

CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME
By
Al Jolson

California, here I come,
Right back where I started from,
Where bowers of flowers
Bloom in the sun
Each morning at dawning
Birdies sing an' ev-'ry thing,
A Sunkist miss said
“Don’t be late”
That’s why I can hardly wait.
Open up that Golden Gate
California, here I come