  
And big nights back east with Rhoda  
California please

There's a moment  
I've been saving  
A kind of crucifix around this munchkin land  
Up north freezing, little me drooling  
That's Entertainment's on at eight  
Come on Ginger slam

I don't know this sea of neon  
Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon  
And my new grandma Bea Arthur  
Come on over

Ain't it a shame that at the top  
Peanut butter and jam they served you  
Ain't it a shame that at the top  
Still those soft skin boys can bruise you  
Yes I fell for a stalker

I don't know this sea of neon  
Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon

Ain't it a shame  
That all the world can't enjoy your mad traditions  
Ain't it a shame that all the world  
Don't got keys to their own ignitions  
Life is the longest death in California

California

You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed  
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead  
You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed  
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead