

# 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 long 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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