

I Still Dream In California

Jeff Berkley

I lit out for San Diego
Just as soon as I was able
But it wasn't in the stars for me
Heading down to the seaside
Tripping out on the red tide
Rolling free on the west side
But it ain't what it seems

Cause I dream in California
But my home is Lafayette
Though I meditate on the golden state
That ain't where I rest my head

Holding heavy on a bayou night
Hot and steamy like gumbo pot
But I'm way too low to get high
Set free land locked
A \$100 in my left sock
I'm wishing I could buy a souped up rocket and fly away

Cause I dream in California
But my home is Lafayette
Even though I gravitate to the golden gate
Still ain't got there yet

Snows melt off the mountains making rivers full of gold
Carving oak tree canyons just like trails down to the coast

I still dream in California
But I just ain't got there yet
Though I meditate on the western gate
I only visit in my head
I still ain't got there yet
That ain't where I rest my head
Gotta rest my head