

Pinhead Gunpowder "Gone To California"

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I'm goin' to California
To live in the summer sun
The streets are made of silver
I'm like a rabbit on the run
Philadelphia freedom
Well it's not like you have heard, no, no, no
This city of brotherly love
Is full of pain and hurt

I'm goin' to California
To find my pot of gold
Corruption on every corner
Hustlers sellin' sweets
Baby is home cryin'
While her mom is on the streets
Everybody's dyin'
Have you heard the news today?
A woman in north Phili is mournin'
A bullet took another son away

I'm goin to California
I'm goin far, far, far away

Goin' to California, yes
To resurect my soul
The sun is always shinin', shinin'
Or atleast that's what I'm told
I'm goin' to California
There's a better life for me, yes
Goin' to California
I'll write and tell you what I see
I'm goin' to California
Somebody say a prayer for me

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