

Long Beach Shortbus

"California Grace"

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California grace.

A palm tree can grow up and reach the sky,
I never did stop and wonder why.
It seems they climb into outer space,
I guess it's cause they're living under California grace.

California grace.

Dear mother don't misunderstand your son,
Think I'm crazy to live my life on the run.
I'll write this line of your pretty face,
Say I'm doing just fine, my California grace.

California grace.

Dear sweet woman put your hand in mine,
I've got my mind made up this time.
You and I are getting out of this place
Don't forget to pack up your California grace.

Smog fills the sky with pink and blue,
Beautifies the air while it's killing you.
Sounds like that's the place where we ought to be.
Let's hitch a ride in California gracefully. Gracefully
yeah.

Miles of road that we haven't seen,
Ancient ruins, fields of green.
Come on girl, we got dreams to chase,
Young and under California grace.

Please dear woman, won't you follow me?
Open your mind and set me free.
You and I ain't gotta win no race,
We're young and under California grace.

Say I'm doing just fine, my California grace.
We're young and under California grace

