

## City Drive, The "Goodbye California"

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Trying to track you down  
is catching up with me, can't you see?  
Tourify this town;  
make the dirt seem clean as can be.  
Carousel, come on,  
chalk one up for speed. Look at me.

And you know what stays in my head?  
The last thing that you said:  
Goodbye, California.  
Goodbye, California.

Never one to say,  
"What's coming over me?" easily.  
Deify the ground  
where my feet now bleed history.

And you know what stays in my head?  
The last thing that you said:  
Goodbye, California  
Goodbye, California

I don't know the way to go,  
and I've only got a guess to go.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa...

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