

# 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