

# California Here I Come

by Al Jolson, Bud DeSylva, and Joseph Meyers (1924)

*A A+ D D E E7+5 A A*  
 California, here I come! Right back where I started from.  
*A Cdim Bdim E7*  
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring.  
*A Cdim Bdim E7*  
 Each morning at dawning, birdies sing an' everything.  
*A A+ D D E E7+5 A A(½) F#7(½)*  
 A sunkist miss said, "Don't be late" That's why I can hardly wait.  
*Bm(½) F#m D Dm F#m B7 F7 E7 A A*  
 O pen up that Golden Gate, California here I come.

*C#m Cm(ma7) C#m7 F#7(½) F#m7(½)*  
 When the wint'ry winds are blowin', and the  
*C#m A7(½) G#7(½) C#m C#m6 C#m(ma7) C#m*  
 snow is starting to fall,  
*C#m Cm(ma7) C#m7 F#7(½) F#m7(½)*  
 Then my eyes turn westward knowing', that's the  
*C#m A7(½) G#7(½) C#m(½) C#m6(½) C#m(ma7)(½) C#m(½)*  
 place I love the best of all.

*E7 Edim7(½) E7(½) D(¼) A(¾) A*  
 Californ ia I've been blue,  
*E7 Edim7(½) E7(½) D G7*  
 since I've been a way from you.  
*C#m Cm(ma7) C#m7 F#7(½) F#m7(½)*  
 I can't wait 'til I get going, even  
*C#m A7(½) G#7(½) C#m E7(½) Eaug(½)*  
 now I'm starting in to call, Oh!

Any one who likes to wnder outght to keep this saying in his mind  
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder of the good old place you leave behind  
 When you've hit the train a while, seems you rarely see a smile  
 That's why I must fly out yonder, where a frown is mighty hard to find. Oh!