

HERE IN CALIFORNIA

WHEN I WAS YOUNG MY MAMA TOLD ME, SHE SAID, "CHILD, TAKE YOUR TIME.
DON'T FALL IN LOVE QUICKLY, BEFORE YOU KNOW YOUR MIND."
SHE HELD ME 'ROUND THE SHOULDERS, AND IN A VOICE SO SOFT AND KIND,
SHE SAID, "LOVE CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY AND LOVE CAN ROB YOU BLIND.
"HERE IN CALIFORNIA, THE FRUIT HANGS HEAVY ON THE VINE.
THERE'S NO GOLD; I THOUGHT I'D WARN YA
AND THE HILLS TURN BROWN IN SUMMERTIME."

NOW I MAY LEARN TO LOVE YOU BUT I CAN'T SAY WHEN.
THIS MORNING WE WERE STRANGERS AND TONIGHT WE'RE ONLY FRIENDS.
I'LL TAKE MY TIME TO KNOW YOU; I'LL TAKE MY TIME TO SEE
THERE'S NOTHING I WON'T SHOW YOU IF YOU TAKE YOUR TIME WITH ME.
"HERE IN CALIFORNIA, THE FRUIT HANGS HEAVY ON THE VINE.
THERE'S NO GOLD; I THOUGHT I'D WARN YA
AND THE HILLS TURN BROWN IN SUMMERTIME."

IT'S AN OLD FAMILIAR STORY; AN OLD FAMILIAR RHYME.
TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON, TO EVERY PURPOSE THERE'S A TIME.
A TIME TO LOVE AND COME TOGETHER; A TIME WHEN LOVE LONGS FOR A NAME.
A TIME FOR QUESTIONS WE CAN'T ANSWER THOUGH WE ASK THEM JUST THE SAME.
"HERE IN CALIFORNIA, THE FRUIT HANGS HEAVY ON THE VINE.
THERE'S NO GOLD; I THOUGHT I'D WARN YA
AND THE HILLS TURN BROWN IN SUMMERTIME."