

California

Stan Rogers

Now it's gettin' so I'm mad when someone says your name
'Cause I've had to say good-
bye to friends who couldn't stay away
And sometimes it felt so wrong to never want to lean on you
You may stand tall, but I've got two feet too

Now we talked of you in bars around a quiet beer
Tell their tales of mine-gone stones where no one else can hear
And later on outside, they say they're gettin' on a plane
To fly away, leavin' you again

California, my friends all call you home
And if you take away another, I'll be that much more alone
Is it my fault that my kind are always drawn toward the sun
Like a child to home whenever darkness comes

Now in a few more years, I won't remember what it was to play

The music of old friends who need to live so far away
But can I once taste more than waters, then forsake them for the
South
To feel California's ashes in my mouth

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