

„Go West“

It was the very edge of summer
The air was thin the sky more pale
Dusty roads I remember
Oh so well...

The winds of future blew around us
The owners came to tell their tale
Feelin' like a piece of paper
In a gale

Go West, go West
Where there's fruit in every place
A smile on every face...
Go West, go West...
Where there's work (so I'm told)
California's never cold
So Go West...

We sold part' our lives
For 18 dollars...
Bought a Hudson Super-6
Travelled on down the highway
With no rest...

Childhood memories behind us
Grown-up feelings lie ahead
Asked my Dad why we're going
And he said...

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Where there's fruit in every place
A smile on every face...
Go West, Go West...
Where there's work (so I'm told)
California's never cold... so
Go West...