

John Fogerty, California Blues (Blue Yodel #4)

(Rodgers)

I'm goin' to California, where they sleep out every night, yeah.
I'm goin' to California, where they sleep out every night, yeah.
I'm leavin' you, Mama, 'cause you know you don't treat me right.

Let me tell you somethin', Mama that you don't know,
Let me tell you somethin', good gal that you don't know,
Yeah, I'm a do-right Papa, and got a home everywhere I go.

I got the California blues, and I'm sure gonna leave here, Lord, Lord.
I got the California blues, and I'm sure gonna leave you here,
I may rob you blind, I ain't got not railroad fare.
Come on in here.

Listen to me, Mama, while I sing this song, Lord.
Listen to your Daddy sing you this lonesome song.
You got me worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I got the California blues, and I'm sure gonna leave here, hey, hey, hey.
I got the California blues, and I'm sure gonna leave you here,
I may rob you blind, I ain't got not railroad fare.
Honey, get over here.