

Rob Zombie, California

Blonde-haired baby standing by the road
A pistol in her hand and talking on the phone
Said go to California go to California
Sidewalk gazing diamonds in the sky
Silent movie Gods and flashing in your eyes
Said go to California, go to California
Get up get out
Get inside the outside
Get up get out get in
Get up get out
Get inside the outside
Get up get out get in
Lon Chaney calling
Spelling out your name
Where everybody's different
But they're all the same
Yeah go to California go to California
You are perfect you are insane
We love to watch you break from the pain
Yeah go to California go to California
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Away
Hit the lights and
Strip down on the floor
Everybody hates you
But they want some more
Yeah go to California go to California