

# Finger Eleven, Los Angeles

I met a man,  
He was a good man.  
Sailing and shoring,  
Dancing the beta can-can.  
Making me foreign,  
Oh yeah.

I want to live in Los Angeles,  
Not the one in Los Angeles.  
No, not the one in South California,  
They got one in South Patagonia.

I want to live in Los Angeles,  
Not the one in Los Angeles.  
They got a bunch down in Moleville,  
They got a bunch more still.

I want to live in Los Angeles,  
Not the one in Los Angeles.  
They got ones down in factory five,  
Works just like a beehive.

I want to live in Los Angeles,  
Not the one in Los Angeles.  
Counting helicopters on a Saturday night,  
The symphony of the fair light.

I hear them saying Los Angeles,  
In all the black and white movies.  
But if you think they star-spangled us,  
How come we say Los Angeleez?

I'll wait in Los Angeles,  
I'll wait in the pouring sun.  
No way,  
For not anyone.  
No way.

I met a man,  
He was a good man.  
Sailing and shoring,  
He got the betatron, man.  
Talking that foreign,  
Oh yeah.

I'll wait in Los Angeles,  
I'll wait in the pouring sun.  
No way,  
For not anyone.  
No way.