

Rob Zombie, Go To, 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)
Go to California (go to California)
Sidewalk gazing diamonds in the sky
Silent movie Gods are flashing in your eye
Said go to California (go to California)
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)
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)
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

Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind

Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind

Hit the lights and
Strip down on the floor
Everybody hates you
But they want some more
Yeah go to California (go to California)
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

Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind

Go to California

Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Go to California