

Sevendust, Going Back To Cali

I'm going back to Cali, Cali, Cali
I'm going back to Cali... I don't think so
I'm going back to Cali, Cali, Cali
I'm going back to Cali.. I don't think so

Going back to Cali, stylin, profilin
Growlin, and smilin, while in the sun
The top is down, on the black Corvette
And it's fly, cause it's sittin on Dayton's
Laurents steering wheel, pushed out, gold-leaf phantom top
and three girls wait
Engine's blowin, the chrome, is shining
Passing all the cars on the way
Movement of the wind, back wheels spin
Pop in a cassette and push play

I'm going back to Cali,
Going back to Cali - I don't think so
I'm going back to Cali,
Going back to Cali - I don't think so

I'm going back to Cali, shakin 'em, bakin 'em
Takin 'em to spots they never before hung
But fuck that place, on Sunset it's a trip
Where the A.C.'s cold, and the girls still strip
The record skip, but this girl kept dancin
Prancin, grindin, grinnin, romancin
I asked her to the barn, so we could hit the hay
I wanna do this, Brutus, but I don't wanna pay

I'm going back to Cali,
Going back to Cali - no man I don't think so
I'm going back to Cali,
Going back to Cali - fuck that I don't think so

I'm going back to Cali, rising, surprising
Advising, realizing, she's sizing me up
Her bikini - small; heels - tall
She said, she liked, the ocean
She showed me a beach, gave me a peach
and pulled out the suntan lotion
Now I thought that was fast, but this girl was faster
She's lookin for a real good time
I said, Close your eyes, I got a surprise,
and I ran away with the bottle of wine

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I'm going back to Cali,
Going back to Cali... I don't think so

I'm going back to Cali
Going back to Cali... no man I don't think so
I'm going back to Cali
Going back to Cali... fuck that I don't think so