Oh you railway station!
Oh you Pullman Train!
There's my reservation
For my destination,
Far beyond the western plains

To see my home in Pasadena.
Home where grass is greener
Where honeybees
Hum melodies
And orange trees scent the breeze.

I'm gonna be a home-sweet-homer
And there I'll settle down
Beneath the palms
In someone's arms
In Pasadena town.