

California

Hannah Cohen

California's calling, and it's hard to let her go

From the hills, you hear them whisper

Baby, please come home, home.

Your skin was always golden brown and now your cheeks have turned pale

Your hands smell like the ocean and now nothing can compare, compare ,ohCalifornia's calling and she wants

you to come homeSo if you think you can go back

Be sure not to let her know

Her breath is tighter than you think

She'll never let you go, go

Let you go, goOh California's calling and she wants you to come home

Yeah, she misses you 'cos you were free

And now you left her out in the cold, cold

Left her in the cold, cold

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