

# Al Jolson, California, Here I Come

When the wintry winds starts blowing  
And the snow is starting in a fall  
Then my eyes went westward knowing  
That's the place that I love best of all  
California I've been blue  
Since I've been away from you  
I can't wait till I get blowing  
Even now I'm starting in a call  
California, here I come  
Right back where I started from  
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring  
Each morning at dawning birdies sing at everything  
A sun kissed miss said, "Don't be late!"  
That's why I can hardly wait  
Open up that golden gate  
California, here I come  
California, here I come, yeah  
Right back where I started from  
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring  
Each morning at dawning birdies sing at everything  
A sun kissed miss said, "Don't be late!"  
That's why I can hardly wait come on, come on  
Open up, open up, open up that golden gate  
California, here I come