

California Here I Come

[Sophie B. Hawkins](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You, poor you
Playin' too long
But you're still not groovin'
I see you runnin'
But I see you ain't movin' Me, pitiful me
I sleep with both eyes open
But I'm just not seein'
The forest
Let alone the trees California here I come
Open up your golden arms
I had enough of the New York city slums
My brother, he went before me
My God watch over me
California here I come Can we stop obsessin'
There's food on the table
Let's count our blessings
How come we wanna be messin'
Messin' around
With the wild wild west
Must be a better life than this How come some people got it all
Some people got none
I been bangin' my head against
The writin' on the wall
But now I just wanna have fun California here I come
Open up your golden arms
I had enough of the New York city slums
My brother he went before me
My God watch over me California I'll be there
Let me fall into your hair
I won't be guilty for my New York City care
My sister come along with me
Our God is offerin' our share

California I'll be there
Yes I'll be {Our Father who is in Heaven
Hallowed be Your name
Your kingdom come Your will be done
On earth as it is in Heaven
Give me this, my daily bread
And forgive me my trespasses
As I forgive those of others
Lead me not into temptation
And deliver me from evil} California I'll be there
I won't be guilty for my New York City care
My brother, he went before me
My God watch over me
California, California please I won't be guilty no I won't be guilty now
My sister come along with me
Our God is offerin' our share

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