

California (I'm Comin')

Little Richard

I was born in the country, lived in the county
Raised on a farm, didn't do nobody wrong
Girlfriend Annabella, she had a lotta fellas
You know she could be drunk, then Lord it kept me so disgusted
I'm gonna leave, I'm gonna leave
I'm going to California, California

I moved to Alabama, went to Louisiana
Back to Mississippi, Lord I flew on out to Texas
Got to leave, oh baby baby got to leave
Everybody know, Lord, that I got to go
Keep on moving, I keep on moving

Now I went on over in Texas, I met a girl named Betsy
She was a good old friend, stuck with me to the end
I got to leave, oh baby baby
Everybody got to go, got to find my love some more
I got to leave

Keep on searching, trying to find
California stays on my mind
If I have a good time, I'd better get going
If I have a beg for it, keep on going
I'm going to California, I'm going to California
I'm going to California, I'm going to California

I'm packed away, California I plan to stay
I hope you receive me well, I got a story that I got to tell
You got to be good to me California, I'll be good to you
You got to be good to me California, I'll be good to you