

# Leaving Los Feliz

Mark Ronson

I'm on the guest list down at Paul's Baby Grand  
That hipster doorman he don't know who I am  
But my studied aloofness is proof I belong so I pass

Some girls are pieced like Krylon bombs on the walls  
Some cut the line to cut the lines in the stalls  
On the floor is the border between paradise and the Fall

I'm leaving Los Feliz  
Day after tomorrow  
I'm over the scenesters  
I'm leaving Los Feliz  
Day after tomorrow  
I'm leaving Los Feliz

I cruise the room without attracting a glance  
My Ksubi jeans are more like armor than pants  
But I don't want to go just yet so I suppose I should dance

The music wobbles between rapture and dread  
Like a divine name that can never be said  
And I shoot a pretend documentary inside my head

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I'm young enough to know I'm too young to quit  
I'm old enough to want to get over it  
But the yearning is timeless and mine is as deep as the Pit

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