

Middle Of The Road, Sacramento

There's something about the weather that ev'rybody loves
They call it the Indian spring of Sacramento
And when the sun is up in the sky
The wind is blowing by the riverside most ev'ry day
You're in Sacramento - a wonderful town
Sing, sing, sing, din-di-din

There's something about the people that ev'rybody knows
That gives you a tender feeling of confusion
You're feeling lonely but you don't know
Until this other feeling here inside you starts to grow
You're in Sacramento - a wonderful town
Sing, sing, sing, din-di-din

Now that spring is near again

And you're thinking if only you were not so lonely - boo-hoo
But you can ease your restless mind (ease your restless mind)
'Cos all the people are lovin' kind in Sacramento

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Sacramento, Sacramento
Sacramento, Sacramento
Sacramento, Sacramento
Sacramento, Sacramento . . . [continue to fade]