She's So California

Adam Gregory

Bleach blond hair and no tan lines
At least that's what I dream at night
Star dust eyes that shine, Pacific blueFrom her toes to her, hello, she's been blessed
With a body you would have to buy out west
She walks and talks a different attitudeHer smile is so much brighter than this stupid place
You can almost hear Hollywood calling her nameShe's so California
She should have a star on Hollywood Boulevard
Drive around in a Lamborghini sports car
Summer sun clear, yeah, she's sexy
She's so Sunset Strip, teases meHere right there on the front porch swing
I swear I hear the Beach Boys sing
Peach Street sign just like Rodeo DriveTight tank top and low rise jeans
Now I know what earthquake means
She really makes this small town come aliveWhen she walks into church in her summer dress
Oh, even the preacher has to confessShe's so California
She should have a star on Hollywood Boulevard
Drive around in a Lamborghini sports car
Whisper words callin' the menace
Copper tone medal hillbilly baby
Walkin' sweet talkin' angel in Memphis

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