

## **Roz Bell**

### **"Cali Cry"**

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These crazy times  
Up on my mind  
We gotta change  
Maintain  
Hey, Mr. President  
Could you pay my rent  
Good God, just look at us  
What the fuck

Excuse me, Sir  
Could I have a word  
Do you think she's nice  
200 dollars for the night  
We're trying to get by  
And keep our dreams alive  
One day it'll all make sense  
And we won't have to live like this

But we gotta believe in who we are  
And we gotta believe in shiny cars  
And we gotta believe in superstars, planet mars, blah,  
blah, blah

Chorus:  
California, California, California, cry for me (4x)

Don't mind what I do  
Cause it ain't about you  
Got bills to pay  
Gonna do my thing  
Hey mister, need a bag?  
Don't look so sad  
One day it'll all make sense  
And we won't have to live like this

But we gotta believe in who we are  
And we gotta believe in shiny cars  
And we gotta believe in superstars, planet mars, blah,  
blah, blah

Chorus:

California, California, California, cry for me (4x)

One day you're gonna wake up and you're gonna see  
the sunshine all on me (3X)

One day you're gonna wake up, you're gonna wake,  
you're gonna wake up and see

California, California, California, cry for me (4x)

We're riding bicycles down Queen St.

With 6 string guitars strapped on in the 8 o'clock heat

We do what we gotta do to get by

We live our lives and never have to compromise

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