

Frank Sinatra "California"

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I've known her valleys, I've known her mountains
Her missions and her courtyards and her fountains
The giant redwoods towering in the skies of her
That grow as though as they know they show the size of
her

I've often wandered her farthest reaches
Her deserts and her snow and, yes, her beaches
A land that paradise could well be jealous of
That's California, California, blessed by heaven from
above
That's California, land I love

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