GOIN' TO CALIFORNIA

I'm going to California where the sweet fruit falls off the trees
The honeysuckle bloom and the blossom perfume
The cool of the evening breeze
The cool of the evening breeze

I'm going to California
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
Going to California (I'm going to California)

I'm going to California where the women are as pretty as pearls
Where the rivers brim with whiskey and gin
And the Spanish señoritas twirl
The Spanish señoritas twirl

I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)

Well I'm going to California
Where the sun spits into the deep blue sea
At the end of the day, with mother moon on its way
You can feel what it's like to be free
You can almost feel what it's like to be free

I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)

I'm going to California where the redwoods grow so tall
They reach from this dirty earth into heaven's halls
Into heaven's halls

I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)

So come on, hop on with me
Come on, go with me

I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
Going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
Going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)
I'm going to California (I'm going to California)

ME NE VADO IN CALIFORNIA

Me ne vado in California dove il frutto dolce cade dagli alberi
Il caprifoglio fiorisce e i fiori profumano
Il fresco della brezza serale
Il fresco della brezza serale

Me ne vado in California
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)

Me ne vado in California dove le donne sono carine come perle
Dove i fiumi traboccano di whisky e gin
E le señoritas spagnole volteggiano
Le señoritas spagnole volteggiano

Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)

Bene, me ne vado in California,
Dove il sole sputa nel profondo mare blu
Alla fine della giornata, con la luna madre in arrivo,
Puoi sentire cosa significa essere liberi
Puoi quasi sentire cosa vuol dire essere liberi

Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)

Me ne vado in California dove le sequoie crescono altissime
Si estendono da questa terra sporca fino alle sale del paradiso
Nelle sale del paradiso

Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)

Allora dai, salta su
Dai, vieni con me

Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)
Me ne vado in California (Me ne vado in California)