CALIFORNICATION

Words and Music by ANTHONY KIEDIS, FLEA, JOHN FRUSCIANTE and CHAD SMITH

Moderately slow

Am(add2)         F(add2)         Am(add2)

Psychic spies from China try to steal your mind's elation, and

Am(add2)         F(add2)

little girls from Sweden dream of silver screen quotations, and

C      G      F      Dm      Am(add2)

if you want these kind of dreams, it's California.
It's the edge of the world and all of western civilization. The sun may rise in the east; at least it's settled in the final location. It's understood that Hollywood sells California.
Am

Fmaj7

Pay your surgeon very well to break the spell of aging.

lebri-ty skin, is this your chin or is that war you’re waging?

Am

Fmaj7

First born uni-corn.
very own constellation. A teenage bride with a baby inside gettin' high on information. And buy me a star on the boulevard. It's

Californication.

Space may be the final frontier, but it's
made in a Hollywood basement. And Cobain, can you hear the spheres sing in'
songs off station to station? And Alderon's not far away; it's California.
Born and raised by those who praise control of population.
Everybody's been there and I don't mean on vacation.

First born unicorn.

Hard-core soft porn.

Dream of California.
De-struction leads to a ver-y rough road, but it
also breeds cre-a-tion. And earth-qui-kes are, to a girl’s gui-tar, they’re
just an-othe-er good vi-bra-tion. And ti-dal waves could-n’t save the world from
Californication. Ooh.

Pay your surgeon very well to break the spell of aging.

Sicker than the rest, there is no test, but this is what you're craving.

Dream of Californication.