

Carole King

"Back To California"

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I've been feelin' down in Atlanta
Immobile in Alabam
I'd rather be in traction
Than to be here where I am
Oh, you Georgia red clay
And green Virginia pines
I've got to make it home somehow
Before I lose my mind

So won't you carry me back to California
I've been on the road too long
Take me to the West Coast, daddy
And let me be where I belong

Hey now, Philly, you street city
Been down by the railroad track
I know you can be a sweet city
But I won't soon be back
Haystack towns and smokestack cities
Are nothin' I want to see
My own house on high ground
Is the only place I want to be

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Take me to the West Coast, daddy
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