

California

Rufus Wainwright

California, California
You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed
Big time rollers, part time models
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead I don't know this sea of neon, thousand surfers,
whiffs of freon
And big nights back east with Rhoda
California, please There's a moment I've been saving
A kind of crucifix around this munchkin land
Up north freezing, little me drooling
That's Entertainment's on at eight
Come on Ginger, slam
I don't know this sea of neon, thousand surfers, whiffs of freon
And my new grandma Bea Arthur
Come on over Ain't it a shame that at the top
Peanut butter and jam they served you
Ain't it a shame that at the top
Still those soft skin boys can bruise you
Yes, I fell for a streaker I don't know this sea of neon, thousand surfers, whiffs of freon Ain't it a
shame that all the world
Can't enjoy your mad traditions
Ain't it a shame that all the world
Don't got keys to their own ignitions
Life is the longest death in California
California, you're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed
So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead
You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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