

Calafornya

**If you're coming to Calafornya
I gotta warn ya - they're all out of gold
They traded all the yellow stuff
For stacks of paper money
A different standard than you've known before
All surface over substance
Something you should know...**

**If you're still coming to Calafornya
Cross the desert and make a right
At the deep blue sea
Then you follow the trail of dust
That hasn't settled since I kicked it up
Then you'll know that nothing comes for free
And happiness is too expensive for you and me
And fame is just a big revolving door
That takes you where it wants you
Something you should know**

**When Sunday morning finally comes
Your beating heart succumbs
To the dollar that's your chosen deity
And heaven's no higher than the floor
The concrete and the chewing gum
Your hallowed streets of shiny gold**

**Now you know that nothing comes for free
And happiness is too expensive for you and me
And fame is just a big revolving door
That takes you where it wants you
Something you should know**