

The Decemberists, California One

Take a long drive with me
on California One, on California One.
And the road a-winding goes
from golden gate to roaring cliff-side,
and the light is softly low
as our hearts become sweetly untied
beneath the sun of California One.

Take a long dram with me
of California wine, of California wine.
And the wine, it tastes so sweet
as we lay our eyes to wander,
and the sky, it stretches deep.
Will we rest our heads to slumber
beneath the vines of California wine?
Beneath the sun of California One.
Annabelle lies, sleeps with quiet eyes
on this sea-drift sun.
What can you do?
And if i said, O it's in your head
on this sea-drift sun.
What can you do?