

California Stars

Woody Guthrie

I-17

I'd like to rest my heavy head tonight, on a bed of California stars

I'd like to lay my weary bones tonight, on a bed of California stars

I'd love to feel your hand touching mine, and tell me why I must keep working on

Yes, I'd give my life to lay my head tonight, on a bed of California stars

I'd like to dream my trouble all away, on a bed of California stars

Jump up from my star bed and make another day, underneath my California stars

They hang like grapes on vines that shine, and warm the lover's glass like friendly wine

So, I'd give this world, just to dream a dream with you, on our bed of California stars

Words: Woody Guthrie

Music: Jay Bennett/Jeff Tweedy 1997