

# Carole King, Back To California

I've been feelin' down in Atlanta  
Immobile in Alabam  
I'd rather be in traction  
Than to be here where I am  
Oh, you Georgia red clay  
And green Virginia pines  
I've got to make it home somehow  
Before I lose my mind

So won't you carry me back to California  
I've been on the road too long  
Take me to the West Coast, daddy  
And let me be where I belong

Hey now, Philly, you street city  
Been down by the railroad track  
I know you can be a sweet city  
But I won't soon be back  
Haystack towns and smokestack cities  
Are nothin' I want to see  
My own house on high ground  
Is the only place I want to be

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