

# Goddam California

Will Hoge

It ain't the weather, that brings you down  
The darkest shadows I've ever found  
Somewhere down along these streets of gold  
My dreams like property I bought and sold

Goddam California  
I'll miss my Tennessee  
Nobody here will ever want you  
Just how cold it all could be

Now the canyons and the boulevards  
The loneliness has never been far  
I see their faces as they turn away  
The old ones disappear while the young ones stay

Goddam California  
I'll miss my Tennessee  
Nobody here will ever want you  
Just how cold it all could be

Nobody ever wants to go  
Nobody ever wants to leave  
Nobody tells you who they are  
Only who they want to be

Goddam California  
I'll miss my Tennessee  
Nobody here will ever want you  
Just how cold it all could be  
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