

# 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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