

Where the Plum Trees Grow

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Lets all go where the plum trees grow
to San Jose.
A garden city's there with fresh, clean air
in San Jose.

Fruit trays drying in the warm sunshine
in the valley of the heart's delight.

So don't be late, we're hoppin' on a freight
to San Jose.
Between Monterey and Frisco Bay
lies San Jose.

Stolen from Mexico,
it's the place that I'd like to go.
The people there are all so kind
and the finest soil that you'll ever find.

It's easy to see how sweet life'll be
when I'm out that way.
Under shady leaves of pepper trees
I'll spend my days.

With bountiful harvests miles wide
~~and~~ sun-kissed maidens at my side...

So let's all go where the plum trees grow
to San Jose.
A garden city's there with fresh, clean air
in San Jose.

Fruit trays drying in the warm sunshine
in the valley of the heart's delight.

So come with me cause I know the way
to San Jose.
Oh come with me cause I know the way
to San Jose,
to San Jose,
to San Jose.