

Albert Hammond, Rebecca

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It Never Rains in Southern California

Rebecca

Get you, brushing your hair with the wind

Riding your bike up on Mulholland Drive

Oh, I got a five-minute rush from you in your faded blue jeans

How many years is it you've been alive?

Oh, I'll take a guess, Rebecca, could it be eighteen, nineteen or so?

Ooh, Rebecca, will I ever know?

No way, where would I fit in your life?

What would you do with a man without change

Too strange and too poor to be trusted, rusted a couple of times

Shaken a bit by the years on the road

And the women I've known? Rebecca, you'd have liked the name I gave to you

Ooh, Rebecca, if you only knew

Go home

To your father's friends

Straight sons

To your mother's friends

Sweet ones

to those families

Well-to-do and so well-established

And one day you might wake up to a shock, girl

What has it come to this sensible life

The wife of a fool? Rebecca, reading magazines in a chic salon

Ooh, Rebecca. Where's Rebecca gone?