

Stewart Copeland

"California"

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miss the way you sing low
so I can't hear your voice over the radio in my car
You knew every word they sang
You know just the right things to say
when the distance rips us farther and farther and
farther away
I'll see you soon, if you're coming back this way again
Come back to California
All of us here in florida are starved for your attention
Maybe I fell too fast
Maybe I pushed you away
Now you're gone
and I'm afraid you're never coming back this way again
I won't mind if you monopolize all of my time
I won't say a thing at all
I won't say a word

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