

WHY WE COME TO CALIFORNY

Flora Robertson
Shafter, 1940

Here comes the dust-storm
Watch the sky turn blue.
You better git out quick
Or it will smother you.

Here comes the grasshopper,
He comes a-jumpin' high.
He jumps away across the state
An' never bats an eye.

Here comes the river
It sure knows its stuff.
It takes our home and cattle,
An' leaves us feelin' tough.

Californy, Californy,
Here I come too.
With a coffee pot and skillet,
I'm a-comin' to you!