

# California, Here I Come

Al Jolson

When the wintry winds start blowing  
And the snow is starting to fall  
Then my eyes turn westward knowing  
That's the place that I love best of all

California, I've been blue  
Since I've been away from you.  
I can't wait till I get going  
Even now I'm starting in a call

California, here I come  
Right back where I started from  
Where bowers are flowers bloom in the spring  
Each morning at dawning  
Birdies sing and everything  
A sun kissed miss said "Don't be late!"  
That's why I can hardly wait,  
Open up that Golden Gate!  
California, here I come!

California, here I come, yeah!  
Right where I started from  
Where bowers are flowers bloom in the spring  
Each morning at dawning  
Birdies sing and everything  
A sun kissed miss said "Don't be late!"  
That's why I can hardly wait  
Open up, open up, open up that Golden Gate!  
California, here I come!

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