

# Here in California

by Kate Wolf (1980)

When I was young my mamma told me. She said child take your time.  
Don't fall in love too quickly, before you know your mind  
She held me round the shoulders in a voice so soft and kind  
She said love can make you happy and love can rob you blind

Here in California the fruit hangs heavy on the vine  
And there's no gold I thought I'd warn ya  
and the hills turn brown in the summer time

Now I may learn to love you, but I can't say when  
This morning we were strangers and tonight we're only friends  
I'll take my time to know you, I'll take my time to see  
There's nothing I won't show you, if you take your time with me

There's an old familiar story, an old familiar rhyme  
To everything there is a season, to every purpose there's a time  
A time to love and come together, a time when love longs a name  
A time for questions we can't answer though we ask them just the same