California

Rufus Wainwright

California, California
You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed
Big time rollers, part time models
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep insteadI don't know this sea of neon
Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon
And big nights back east with Rhoda
California, pleaseThere's a moment I've been saving
A kind of crucifix around this munchkin land
Up north freezing, little me drooling
'That's Entertainment's' on at eight
Come on Ginger slamI don't know this sea of neon
Thousand surfers, whiffs of freon
And my new grandma Bea Arthur
Come on everAin't it a shame that at the top
Peanut butter and jam they served you
Ain't it a shame that at the top
Still those soft skin boys can bruise you
Yes, I fell for a streakerI don't know this sea of neon
Thousand surfers, whiffs of freonAin't it a shame
That all the world can't enjoy your mad traditions
Ain't it a shame that all the world
Don't got keys to their own ignitions
Life is the longest death in CaliforniaYou're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead
You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/