

# **California Here I Come**

By Al Jolson, Bud De Sylva and Joseph Meyer  
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When the wintry winds are blowing  
And the snow is starting into fall  
Then my eyes turn westward knowing  
That's the place that I love best of all  
California I've been blue  
Since I've been away from you  
I can't wait till I get going  
Even now, I'm starting in to call Oh...  
California here I come  
Right back where I started from  
Where bowers of flowers  
Bloom in the sun  
Each morning at dawning  
Birdies sing and everything  
A sunkist miss said "Don't be late"  
That's why I can hardly wait  
Open up that Golden Gate  
California here I come!!