IT NEVER RAINS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

4/4  1...2...1234     -Albert Hammond/Mike Hazelwood

Intro:      |     |     |     |

Got on board a west bound seven forty-seven. Didn't think before deciding what to do

All that talk of opportunities, TV breaks and movies rang true, sure rang true.

Seems it never rains in Southern California. Seems I've often heard that kind of talk before

It never rains in California, but girls, don't they warn ya, "It pours, man it pours."

Out of work, I'm out of my head, out of self respect, I'm out of bread

I'm under-loved, I'm under-fed, I wanna go home.
p.2. It Never Rains In Southern California

It never rains in Cali-fornia, but girls, don't they warn ya, "It pours, man it pours."

Instrumental verse

Will you tell the folks back home I nearly made it? Had offers but don't know which one to take

Please don't tell 'em how you found me, don't tell 'em how you found me

Gimme a break, gimme a break.

Seems it never rains in Southern Cali-fornia. Seems I've often heard that kind of talk be-fore

It never rains in Cali-fornia, but girls, don't they warn ya, "It pours, man it pours."
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Intro:  | Gm7 | C7 | F | |

Gm7                C7                F                Gm7                C7                F
Got on board a west bound seven forty-seven. Didn't think before de-ciding what to do

Gm7                C7                F                Gm7                C7                F
All that talk of oppor-tunities, TV breaks and movies rang true,   sure rang true.

Gm7                C7                F                Gm7                C7                F
Seems it never rains in Southern Cali-fornia. Seems I've often heard that kind of talk be-fore

Gm7                C7                F                Dm                Gm7                C7                F
It never rains in Cali-fornia, but girls, don't they warn ya, "It pours,    man it pours."

Gm7                C7                F
Out of work, I'm out of my head, out of self-re-spect, I'm out of bread

Gm7                C7                F
I'm under-loved, I'm under-fed, I wanna go home.

Gm7                C7                F                Dm                Gm7                C7                F
It never rains in Cali-fornia, but girls, don't they warn ya, "It pours,    man it pours."

Instrumental verse

Gm7                C7                F                Gm7                C7                F
Will you tell the folks back home I nearly made it? Had offers but don't know which one to take

Gm7                C7                F                Dm
Please don't tell 'em how you found me, don't tell 'em how you found me

Gm7                C7                F
Gimme a break,    gimme a break.

Gm7                C7                F                Gm7                C7                F
Seems it never rains in Southern Cali-fornia. Seems I've often heard that kind of talk be-fore

Gm7                C7                F                Dm                Gm7                C7                F
It never rains in Cali-fornia, but girls, don't they warn ya, "It pours,    man it pours."