

Sophie B. Hawkins, California Here I Come

You
Poor you
Playing so long but you're still not grooving
I see you running but I see you ain't moving
And me
Pitiful me
I sleep with both eyes open but I'm just not seeing
The forest let alone the trees
California here I come
Open up your golden arms
I had enough of the New York City slums
My brother he went before me
My God watch over me
California here I come
Can we stop
Obsessing
There's food on the table let's count our blessings
How come we wanna be messing
Messing around
With the wild wild west
Must be a better life than this
How come
Some people got it all
Some people got none
I been banging my head against
The writing on the wall
But now
I just wanna have fun
California here I come
Open up your golden arms
I had enough of the New York City slums
My brother he went before me
My God watch over me
California here I come
California I'll be there
Let me fall into your hair
I won't be guilty for my New York City care
My sister come along with me
Our God is offering our share
California I'll be there