(go To) California

Rob Zombie

Blond haired baby
Standing by the road
A pistol in her hand
And talking on the phone
Said go to California
(Go to California)
Go to California
(Go to California)
Sidewalk gazing
Diamonds in the sky
Silent movie gods
Are flashing in your eye
Said go to California
(Go to California)
Go to California
(Go to California)
Get up, get out, get inside the outside
Get up, get out, get in
Get up, get out, get inside the outside
Get up, get out, get in
Get in, get in
Get in, get in
Lon Chaney calling
Spelling out your name
Where everybody's different
But they're all the same, yeah
Go to California
(Go to California)
Go to California
(Go to California)
You are perfect
You are insane
We love to watch you
Break from the pain, yeah
Go to California
(Go to California)
Go to California
(Go to California)
Get up, get out, get inside the outside

Get up, get out, get in
Get up, get out, get inside the outside
Get up, get out, get in
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Hit the lights and
Strip down on the floor
Everybody hates you
But they want some more, yeah
Go to California
(Go to California)
Go to California
(Go to California)
Get up, get out, get inside the outside
Get up, get out, get in
Get up, get out, get inside the outside
Get up, get out, get in
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Go to California
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Bump and grind
Go to California

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