

Here in California

Slippin

When I was young, my mama told me
She said, "Child, take your time
Don't fall in love too quickly
Before you know your mind" She held me 'round the shoulders
In a voice so soft and kind
She said, "Love can make you happy
And love can rob you blind" Here in California
The fruit hangs heavy on the vine
There's no gold, I thought I'd warn ya
And the hills turn brown in the summertime Now I may learn to love you
But I can't say when
This morning we were strangers
And tonight we're only friends But I'll take my time to know you
I'll take my time to see
There's nothing that I won't show you
If you take your time with me Here in California
The fruit hangs heavy on the vine
There's no gold, I thought I'd warn ya
And the hills turn brown in the summertime It's an old familiar story
An old familiar rhyme
To everything there is a season
To every purpose there's a time A time to love and come together
A time we look longs for a name
A time for questions we can't answer
But we ask them just the same Here in California
The fruit hangs heavy on the vine
There's no gold, I thought I'd warn ya
And the hills turn brown in the summertime
There's no gold, I thought I'd warn ya
And the hills turn brown in the summertime

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