

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

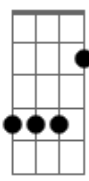
You're such a wonder that I think I'll stay in bed

A E Gb B A E

So much to plunder that I think I'll sleep instead...

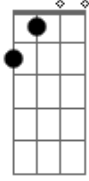
Acordes

E



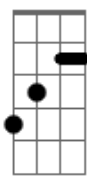
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A



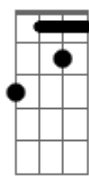
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B



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Gb



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