

Robert Grenier, Streets Of L.A.

Sheila was a model
Yeah she's real good lookin'
Deep on the scene
She knew what was cookin'
She wanted it big
She tried as hard as she could
She packed her bags for west hollywood
I met her at a bus stop
And I paid her fare
We sat real close
And she played with my hair
I brought her home
And I took her to bed
And later that night
She turned and she said

I'd rather be lying dead on the streets of l.a.
Than have to go back to my hometown x2

Gina was a poet
Yeah her head's on right
She flew to l.a.
In the middle of the night
She was real fine
Yeah she had the look
But no one would stop
To read her book
Met her on the subway
Yeah we talked for awhile
I liked her words
And I liked her style
We went to bar
The place was dead
We had a few drinks
And that's when she said

I'd rather be lying dead on the streets of l.a.
Than have to go back to my hometown x2