

## **Sophie B. Hawkins**

# **"California Here I Come"**

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You, poor you  
Playin' too long  
But you're still not groovin'  
I see you runnin'  
But I see you ain't movin'

Me, pitiful me  
I sleep with both eyes open  
But I'm just not seein'  
The forest  
Let alone the trees

California here I come  
Open up your golden arms  
I had enough of the New York city slums  
My brother, he went before me  
My God watch over me  
California here I come

Can we stop obsessin'  
There's food on the table  
Let's count our blessings  
How come we wanna be messin'  
Messin' around  
With the wild wild west  
Must be a better life than this

How come some people got it all  
Some people got none  
I been bangin' my head against  
The writin' on the wall  
But now I just wanna have fun

California here I come  
Open up your golden arms  
I had enough of the New York city slums  
My brother he went before me  
My God watch over me

California I'll be there  
Let me fall into your hair  
I won't be guilty for my New York City care

My sister come along with me  
Our God is offerin' our share  
California I'll be there  
Yes I'll be

{Our Father who is in Heaven  
Hallowed be Your name  
Your kingdom come Your will be done  
On earth as it is in Heaven  
Give me this, my daily bread  
And forgive me my trespasses  
As I forgive those of others  
Lead me not into temptation  
And deliver me from evil}

California I'll be there  
I won't be guilty for my New York City care  
My brother, he went before me  
My God watch over me  
California, California please

I won't be guilty no I won't be guilty now  
My sister come along with me  
Our God is offerin' our share

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