

Rufus Wainwright - California

Tom: E

A E A E A E Gbm11
 B
 California, California, You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed

A E A E A E
 Gbm11 B
 Big time rollers, Part-time models, so much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead

Gb
 I don't know this sea of neon, thousand surfers, whiffs of freon

B A E
 and big nights back east with Rhoda

A E A E B
 California please

There's a moment I've been saving a kind of crucifix around this munchkin land
 Up north Freezing, little me drooling, that's entertainment's on at eight come on ginger slam
 I don't know this sea of neon, thousand surfers, whiffs of freon
 and my new grandma Bea Arthur
 come on over

Gb B Gb B
 Gb
 Ain't it a shame that at the top peanut butter and jam they serve you?

B Gb B
 A
 Ain't it a shame that at the top still those soft skin boys can bruise you

E Gb B
 yes, I fell for a streaker, oh no.

I don't know this sea of neon, thousand surfers, whiffs of freon...

Ain't it a shame that all the world can't enjoy your mad traditions?
 Ain't it a shame that all the world don't got keys to their own ignitions
 life is the longest death in California

A E A E Gbm11 B
 You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed
 So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead
 You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed

A E Gb B A E
 So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead...

Acordes

