

# Jackson Browne, Culver Moon

I live in a small town . . . deep in LA  
About five miles north of where the Lakers play  
Everybody here's from someplace else  
Working all together just like Santa's elves

Baby, Culver me  
And I'll Culver you  
When the streets are shining with the smoggy dew  
When the lights are glowing with the mists of June  
And the whole world is lit up by the Culver Moon

Baby don't worry 'bout Angelyne  
She ain't the prettiest thing I've ever seen  
Nothing she wears ever fits her right  
And her complexion is just a little too tight  
And the way she looks down from so high above  
Makes me think the poor child's never been in love

Baby, Culver me  
And I'll Culver you  
When the streets are shining with the smoggy dew  
When the lights are glowing with the mists of June  
And the whole world is lit up by the Culver Moon

Baby I'm going to love you 'til the stars come down  
'Til they park their limos and they walk to town  
'Til the L.A. river overflows its banks  
'Til the whole alternative nation bows its knobby head in thanks  
'Til the fish are jumping in Ballona Creek  
'Til the earth is inherited by the meek

Baby, Culver me  
And I'll Culver you  
When the streets are shining with the smoggy dew  
When the lights are glowing with the mists of June  
And the whole world is illuminated by the Culver Moon

Under the rainbow and behind Versailles  
From the aisles of Fedco to the 405  
From MGM to Veteran's Park  
Way down at Chippendale's fumblin' in the dark  
Where the ghostly specter of Howard Hughes  
Hovers in the smoke of a thousand bar-b-ques

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