

## Al Jolson

# "Golden Gate"

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You are talking of Heaven  
When you talk of the West  
And as a sample of Heaven  
California is best, da-da-da-da  
I'm getting tired of the rain and snow  
My weary brain is cryin' Westward-Ho  
Train pulls out at eleven  
For that rose-covered nest

Oh, Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, I'm comin' to ya  
Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, sing Hallelujah  
I'll live in the sun, boom-boom, love in the moon  
Where every month is June  
A little sun-kissed blonde, da-da-da-da, is comin' my  
way  
Just beyond that Lincoln Highway  
I'm goin' strong now, it won't be long now  
Open up that Golden Gate

Mountains and mountains, rivers and fountains  
Rocks that are aged and worn  
Acre after acre of the richest soil  
A hundred million billion barrels of oil  
Prairies and prairies, cattle and dairies  
Under a heaven of blue  
And right at the tail, the end of the trail  
Thousands of boats sailing through that

Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, I'm comin' to ya  
(Come on, get hot!)  
Golden Gate, da-da-da-da, sing Hallelujah  
I'll live in the sun, ah, love in the moon  
Where every, where every month, every month is June  
A little sun-kissed blonde is comin' my way  
Right beyond that Lincoln Highway  
I'm goin' strong now, it won't be long now  
Open up that Golden, Golden Gate

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"Golden Gate" as written by Jolson Meyer  
Lyrics ? MEMORY LANE MUSIC GROUP, BOURNE CO.  
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