Golden Gate

Al Jolson

You are talking of Heaven
When you talk of the West
And as a sample of Heaven
California is best, da-da-da-da
I'm getting tired of the rain and snow
My weary brain is cryin' Westward-Ho
Train pulls out at eleven
For that rose-covered nest

Oh, Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, I'm comin' to ya
Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, sing Hallelujah
I'll live in the sun, boom-boom, love in the moon
Where every month is June
A little sun-kissed blonde, da-da-da-da, is comin' my way
Just beyond that Lincoln Highway
I'm goin' strong now, it won't be long now
Open up that Golden Gate

Mountains and mountains, rivers and fountains
Rocks that are aged and worn
Acre after acre of the richest soil
A hundred million billion barrels of oil
Prairies and prairies, cattle and dairies
Under a heaven of blue
And right at the tail, the end of the trail
Thousands of boats sailing through that

Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, I'm comin' to ya
(Come on, get hot!)
Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, sing Hallelujah
I'll live in the sun, ah, love in the moon
Where every, where every month, every month is June
A little sun-kissed blonde is comin' my way
Right beyond that Lincoln Highway
I'm goin' strong now, it won't be long now
Open up that Golden, Golden Gate

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