

...And A Song For Los Angeles

She Wants Revenge

Somber southern the streets are cold eyes, watching ahead of them.

With no good reason and not break down she sighs, and stares at the overpass.

Full of other reasons she's leaving town she swears, that it will be better then.

If only she could see it'll follow her always, and then it's suddenly overpass.

Love your troubled ways, we can make them all mine!

Santa Ana's blow our stories 'cross the sky line.

Of a city that the angels found it fit to name.

Against the black shine, a million little white lights!

Afraid to merge, so we hide behind late night's.

the voices cry, "Lover, it will be alright!"

Phil-lion city of privilege make believe until it becomes true. Following in traces of someone else's lies. But it doesn't become you.

She said," it's nothing filming yet," and her body it seems to agree.

As I vow to the stars on the sidewalk, though I don't know what you hope to see.

Love your troubled ways, we can make them all mine!

Santa Ana's blow our stories 'cross the sky line.

Of a city that the angels found it fit to name.

Against the black shine, a million little white lights!

Afraid to merge, so we hide behind late night's.

And the voices cry, "Lover, it will be alright!"

She misses the seasons, and stay at home nights.

Now you should have seen her bathed in sunset red lights.

Please tell her," I love her." But the city won't change.

It's cold and unflinching.

Ever loving & strange.

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