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 streaker

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