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Will:
Hate New York City
It's cold and it's damp
And all the people dressed like monkeys
Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos
That town's a little bit too rugged
For you and me, bad girl
Blaine:
Rollin' down Imperial Highway
With a big nasty redhead at my side
Artie:
Santa Ana winds blowin' hot from the north
And we was born to ride
Will:
Roll down the window, put down the top
Crank up the Beach Boys, baby
Don't let the music stop
We're gonna ride it 'til we just can't ride it no more
From the South Bay to the Valley
From the West Side to the East Side
Blaine with Artie:
Everybody's very happy
'Cause the sun is shining all the time
Blaine with New Directions:
Looks like another perfect day
I love L.A. (We love it)
Artie (New Directions):
I love L.A. (We love it)
Who-hoo!
Yeah!
Will with New Directions (Artie):
(Yeah!) We love it
Jake:
Look at that mountain
Look at those trees
Look at that bum over there, man
He's down on his knees
Sam:
Look at these women
There ain't nothin' like em nowhere
Blaine (New Directions):
Century Boulevard (We love it)
Jake (New Directions):
Victory Boulevard (We love it)
Artie (New Directions):
Santa Monica Boulevard (We love it)
Sam (New Directions):
Sixth Street (We love it, we love it, we love it)
Blaine:
We love L.A.
Sam:
I love L.A.
Artie:
I love L.A.
Blaine:
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I love L.A.
Jake (New Directions):
I love L.A.
I love L.A.
I love L.A. (We love L.A.)
I love it
I love L.A.
I love L.A. (We love L.A.)
Yeah
Oh whoa (We love L.A.)
I love L.A. (We love L.A.)
We love L.A. (We love L.A.)