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 summertimeNow I may learn to love you
But I can't say when
This morning we were strangers
And tonight we're only friendsBut 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 meHere 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 summertimeIt's an old familiar story
An old familiar rhyme
To everything there is a season
To every purpose there's a timeA 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 sameHere 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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