

Pink, Gone To California

Goin' to california,
to live in the summer sun
the streets are made of silver
I'm like a rabbit on the run
Philadelphia freedom
well, it's not like you have heard
the city of brotherly love is full of pain and hurt
goin' to california
to find my pot of gold

corruption on every corner
hustlers selling sweets
baby is home crying
while her momma's on the street
everybody's dying
have you heard the news today?
a woman in north philly is mourning
the bullet took another son away
i'm goin' to california
I'm going far, far away

I'm going to california; yes
to resurrect my soul
the sun is always shining
or at least that's what I'm told
going to california
there's a better life for me
goin' to california
I'll write and tell you what i see
goin' to california
somebody say a prayer for me