

The Kingston Trio

"Coast Of California"

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Dave GuardJane Bowers
There is treasure hidden there, on the coast of California. El Diego hid it there when the Clera ran aground On the coast of California, deep within a cave that's never seen. Treasure, stolen from the Incas, we could capture for the Queen. There's a mountain in the ocean on the coast of California and deep within its side the tides of night alone reveal El Diego's hidden cave where we'll plunder the riches of Grenada. While the Spaniard, blind with pleasure plays ashore in Ensenada. We will sail before the dawn along the coast of California. El Diego is delayed. The wine and woman hold their sway And our map is clearly drawn to the dark and stormy shore. On the coast of California lies a mighty prize of war. Tell not a soul that you have seen me. Breathe not a word of what I say. (Repeat line)

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