

Bob Dylan, California

I'm goin' down south,
'Neath the borderline.
I'm goin' down south,
'Neath the borderline.
Some fat mamma
Kissed my mouth one time.

Well, I needed it this morning
Without a shadow of doubt.
My suitcase is packed,
My clothes are hangin' out.

San Francisco's fine,
You sure get lots of sun.
San Francisco is fine.
You sure get lots of sun.
But I'm used to four seasons,
California's got but one.

Well, I got my dark sunglasses,
I got for good luck my black tooth.
I got my dark sunglasses,
And for good luck I got my black tooth.
Don't ask me nothin' about nothin',
I just might tell you the truth.